

No Extender

Boldy James

Lil buzzo'll show shawty don't need no extender
(I know you)
Fuck is where we at with it?
Yeah, rich boy
You know I'm still selling crack, ayy

Music biz shady as it get, I can get used to this
Youngin turning up like Ambeezy be producing hits
ConCreatures, 227, that's a lot of fugitives
I feel safer in the Zone 'cause that's where all the shooters is
That's where all the skin poppers, that's where all the tooters live
Doggy talking all that work, can barely even move a split
Never had to shoot or jam, never had to move a rig
Never cooked up on the Foreman, never barbecued a big
Never air fried a brick, never had to shoot a stick
Ain't have Jack to do his shit, never had to use a SIG
Took three bricks from his plug' plug soon as you renege
Palm Angels, Moncler, round here, we do it big
Pints of the big daddy, pounds of the Mick Jagger
Louis cardigan, garbage can full of brick rappers
Thuggin' with that stick dancer, cuzzo hit a mixmaster
Pyrex vision ware, dropping glass like it's LensCrafters

Lil buzzo'll show shawty don't need no extender
On that one way, dead-end block where it ain't no surrenders
Baby bottle fuck of Wock, I'm finna pour the ginger
He asked me if I hit his thot, honestly don't remember
Had a cold summer and a even colder winter
Grinding 25/8, you gotta tote a Kimber
Cutty said I nodded out, honestly don't remember
Me shorting out the microwave after I broke the blender

(I know you) Burned the pike with the yayo
Them t-shirts, we press em up quick as Isaac Pelayo
It's Bochella, half a man of that Old Yeller
Out of this, a thousand grits is what I'm tryna finagle
Counting slits, I'm out the hicks, thirty thousand a Lego
'Nother sixty in the sofa cushion, that's a couch potato
For the cream cheese, I can re-rock a bagel
Selling pints of sleep with that same hand that'll rock the cradle
We do this shit in real life, this shit is not a fable
Come meet the man, the myth, the legend, Mr. Brick Van Exel
Ten08, I did more figure eights than a pretzel
Seen a half a ticket off my Boost, Cricket and my Metro
Let's get it

Why he tryna do that?

Lil buzzo'll show shawty don't need no extender
On that one way, dead-end block where it ain't no surrenders
Baby bottle fuck of Wock, I'm finna pour the ginger
He asked me if I hit his thot, honestly don't remember
Had a cold summer and a even colder winter
Grinding 25/8, you gotta tote a Kimber
Cutty said I nodded out, honestly don't remember
Me shorting out the microwave after I broke the blender

I know you
What else? (What else?)
I know you've been hurt