

Lop Sided

Boldy James

Where we at? (Drug zone to the 50)

Jackson (Mafia, what else?)

Let's get it (Uh-uh)

Cuttin' up on Mama fine china, playin' hardball, pitchin' side winders (Fssh)

Prize fighter, middle of the fire with them live wires (Where we at?)

Passin' lane on North Western Highway, I'm a line driver (Ayy)

Catch your wifey lackin' at the light, I'ma blindsight her

Side swipe her with this nine iron, I'm the pied piper (Let's get it)

With the shits, nigga pissy rich but I ain't buyin' diapers (At all)

Claimin' he live the trife life, nigga, but mine's trifer

7.62s in the coupe, we be ridin' strikers (Skrرت, skrrt)

They mad at me 'cause I look, dress, and cook better (Blocks)

Real-life Goodfella, on top of that I rhyme nice

The bag shaker, reckless eyeball and dime slicer

Balmain biker denim, rental full of white lightning (Them bricks)

Three bodies in two attempts, shit, I'm a five-timer

Gritty, slimy weed, sticky, limy as a highlighter (Glow in the dark)

These niggas bums, huddled up like a bonfire

Free my niggas 'hind them electric fences and that barbwire (Free the guys)

The apple don't fall too far from the branch with me

Kill his whole family tree, turn it to some hot cider (Grrt)

Faces in my pocket big as Mount Rushmore

Counting racks, I was strapped down like a rock climber (You know it)

Ziplining through the ghetto with my ConCreature (Ayy)

Glock 9 and thirty-poppers, all you heard was shots fired (Doo-doo-doo-doo)

From them 227 Hellblock top shottas (Ayy)

Put that cheddie on a nigga head, leave it lopsided (What else?)

I'll leave your pupils dilated, don't get violated

Aim be dead on but still'll hit you if I sideways it (Take him up top)

Taker get to quakin', shakin' shit up like it's vibratin'

Non-opinionated, state my claim and they gon' say I'm hatin' (Fuck 'em)

Only blazin' them strong songs, burnin' flames of Satan (Burnin' flames of S atan)

Listenin' to WJLB, that's my favorite station (Drug zone)

Can say a lot about me but one thing that they can't is

I never got wrote in the county, never made a statement (Never)

I run with real lords, black piece stones and bounties

Royal Oak on my wrist, screamin', "Fuck Oakland County"

Got switches on switches and hundiddies, this shit get wicked (Grrt)

So before you leave the crib, should hug the kids and kiss the missus (Mwah)

Big orca in a small ocean full of squid, poolsharkin'

Still'll leave a nigga swimmin' with the fishes (It's the Jackson)

Long live the greatest, R.I.P. to the Ruler

Shoutout to my jeweler, I be syrup-sippin' in the trenches (Gang shit)

The apple don't fall too far from the branch with me

Kill his whole family tree, turn it to some hot cider (Grrt)

Faces in my pocket big as Mount Rushmore

Counting racks, I was strapped down like a rock climber (It's an art, climbi ng)

Ziplining through the ghetto with my ConCreature

Glock 9 and thirty-poppers, all you heard was shots fired (Where we at?)

From them 227 Hellblock top shottas (Ayy)

Put that cheddie on a nigga head, leave it lopsided (Blockworks)