

How Im Feelin

Boldy James

Let's get it

Diamonds dripping like some H-twenty
Ice hittin' off the Bape hoodie
Got me feelin' like I'm H Boogie
Glock semi-auto but the K fully
Clip poking like a pin cushion
Speed boatin' up Lake Erie
Whole team allergic to that fake jewelry
All you pussy niggas know you can't near me
I'm the dream Martin Luther King had
One day, that we shall overcome
Nigga ranned off seen my older son
To go up top on 'em, that's a hole in one
Ice crossed, that's a lot of karats on the Father, Spirit, and the Holy Son
Never see the pea-green Kel-Tec with a thirty-rounder, this the only one
Meech stealing buffies, I was on the run
In double-O-seven with the Golden Gun
Went to Gary got the Rollie done
Had to mix the Hutchie with the Golden Sun
On I-94, with a 504
Niggas thought that was a pair of Levis
Nigga touch a hair on Streets-
Marty say he dropping everything on the Eastside
Fifty-four-hundred niggas road runnin'
Fight Night in Vegas sittin' ring-side
Got the bows coming for the one seven
Drug zonin' in the seventeen five
Get them blue jeans for seventeen five
Bo Jacks for the four two dub
Lost a whole line on them Orenthals
Pray to God that I find a new plug

This how I'm feeling
I walk in the trap I'll start balling I'm scared I'mma flip it
Cause shawty won't fuck I'm like fuck her cause that's how I'm feeling
I whip it I cook it I serve it like I work at Denny's
Can't fuck with you fraud ass niggas cause that's how I'm feeling
No really no really no really no really no really no really
No cuts on a young nigga belt, like he fresh out of prison
Them rats gon' show who they know then I got 'em you niggas offended
And that's how I'm feeling man that's how I'm feeling man how I'm feeling

I touch down, look at my phone
Aldospirone, what you hidin' by?
I'm speed racing down Adda drive
Some' in my phone, some' in my thighs
Aight, nigga what?
I ain't beefin' about no slut (At all)
Meet my great-great granny talkin'- you up it you better bust
Etched in sand I don't trust nothing
I'll pull up, knock of your muffin
I ain't no David Ruffin
Arbre trends in my pumpkin (Yup)
I'll meet you at junction
Fuck the police make an ass out of you and me
Like an assumption

Whatup chop, I'm Gwup Fifty
Fifty Gwup nigga Rolling Sixty
Tiny re-rock put me in the business
I'm cracking finger like a junior gymnast
I'll crack a pot, Pyrex killer
Peep through the crowd, I'm a Dex killer
All you need is a fuckin red nose
And some big shoes you the next victim (Big clown)
Fucking clown, chase you big homie every time I come around
Pop a nigga then I raw hand raw hot
Fuck a rob my own thing go hard
Stick 'em in a hoe we ain't gon' try
Give a fuck if her first whole hand lie
Free my nigga S gotta do a whole dime
I'm knee high in a whole pie

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Boldy's always making us late bruh
He doesn't care
About what?
He got his priorities fucked up
What? I don't care about what?
He put the drugs before everything