

# Nice Try Wrong Guy

**Boldy James**

It be the niggas  
Be talkin' the most stand-up, one hundred  
Yeah, real shit, be the flakiest 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)

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Is that enough for you?