

Hundred Ninety Bands

Boldy James

Where we at?

Bo Jack, let's get it

I been in the streets so long, my name carved in the pavement
But all my peoples dead and gone, so pardon my behavior
Click your bitch screen with the remote, ain't targeting no strangers
Start sipping lean and smoking dope, was harnessing my anger
So when they sleep, I'm wide awake, was hard for me to shake it
I ride with Didi right or wrong, regardless what we facing
"Can't let these niggas do me, Bo", the heart, it couldn't take it
I read a statement that he wrote, was hard for me to face it
Keep the money close, never too far for me to chase it
Did some things that tainted my soul, that part of me is sacred
I feel like Sylvester Stallone arguing with Adrian
Fifth of anejo Patron, been partying with Satan
Say I'm controlling, that's part of my narcissistic nature
Left a half a brick in the Rover, parked amongst the highway
You catch how you hold, from the tar when we bleed the pavement
Stick at your dome, I feel like the archer when I'm aiming

Uh, pull out the red carpet at the banquet
We pulled off in the 'Rari, pulled back up in the Vanquish
Know they don't comprehend, it's hard to speak my slanguage
Left my passport in Japan, they carded me in Vegas
A hundred ninety bands, we armed and we dangerous
I put my own work in, they chargin' me for maintenance
So pay the service fee, or get murdered for free
But keep that between us, you ain't heard it from me
You ain't heard it from me

In my hood, we ain't Crippling but we rep the letter C
Used to ante up and chip in on the seven, me and B
Lost Gigi last week, I just seen him at the G
RIP my nigga E-Boy, he came to me in a dream
Told me him and Swalley cool and smiling down on me from Heaven
Then I lost my nigga Newt, at his funeral recession
Thought about my nigga Nixie, Troy, D-Boy and Roxie
R.I.P my nigga Craig, E-Lo, Tino and Moxie
Lil' Desi and Whooly caught up with Jeffery back in Cooley
Put his brother in a blender, turn that boy into a smoothie
Lil bro, you know I miss you, shit ain't been the same without you
Since you left us, we been gripping on the gang, you know I got you
Lil Jean, tell Eric holla at my nigga Dell
Long live my nigga Krill, they found him hanging in his cell
Tell Stevie, Slick, and Tez fuck is we gon' do without 'em?
Only place for us is at the top 'cause we came out the bottom
Used to be with Freddie B and Jacquo, they caught up with his mans
Knock the meat out of his taco, that's how you take a stand
Peace my nigga Will from the Ward, my nigga E from the Ville
Chilly from Shasberry, can't forget Screech and LaVelle
A.K.A Vido Payne, I miss Sharday and Shorty
They took my nigga James out the game 'fore it even started
R.I.P to Mr. Waters, shout out to Mr. Bostic
My nigga Sneaky held it down, wasn't really with the gossip
Gang shit

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