

Failed Attempt

Boldy James

227, Concreatures (Brrrrrrrrrt, ba, ba, ba, ba)

Brodie said he had a lick, I put my mans on it (Mans)
Turned out to be a failed attempt, that got him railroaded (Yeah)
Know I can sell anything I get my hands on (Ayy)
And heard he got his head stuck up his ass, I put some bands on it (Boldy Bl
ocks)
That shit just fell out of the sky, I never planned on it (Uh-huh)
These niggas my sons, and this another proud dad moment (It's on)
Caught him lackin' and opened up a can on him (Brr)
For every action, there's a reaction, you gotta stand on it (Let's get it)
Okay, I'm reloaded, gloves with the ripped stocking (Uh)
Hit a nigga block like, "Now what's up, my nigga, what's poppin'?" (Huh)
Can't even call a fiend a custy who do not spend (Ayy)
Connected in the street, but in the clink, you know I'm locked in (That's on
the floor)
This ain't a mixtape, hand my shooter the Glock ten
And I only use his waist to keep my Glock in (My stizzy)
Don't owe a nigga nay-thing but some shots, if he's not fam
Might get him out the way while I'm in Aruba and drop ten (Drug zone)
Clutchin' with the big apes, like, "Who we finna rob, ?" (Big ape)
Burnin' blue cookies, slappin' fifties in them nine-Ms (Ayy)
All my niggas solid, we don't fold, we do not bend (Fold)
Sold them niggas some drywall that float, but do not swim (Where we at?)
Parkin' back-to-back black-on-blacks at the colosseum (Skrرت)
In the trap, we go rack for rack, this is not per diem
Chinese chopstick in my denim, you know it's robbin' season (Ayy)
He ain't piss his pants in a minute, but he about to pee 'em (Let's get it)

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Unlock the screen from the inside, I got it deadbolted (Ayy)
Still be on that same scurvy shit that got bolted (You know it)
The prices too high on the pack, I had the sales quoted (Uh-huh)
They ask me how I write my raps, I say, "My scale wrote it"
Microwavin' up a brickie (Skrرت), drain made me feel bloated
Can't get caught with another blicky and I still tote it (Brr)
Bought a pill press, ran it up, that's a real check (Ayy)
All these birdies chirpin', I been workin' on my skill set (Blocks)
Took a loss rushin' once or twice, had to chillax (Let's get it)
Waitin' on youngin to bring that money from them seals back (227)
Real rap niggas wasn't on shit, I was in the field (Uh)
Bought myself out my deal, now I can buy my deal back (It's on)
Told myself that I was focused, quit sippin', fell back
Came straight at the fork in the road, and I still smack
Wrapped the foreign 'round a light pole, got rid of the strap (Uh)
Runnin' from the narcs around the corner from my pill trap (Let's get it)

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