

Medusa

Boldy James

Now here is all these peoples (Right)
Who are moved here, thirty, forty years, fifty years ago (To the promised land)
And whatever they were moved here by is no longer there
I see 'cause now I look on the street every day
And I see all these young men standing on the corner
It used to be you could drop out, even daughter
You could drop out of high school
And you could always get your own slave out there at Ford (Mhm)
You know, in the factory (Right)
And then you, you didn't have to stand on the corner (Right)
'Cause you're a eighth-grade kid, you
As long as he could pick up something, he had a job (Mhm)
And that was white or black (Mhm)
Nowadays, there's no place to do but stand on the corner

ConCreatures, 100cc's for the shooters
This is every dope fiend's dream that's a tuner
Therapeutic to the user, the heroin abusers
Know I'm a ConCreature like I'm starin' at Medusa, it's

What up doe? (Shit)
It's Nick Bruno (What up, bro?)
Yo, where the fuck you at, man? What the fuck you doin', dawg?
You missin' all type of cheese out here, man
Like we out here gettin' it, man
You in th- you missin' in action, dawg
Fuck goin' on with you, man?
Let me tell you, man, look

Now my lady on my case so I'm fillin' out an app'
All I know is how to whip dust in a Pyrex
Got a baby on the way, damn it's a mess
"Have you ever been convicted of a felony?" (Yes)
Check in the box to the left, say "No"
Fresh out the box with a fresh new caseload
Step out the box for a sec, think, Bold
They ain't tryna hire you with jailhouse tattoos
On your left forearm, starin', lookin' at you
Like you up to no good, scared and afraid to
Look you in your eye like a man when he face you
Stood by the phone in his hand, in a day or two
He give me a call if anything was available
Didn't get the job now the rent and the cable due
End of the month, with the gas and the AOL
First of the month, fiends cashin' their welfare
Checks, on the third, I'll be lampin' on Lamphere
Standin' on the curb just sellin' cocaine
With some very close friends that'll catch you long-range
And dig in your nerves, you can tell it on James
I still got the work and I'm sellin' whole thangs
Got pills for dessert, heroin for dope fiends
Who flick, burn and set it on flame
And then insert it in their varicose veins

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Where we at with it?

Blockworks

227