

Dormin's

Boldy James

Ayy

We totin' that shit

Ayy, straight from the block (Straight from the block)
Boldy get back on that one shit (On that one shit), over the top
Dormins help me balance out, fam, these sticks ain't props
We don't really do that offset, between you and I (Between you and I)
It's been loyalty over respect
Straight from the block
Boldy get back on that one shit (Get back on that one shit), over the top
Don't tell me balance outfit, these sticks ain't props
We don't really do that offset, between you and I
It's been loyalty over respect

Let's get it

It's twenty-two seven, fully blue prezi
Finally touched his first 20k, whoop-de-do peasant
Fifty-two blocks, that shit was too pressured
Thirty-two shots, keep one up top, these niggas too jealous (Too jealous)
You prolly seen me in a couple flicks with a few felons (For real)
Or with a couple of my 'migos down in Nogales (Talk to 'em)
Don't make me cut the movie short, roll a few credits
Give 'em the double R rated, cut a new edit
Somebody pray over the food, no matter who blessin' (Ayy)
Remember beefin' with them fools from the duplexes (Mhm)
Shoulda came outside with his stick and level two vestes
No it's Greater Gray Sunday School, since then straight classics?

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We don't really do that offset (Do that offset), between you and I
It's been loyalty over respect (Ayy)
Straight from the block
Boldy get back on that one shit (Get back on that one shit), over the top
Don't tell me balance outfit (Yeah), these sticks ain't props
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It's been loyalty over respect (Ayy)

I'm churning butter

Turnin' one and two, then burnin' rubber
Up the block, servin' Hubert Rocks, I'm known for workin' wonders
And talkin' step-to-step, but we shoot like the Curry Brothers
Gang time

Mafia, what else

I got his jersey number (Talk to 'em)
2100, 227, we some overlords
Make a nigga walk the plank
Been known to take shit overboard
Two steppin' on the block, but still got on Dior's
All the real trappers always welcome me with open doors
Shootin' trips on the strip, I be hoppin' tracks
Cartier stamped on them bricks we be rockin'
The teacher ask what I'ma be when I quit band
I told that bitch when I grow up
I'll probably be the brick man

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