

Entrapment

Boldy James

Ch-ch-chyeah

Uh, uh, uh

227

My bitch nagging me about another bitch I've been stabbing (Uh-huh)
Been having motion, blowing bankies on the strippers, got 'em whiplashing (Y
eah)

Love she when don't pay me no attention (Ayy)

In the club with double dick, making major motion pictures, ain't no riffraf
fing (Gang)

You would think by now that they should know the difference (For real)

Nigga go against the grain, Pooty Tang, belt to ass, ain't no, "Sorry Miss J
ackson" (Grrt)

We ain't no Jehovah Witness, nigga testify against the gang, we gon' splish-
splash him (Ayy)

To whomever that it may concern, now it's court adjourned

Murder bail money set aside, all rise, say my prints matching (I object)

Got picked out the lineup like the gym captain (Uh-huh)

187 on an undercover cop, that ain't no civil infraction (It ain't)

Vaseline'ing grams up in Saran (Yeah)

So you know I hate it every time they ask me, how long have I been rapping?
(Bold and cold)

Could take that as a sign of disrespect (For real)

Put one in his throat for talking out the side of his neck (Game time) after
I bitch-slap him

First, I breakdance the product on the scaley, revamp it, and then I giftwra
p it (Breakdance)

They like, "Bo, where you get this shit?" Might as well quit asking (No comm
ent)

This shit got unky jaws locking, titi lips smacking

I've been that, touched an M with no financial backing (I've been that nigga
)

I never cashed a check, all cash transactions (All cash)

I got a question for you, "Are you the police?" (Are you the hook?)

'Cause if you are and don't tell me, then that's entrapment (Yeah)

Fronted twenty zips out in my head, just did like twenty fractions (A halfy-
taffy)

Sent twenty-

two 'scripts out to the O, brought back a Jim Jackson (Where we at?)

BJ Armstrong, everything is within arm's reach (We on that)

Born Brick, smokin' on some shit I got from Long Beach (That thunder)

Six-flagging, brand new paper plates, we be ten-tagging (Gang, gang)

Been cashing hits out at a flat rate (Bah), my lil' niggas been spazzing (Ye
ah)

Foe want 'em a ladder, we gon' kidnap 'em (What?)

Drop a lucky rabbit, spilling two frog legs off in a pot (227)

White men don't got no hops, this shit Rex Chapman (Uh-huh)

Flyin' up the 7 with a broomstick (We up)

Sippin' purple potion in the Moon Mist (Yeah)

Got a nigga witchcrafting (Blocks)

Heard they hit your mans up in the can

He lost like eight of his friends in a six month span (Yeah), damn, I can't
quit laughing (Hahaha)

Fuckin' on your wifey, that bitch been stragging (Yeah)

Risk verse reward, had to factor in the fear factor (Trap, trap)

Six hundred saltines in an empty box of Ritz crackers (Uh-huh)
What else? (Let's get it, Mafia)

First, I breakdance the product on the scaley, revamp it, and then I giftwrap it (I hook it up)
They like, "Bo, where you get this shit?" Might as well quit asking (Quit as king)
This shit got unky jaws locking, titi lips smacking (Lockin' up)
I've been that, touched an M with no financial backing (Touched an M)
I never cashed a check, all cash transactions (All cash)
I got a question for you, "Are you the police?" (Is you the feds?)
'Cause if you are and don't tell me, then that's entrapment