

It Hit Different

Boldy James

(Royal House on the beat)
Used to love this shit
The street shit, the grind, the hustle, the money

All of that front shit is punk shit
So when it's up, I'll get you slumped before the blunt lit
Nigga, it's one and done, you know we one shit
All that they heard was, "Boom-boom-boom," after the drum kick
Pussy, you gotta know what this shit come with
What it's gon' take for you to pull that redrum skit
I seen some real niggas stay faithful to one chick
Took him for all he had just so she could jump ship
Nerve of these bitches, swear that shit over and done with (That shit over)
I'm done playing nice guy, ain't tryna finish last
Can't trust no bitch to save my life, can't never get attached
None of these hoes ain't even worth a nigga gettin' snatched (At all)
'Cause when they come and put that hold, I know that she gon' fold
She ain't gon' do that bid with you, might as well hang it up
Ren told me, "You can't expect you out of other niggas
'Cause we some real ones and these niggas ain't the same as us"
It's mafia, what else?

We them big fishes
My little niggas in the trenches, they be hit-stickin'
My son need a new gun, he say his switch glitchin'
My intuition lately tellin' me my bitch switchin'
But I've been hit before, so ain't no need to panic
'Cause yesterday, I made it snow, in case you missed Christmas
Ain't nothing shy about them racks, this shit hit different
Difference between me and them, it's a big difference
What else?

Shit hit different when you rich and you up dog shit
She got a fat pussy, I can tell from her paw print
It hit different when every nigga you involved with
Be all focused on the same goal until we all rich
Shit hit different when all them members be on boss shit
Be standing on they own ten, whatever they got caught with
It hit different when niggas snitchin', on some cross shit
Half brick of crawfish, strig like a drawstring
For that chicken, strip a nigga, put him in a cross-wing
'Fore I let 'em off me, I'll off a nigga offspring
Eight ounce in a lime-aid, three thousand fentanyl beans
Came up off the Rite-Aid, CVS, and Walgreens
Five hundred grits in an empty box of saltines
All of these jigs in the spig just to let off steam
Stick bigger than a twig, drum on a carbine
Free lil' Schemes, long live my nigga Raw Steam

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