

Nice Try Wrong Guy

Boldy James

It be the niggas
Be talkin' the most stand-up, one hundred
Yeah, real shit, be the flakeest niggas
Where we at?
Yeah

Where does your loyalty lie?
With those that I know their morals is high
And they value it more than money can buy
Nice try, wrong guy, I'm not the type to be duckin' or hidin'
With my life in that man hands while he just decidin'
What is distrust to a nigga? He know his love, so you less likely to kill him
Probably fuckin' his main bitch, ain't even write him in prison
Type of live that I'm livin'
I cut the bricks with quinine when I hit 'em
Still sellin' for the highs off of Medley, pour a five of the Tristan
This beat givin' me codeine vibes
Thousand pills a day, remember when I sold bean pies
Niggas don't want no smoke with us, we puffin' whole three-fives
In one backie, pull up in a couple hotties, one trackie
Two strikers, four choppers, three switches, five lighters
Where we grew up in Detroit, not even black lives matter
In my streets, I'm like a jedi, I'm a Creature, you a rabbi
Preachin' all these sermons to whom it's concernin'
Last time I stepped foot in church, it was a funeral service
Twenty clip ran out too quick, ain't mean to run out on purpose
One monkey don't stop the show or climb to shut down the circus

Big drugs for bigger thugs
We got bigger fish to fry, streets keep greasin' my palms
Way a nigga touch it, I think it's safe to say I'm clutchin'
Never folded under pressure, put that on my mama Hutchins
And my gaga Maxie, can't let these niggas body-snatch me
When I'm trappin' on my block, it's like my block keep tryna trap me
Plug keep tryna tax me, but I'm tied in with the countertop
Turnt up off ten thousand Wocks

Where does your loyalty lie?
I light your block up like the fourth of July and then jump down on 94th to the Chi'
Won't ever short the supply, don't nothing be the failure more than a try
Legend of Zelda with the scorpion eye when the corners was dry
They tried to send in a decoy with a spy
Paid all this money for my lawyer to lie
I could sell pork to Allah, two hundred rackies in them ports with [?]
Fuck with my rabbits from Detroit to Dubai, niggas ain't horsin' a fly
I make a nigga change course if he try
My pinky ring worth like a quarter a pie, give me the ultimate high
Catchin' the rush, sellin' waters that's dry
Now I'm so up that I could fall to the sky
It's Mafia What Else (It's Mafia What Else)

Big drugs for bigger thugs
We got bigger fish to fry, streets keep greasin' my palms
Way a nigga touch it, I think it's safe to say I'm clutchin'
Never folded under pressure, put that on my mama Hutchins

And my gaga Maxie, can't let these niggas body-snatch me
When I'm trappin' on my block, it's like my block keep tryna trap me
Plug keep tryna tax me but I'm tired in with the countertop
Turnt up off ten thousand Wocks

Is that enough for you?