

Killing Nothing

Boldy James

Let me see that light
There, there they go right there
Who, who? Dawg in the black hoodie?
Slow down, pull on my side
It's the Real Bad Man
It's the Mafia, speed
Game time, Blockworks
ConCreatures, 227
Where we at with it?
Uh, uh, let's get it

Always been the black sheep, grew up the oddball
Thuggin' on them backstreets 'til the day that my God call
Lil' Sean Paul, ridin' dirty up 85
In twin Challies, just a friendly game of dodgeball
I'm the one killed your older brother, I'm who shot dawg
And if I didn't, I'm the one who sent niggas to rob y'all (I'm him)
For them grits of the shine and that top dog
I never dropped no nigga name or made a cop call
Had to drop my nuts just to let 'em know I got balls (Cajones)
He dropped the ball, looking at me like it's my fault (Haha)
Count all my pockets, I wanna know what's in my vault
I let him see too much, don't know what the fuck that I thought (What was I thinking?)
Might have to whack him just in case the nigga might talk (Getting dropped)
'Cause all these niggas, after I tax 'em, it's just a write-off
Really getting to the money, don't get your life bought
Done tipped this bitch three hundred and told her to take the night off (What else?)

Sticks getting loaded, bullets getting wiped off (Clips)
Make a right, slow down, cut the lights off
Pull over right here and leave the engine running
Niggas ain't letting nothing die and ain't killing nothing
Sticks getting loaded, bullets getting wiped off (Clips)
Make a right, slow down, cut the lights off
I'm tired of ribbing in your scalp, don't make me click the button
Niggas ain't letting nothing die and ain't killing nothing (At all, nothing)
Killing nothing
Killing nothing (Nothing)
Niggas ain't letting nothing die and ain't killing nothing

It's so much I wanna say with so little time (Patience)
Only so much I'm willing to pay, fundamental grind
Been had a plug since a youngin with a brick of shine (Ayy)
Having them drugs with this gun is what's gon' give me time (Blocks)
Live by the gun, die by the same fate
I'll never catch him with the money and the bag in the same place (Nope)
Crelly got parole, then indicted on the same day
He went to trial with the feds, put on his game face
Can't shake a bag with them peepers on your ass (Uh-uh)
Running up in grandma crib tryna peep what's in your stash (Gaga)
Cheap as taking on them slabs from my Ricans and my 'Rabs
Got these niggas in my city streets policing with no badge
Can't trust a soul, got me reaching for my mag
Drug Zone Seven, Six, P.A., Fenkell to the Crash
Shoot it 'til it overheat, catch a fever when I flash

Ride with it on my lap, ain't gotta beat you to the stash, nigga (Nah)

Sticks getting loaded, bullets getting wiped off (Clips)

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Killing nothing (Nothing)

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