

# Hbo

**Boldy James**

6'4 like Nintendo  
It's Jimbo from McNichols  
Yeah, GTO  
Yeah, from the power glove  
Blocks  
227  
ConCreatures  
Dirty glove  
Pull out them hot rods  
What up, Chip\$?

Don't worry 'bout it my dude, it's cool  
I'm still chillin', doin' what I do  
On Hell block and McNichols with Rick Rube  
Feeling like a million bucks, Uncle Scrooge  
Jump fresh as fuck, the number twos  
Bunch of trillion cuts flooded the jewels  
The truck rimmed it up, look at the shoes  
Riding 26s and up, put up them tools  
Gotta hit me in the dunk, I can never lose  
Might catch me with some Chucks and a pair of Trues  
How I throw them hooks, you think I'm Larry Holmes  
Blowin' on that kush, call me Larry Hoove  
Different strokes, different folks, Gary Combs  
Stranded on death row, I think I'm Harry-O  
Got that hammer cocked, Super Mario  
From the Hell block to the burial  
I'm on Six Mile, Mary Grove  
I think I'm Spice One, and it's the murder show  
Lights out, curtains closed  
From Otta drive, to Curtis curb  
I'm in that White House, with the curtains closed  
And a ounce of dimes, first through the third  
With the night owls, flipping dirty birds  
The early bird get the worm in the dirt glove

This that HBO, hill block original  
I play the role in real life, I'm a criminal  
Really though, this that HBO  
Hell block original, gangsta show  
This that HBO, hell block original  
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Really though, this that HBO  
Hell block original, gangsta show

It's me and Boldy boy, you don't know me boy  
I'm G.T., Dirty Glove ent  
I love when niggas talk, but don't get it  
I just talk to the plug, he told me sit and stay chillin'  
I'm with it, everything come to a patient nigga  
Fast money get it all day like I'm racing nigga  
And I even have to run shit  
All I had to do was hustle, run through zips  
Stack and bubble, take them trips  
I know I might get in trouble, but I take the risk  
And I pray every time I hop inside  
Zip my lips, keep God close, flip the cops and ride

When I get close I'mma call my ride  
Fuck that I'mma call a cab it's too hot to drive  
I'll meet you there, you know I got the shit  
GT bring that shit home, I'm about this shit

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Niggas thought I fell off just took a minor loss  
Came back in the Benz bumping Diana Ross  
Seen your bitch at the bar, she thought she seen a boss  
Sipping champagne, lobster and linguine sauce  
You just a 10 piece nugget nigga  
Go ask your boss to make your budget bigger  
Garbage pail full of Kush and a jug of liquor  
And make any bitch forget them other niggas  
See I'm the only one she think about  
Money on my mind I ain't got shit else to think about  
Pros over hoes you get iffy and you bring 'em out  
I'm having sushi, with a singer slash model  
And she ain't never told her parents she dropped out of college  
Face like Halle, body of a goddess  
Fucked up bitch, probably end up stripping  
Fucked up bitch, probably end up tricking  
Cause niggas fucked up, and they ain't tipping  
Hard to find a group of niggas getting money who ain't snitching  
Everybody fucked up, yeah that's fucked up  
Why these little niggas masked, yeah that's what's up  
I'm in the kitchen cooking, got the stove on  
These little niggas fully loaded with the gloves on  
The boys from the drug zone pull the gloves off  
Make a nigga heart stop no love notes

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