

Humble Servant

Boldy James

'Fore I was so rudely interrupted

Russell T, if it was up to me, would have been Pillsbury
Thinking when Bread Man die, what I'ma tell Terry?
Come with me, run quick see, I'm calling Hail Mary
Brad, William buried that's some pain a nigga still carry
I'm still married to this Game Time life of crime
Been had my mind made up, I knew just what it was
And what came with the aftermath of me selling drugs
Sean Carter, Vol. 3..., these are the life and times
Swiping lines, catching pops, I had to spike a nine
With grenadine, it made the lean look like some iodine
Plug on the pints, he just did a five fed
For them blood barrels, a big thick Betadine keg
Tried to steal a nigga bop, that's all we know, it's plagiarism
Got these niggas mad at Blocks 'cause God been showin' favoritism
Know some niggas on that rock fighting an open case in prison
'Cause where we grow up, dope is all we know to make a living
Let's get it

And I'm still learning
I come to you as a humble servant, still undetermined
Of what it even means to be God-fearing
Praise to Allah, he got me turnt up like the power-steering
The whole time, them voices in my head that I was hearing
That same voice, if I ignore, gon' have my mom tearing
Crouched over my casket, the world still turning
Late to my own funeral, I pray I miss the sermon

Kill all rats, we get rid of vermin
Scheduling synos depending on what it's concerning
My DSquared's Canadian, my whip is German
Shoot a nigga dead off his lily pad if you feeling Kermit
Caught him cupcake and upped and made him get in the 'burban
Duck taped and trunked his shit, tell him to quit the squirming
Your bitch so quick to drop the load, tell her to send the current
Brody was screaming, "Fuck the world" until his dick was burning
Shot his teeth out, they might have to consult his dentist
Won't ever speak down, not even if I know your business
Repping the D-town where you gotta post on your pivot
No photo credits, shoot a nigga like he photogenic
He tote extendeds with them switches, cranking meth and flocka
Them one forensics getting anxious trying to catch a collar
Two achie-breakies on the back seat of a red Impala
Can't take no more shorts or no losses, I need every dollar

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