

Flying Trapeze Act

Boldy James

M-My love is real, ooh, ooh
(Conductor, we have a problem)

Detectives asked me if I remember the night that's in question, I told 'em,
"Vaguely"

Can't remember nothing outside of me being angry
Gave a false description, ain't no rule to the exception
Never writing down no statement, never doin' no confession
Heard him tell it all like he doin' an impression
'Nother play, another plot, another funeral recession
Silent, but deadly, quiet niggas'll kill
Allergic to the shield, I'm used to all the aggression
In that interrogation room, niggas snitched for less
Wiggled out that triple murder, I'm a triple-threat
Took it all the way to the door, fuck if I blow trial
Whole bureau know that a nigga high-profile
Lucky got a double, Russell was looking at a dime
Grandma told me to slow down, I couldn't at the time
Wish I could do it all again if I could press rewind
I still'll walk them niggas down like the second line

Tight-roping in the streets, this shit is death-defyin'
When your mans the witness in your case testifyin'
Whipped my last ninety circles with a wire hanger
Jumping through them fire hurdles like a lion tamer
Feel like a Green Bay fan for them green backs
I put that cheddie on your head like a cheese hat
Two and a hottie, finna slid the machine back
My youngin catchin' bodies like a flying trapeze act

This ain't no Barnum & Bailey in my hood, this shit like the heart of Kuwait
Y
Don't get your wig flipped and parked with a Dracy
Work soft as a buttercup, we headed southbound
The achy breaky huff and puff, and blow your house down
Free all the guys coming home on the countdown
Brick of Sexyy Red, I just took that bitch to Pound Town
Drug Zone to the Bronx, Brick Mile boss
Bitch, I'm from Hellblock, these niggas drip mild sauce
Pops the one laced up my sneaks but the streets raised me
Snatched the rug from under my feet, now my dreams paisley
Send a hit when that money clear like I'm Tay Keith
Give a nigga the drummer's ear, now he Swae Lee
Seventy-two hour hold, cut loose by day three
R.I.P. Moschino, long live K.P.
Used to feel trapped in the ghetto, tryna break free
On a thirty-year run, I feel like an escapee, let's get it

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