

# Custo

**Boldy James**

Where we at?

Virginia was hot, Wisconsin was fuego, Canada dry, Kentucky was a-okay  
Ohio the worst but Iowa turnt, takin' my time when I ride with the work  
Ringer cut off on my burnout, thinkin' 'bout all the turnpikes that I burned  
up

Leanin' off the dirty Sprite, it's my third cup, switched up my rental to Mi  
nno

Big gun like Desperado, got flicked twice comin' through Colorado  
On my way to Nevada to shop, we tag 'em and bag 'em right after the swap  
Flew to Cali', made music with Ali and Rich while I wait for this package to  
drop

While you wait on your album to flop, I'ma breakdance the whole bag at the s  
pot

Carolina was catchin' 'em pops, under the table, was stackin' 'em tops  
Nah, these ain't no Apple Jacks in this box, they call me LEGO for trafficki  
n' blocks

Of that one shit go up top, flicked the one switch, hundred shots  
That's just one clip, tote the stock on the drum stick, no, we not for the f  
uck shit

Catch a nigga reachin' (Brrt), he gon' get the whole motherfuckin' drum set  
Your best bet is to run next, spin this bitch back around, I ain't done yet  
Can't relate to me? Get a blood test, never really see me get upset  
Eatin' with the killers and cut-

necks, either you a victim or suspect (What else?)

Leanin' off a three of the techno, bitch tried to fuck fast, I'ma fuck slow  
Turned one into two like Presto, it's a blue-light special  
Gesundheit, achoo, God bless you, all you niggas preachin' the Creflo  
In my city, you one of two things - it's either you the dealer or custo  
Either you the dealer or custo, nigga gon' respect me with the utmost  
Squeeze the Sig, left the scene full of gun smoke, he say he wanna see the h  
it up close

Tweakin' with the drillers and cut-  
throats, lil' bro turn the beef to a rump roast  
All my niggas grew up to be Creatures where either you the dealer or custo

Gotta keep it key like Destro, duckin' DPD in the metro-  
-Politan area, bodies they carry, your life beat, to live and die in America  
Plus a two for the Glock that you carry, them crackers got my neck in a noos  
e

They get mad when I'm stressin' my truth, had it bad 'fore I stepped in the  
booth

Fled the murder scene in the 'jects, brodie pled the first degree in the fed  
s

After that, it was murder she wrote, girlie blessed me, courtesy of the chef  
Still get thirty a key for the Fent' and a extra service free for the prep  
Lil' nigga ain't street, he a pest, free that nigga HNIC Pesh  
227, that's a whole lot of pape', seven to three, that's a full-body stretch  
Tell 'em niggas it ain't nobody safe, we them niggas that can't nobody press  
Judgin' off by the looks of things, first you see me in it, so ain't nobody  
fresh

Givenchy tennis with the Goyard sweats, if you ask me, shit, can't nobody dr  
ess

If we beefin', ain't no sleepin', wake the whole ghetto up, shit, can't nobo  
dy rest

Heavy metal shake the soul out his chest, catch him and kill him, make your

mama stressed  
Lil' folks that's just laid to rest, youngin caught him lackin', left his po  
le by the steps  
He can't even go to the store by his self, I pray that my brodie catch your  
body next

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