

Flashback

Boldy James

Two-Twenty-Seven

Bo Jay, Uh Huh
Where we at

I'm in With OD
Smoking marathon with OG
Blowing smoke like a cherry bomb
We got heroin keys
Had me trapped inside of my mind momentarily I was
Left me broken and all alone in despair on a robbing spree
In hopes of finding my way, I don't care if it's not for me
She was there when I fought that case, She was there when I copped a plea
Wasn't there when needed you most, I was there when you needed me
Mother-Fuck a post on IG, It's a bail I need you to post
It's a sale I need you to catch, It's a brick I need you to break
It's a call I need you to make, another risk I need you to take
Did the mix got this shit from shake, took the trip to Three different state
s
Now them slips just reciprocate, plus a Ten Percent interest rate
And that's what I been stepping on
You can double down on that Deuce and put a Seven on it
Found a new line, no tax on the public
A lot of fiends walking up the block all Happy-Go-Lucky
What else (Blocks)

Tool basket from the half track
Now your boy a Coca-Cola classic in a Glad Wrap
Mr. Ten08 ain't got no Paypal or no Cashapps
If a nigga run I make him out to be a Hashtag (What else)
You moving slow, I'm counting fast racks (It's the Mafia)
Fell asleep with 200 Cash in a Louis backpack (227)
Sent to the store for some more trash bags (Where we at with it)
Woke up in the trap, reaching for my Mag I had a Flashback

This weed the only reason that these niggas even breathing (I swear)
Leave a nigga peoples grieving, It ain't no Even Stevens
I commit crimes with the creatures, I run the streets with heathens (Gang)
Just make sure that you keep in mind that I'm a Evil Genius (Ha Ha)
How the fuck is he on Demon time and never seen a Demon? (Tell me)
I box and fight 'em in my sleep when I'm not even dreaming (HellBlock)
Glock tucked tight in my briefs keep one in the head (One)
I might just empty out the sledge without me even thinking
Take a nigga up top without even blinking (Upstairs)
Trunk ain't big enough in the Dodge we gon' need the Lincoln (Big Body)
Tell when they clink you up, you dead to the streets (dead to the streets)
Feds did a sweep, real niggas linking up (Real niggas linking)
Poured a whole four in a cream ain't even need a cup
Yesterday I burned a whole OZ out a QP of Runtz
Come to the floor I'm catching steam and I'm just heating up
Just got some new shit in and all my fiends been giving me the flux
Let's get it, Block works

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You moving slow, I'm counting fast racks
Fell asleep with 200 Cash in a Louis backpack (Big Bag)
Sent to the store for some more trash bags (Uh Huh)
Woke up in the trap, reaching for my Mag I had a Flashback
227
Concreatures
Bentayga
Gang
Mafia
What else, Jackson