

Gettin' Flicked

Boldy James

I'm countin' gwap like a packed casino
In the coffee shop, whippin' cream up the cappuccino
Hubba rocks got the fiends runnin' back with singles
Chasin' a high they ain't seen since sellin' crack been legal
Facin' long vacations, out on bail, fresh out of jail
No laces in my number twelves
So anxious to blaze up this blil I've been savin' since county jail
Put on my street clothes, took off my county blues
Put on my free throws, kick off my shower shoes
Then threw my piece on, cut off my wristband
Then threw my freeze on, screw my ear ring in
Threw my two rings on, put on my C frames
Turn on my minute phone, cut on my NexTel
Threw my D fitted on, they call me King James Jones
It's writ' in stone
All my concreatures gettin' it on in the zone

Ridin' down the street, got cops on me
Ri-ridin' down the street, got cops on me
Ri-ridin' down the street, got cops on me
Got cops on me, got cops on me (Gettin' flicked)

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Under the pale
Moonlight-you niggas never danced with the devil
State troopers behind you while you slam on the pedal
Gettin' in that Regal, hand on your metal (Gettin' Flicked!)
Magnum special, sandwich bag full of pebbles
And it's max if they catch you
It's real life shit this ain't Hansel and Gretel
In my kitchen, pyrex right next to the kettle
Open the cabinet, Farina right next to the pet milk
With my strap on the sink full of dishes and residue
Phone tapped I think and my minutes is hella low
Who in the hell would think that that kid would be sellin' dope
From petty thief, misdemeanors to federal
Seventeen in the clink for some weed in my Pelle coat
Never seen in the spee so the D's will never know
Where we keepin' the P's and them keys of perrico
Desert Eag in my jeans, lemon squeeze, I'll let it blow
If you ready to leave here the keys to heaven, go
It's ConCreatures

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Nah-don't talk me to death
My aunties LaNette and Marsha accept
The charges when neph' had to call 'em collect
Them my concreature reps and they love me to death
Even though they say my head hard as a brick
In the precinct hoping that this fed charge don't stick
To my black ass, p-p-pedal down the foothill
Wheelies on the front, on the dyno with the black mags
Black mags, rhinos in my black mag'
Black flag, red rag representin' brick slab, six flags
Seven six a pick, air, big bag, get cash
Sellin' niggas brick slabs, big halves
Seventeens and nick bags, McNair
Eagle with the clip stares
Whiplash, quick fast
Miss me with the riff raff
Bitch ass, kiss ass
Dick suckin' bitch mad
His bad, concreatures
Westside, let's ride

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