

God Speed

Boldy James

In seven-six we be pressing shit, all my niggas is pressure-fit
Duckin' long arm of the law, that's why we call it the catcher's mitt
Scouted by the feds at seventeen, I was a predicate
Full steam ahead, them red-wings, you know we devilish
Never wished jail or death on my worst enemy
'Less I'm the one that kill him or he go to jail for killing me
Confederate, tell them Sixties, "Miss me with the rhetoric"
Ain't never put no work in on your block, you was discredited
Niggas on the verge of being pussies, they some lesbians
Never spoke a word when they took me in for questioning
He was never really in the streets to begin with
And we ain't really into sending tweets, he sending messages
We can make a beef out of a lifetime friendship
Escort a nigga to them pearlys, get him exited
I fuck around and get indicted for embezzlement
You just another lawsuit nigga with a settlement
What else?

I bleed the concrete
If I get caught with this nickel, shit, that's a five-piece
My G, I keep a timesheet
On Hell Block and McNichols, them boys got bodies
Up under they belts, play for keeps, going on crime sprees
Three thousand pills on the road with no time release
Do not tweak when they get behind me
'Cause I be moving at God speed

Thirties in the bezel of my Skydial
Forties on my eyebrows, fifty-round drum on my thigh-ow
Sixty on my wrist came from pumping ickies on the strip
Seventy thousand on my neck from running up the scripts
Eighty grand large, 'nother ninety coming from the hicks
Five fifty-six, stuffed another hundred in the clip
Thuggin' on the six, now we coasting off of I-10
Sliding out to Charlotte with a brick of Barbra Streisand
Whipping straight drop, I beat that pot like your steppops
Basement of the spot look like a Chinese sweatshop
Working the trade lines with my plug out in Prescott
Got troopers pulling up with K-9s at the rest stop

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