

Nancy Botwin

Boldy James

It's Gametime
Where we at with it?
Blockworks
Yeah
Two-way, deuce, siete

Eye twitching, nerves jumping
Trigger finger itchier than my palms
Hands feeling clammy as I serve auntie
My skin crawling 'cause he got hella open blisters
Eyes yellow from smoking, drinking hella coke and liquor
Mind drifting in my hood, it's like a third world country
But niggas thinking this shit sweet, must be some diabetics
Auntie keep tryna sweet talk me, she wanna down my credit
Always coming short but it's my fault because I always let her
'Cause she was there for me when nobody was
Don't do the shit for me that nobody does
If she fall, I'ma catch her
Kill anybody if they ever try to disrespect her
She call me "Nephy" but I'm really like her youngest boy
Her oldest son passed like nine or ten years ago
His best friend killed him but that's normal when you from Detroit
Ducking long arm of the law been out of reach
Where common sense ain't so common but that ain't something that I can teach

You either got it or you don't, there ain't no in between's
'Cause if I catch you without it, you know it's Billie Jean
Mike Jack with the thriller, to keep them killers clean
Can't hear that switch but you can hear them niggas when they're screaming
Can't even see me in your dreams, tell 'em "Keep dreaming"
Nigga play with Blocks, you gon' probably hear somebody die
Or got denied entry in heaven
So if you ever dream about killing me, you better wake up and apologize
It's 227, what else?

We really land like that, my nigga
Don't make me bring tears to your mommy eyes
Or break her whole heart in half if I toss you the 'drac
Give her a life time of grief or you'll cause a mistake
Would've been took his chain, when he first got his kit
Tell youngin to give him a pass 'cause I thought it was fake
Now I done pretty much put up with 'bout all I can take
Said it was up with us, now he can't go back on his word
I'll have your whole team tryna take your fuckin' head off
Speak on my name, I bet they gon' find your head on the curb
With Posca, shit get trippy as ayahuasca
Rasta full of shooters, know I'm in cahoots with the mafia
It's 227, never been a Kevin Costner
You the type to pillow talk a bitch to death to spread the gossip
But that don't bother me none, 'cause you can get this work
While I'm somewhere sipping syrup, smoking out a zip in Turks

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