

Murderous Tendencies

Boldy James

Laying there dead in the street
Wish you could pick up and answer my call
'Til the next time that we meet
They gon' picture you when they mention me
I dread all of the memories
When I got friends like y'all
Who the fuck need enemies?
Left me with murderous tendencies

All of my friends on the bon voyage
Probably can't even fit all the bodies into one collage (Can't)
My entourage consists of all-important personnel
All of the dirt that we did, pray I don't burn in hell
Dirty nails, diggin' in my pocket, pullin' knots out
Dropped out, still hopping out of coupes with the top down
Watch got winding, Glocks with the silver lining
Crocodile Dundee, for that money, we'll line him (Line him up)
Had a Presi' on my wrist 'fore they elected Biden
Never once abided by the law, I grew up with violence (Yeah)
Shot a lot of niggas, lost some niggas that was timeless (Real niggas)
Then lost my mind for a minute, brodie helped me find it
Can't live with no regrets but still I wish I can rewind it (Uh-huh)
Then never would've bumped heads, never would've collided
Left a couple bullet holes in the vinyl satin
The only thing that they was ever good at was hiding (Tucking tails)

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Throwin' rocks at the pen', we get the work gone
They throw rocks then hide they hand, them the worst ones (Fake-ass niggas)
First run I ever had, I shot to Birch Run (Took off)
Now it's brand new UFOs with the earth tone (Space shuttles)
Burning crud same color as my birthstone (Crud)
Chrome .38 snub, one of my first guns (Bitch)
You know out of all these killers, we the worst ones
Reverse drum and see who cast the first stone
Face card good in the ghetto but my faith scarred
Race car driver, but this slide ain't got no safeguard
Never been no cruel intent, really all that ever mattered
If you superstitious, then why would you walk under a ladder?
Caught up in the chatter, shit broke my heart and made it shatter
Know we be game-timing shit like a Sega Saturn
Serial stepper, got detectives tryna trace a pattern (Uh-huh)
Was tryna fan me down, you ever caught me wavin' at her
Counting, doing times tables, brick of David Banner (Uh-huh)
At the table packin' raw with bad table manners
Break a fiend jaw for stealing, we was housebroken
Real outspoken, my chopper chew with his mouth open (Grrah)
Died with his tongue hangin' out his mouth, Jordan
Then burn a nigga spot down, give him a housewarming

When it rains, it pours, but look, now it's downpouring
Black clouds storming, burning thunder, bouncing out foreigners
Pussy nigga ain't no boss, you the Tom Foreman
I'm sending hits like Pop Warner, that's without warning
Junkies on the corner split a fifth of Crown Royal
He nickel slick, want a dime piece and not a quarter
Out of order, serving all the out-of-town snorters
Totin' big Glock 26, Kyle Korver
Proud Detroiter, mix water with compound and mortar
It's ConCreature born in bricks, Sodom and Gomorrah, Swally

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