

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 vests

No it's Greater Gray Sunday School, since then straight classics?

Ayy, straight from the block

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Dormins help me balance out, fam, these sticks ain't props

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

We don't really do that offset (Do that offset), between you and I

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 Diors

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

Ay, straight from the block

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