

No Facade

Boldy James

Uh, yeah
Royal House on the beat

It's the hallways, the benches, the thirty-inch extensions
Your daddy other son don't nobody mention
Leave the dishes in the sink, sit and soak 'em 'fore you rinse 'em (Yeah)
Now he growin' up mad, he start showin' all the symptoms
Of a nigga who be thinkin' everybody is against him (Uh)
In the fishbowl Fisker, it's easy to see the picture
I put the belt to niggas who told us we wouldn't have it (Nah)
I cracked the code with niggas and bitches that's into fashion
And comin' from a city like mine that's kind of active
Bad actors don't remember they lines and get to ad-libbin'
Fast livin', but we dyin' slow, though
I'm with my dog outside like Jon Snow, ho

What else?

I can't walk away if I tried without no faith in God (I'm all in)
Fightin' my case on the side, out of sight, out of dodge (On the hush)
Dodgin' the robbers and the coppers playin' dodgeball (Playin' hardball)
Where was you at? They had me stressed when my bail got denied (On the hush)
Shootouts in broad daylight be more than just the opps (Brr)
Got grazed twice, but your mans, he never got revived (Doot-doot-doot-doot-doot, grrt)
Can't walk away if I tried, I'm married to the mob (Oh yeah, we)
Still Mafia, what else? This shit ain't no facade (Yeah)

I can't blame nobody but myself (Ay), it ain't no pointin' fingers (Uh-huh)
All the pain I felt was self-inflicted, but that's more the reason (Ay)
To take account for the evil deeds that go unpunished (Yeah)
All of the drugs and the killings, I really come from it
Duckin' from the long arm of the law, so far out of reach (Blocks)
Bad bitch without no flaws somewhere by the beach (Skrtrt, skrtrt)
Sippin' champagne with the gang, smokin' exotic reefer (Oh yeah, we)
Lifestyles of the rich and famous, ain't no Robin Leach (Ay, ay)
Fightin' my demons in my sleep, I had to bob and weave (Stick and move)
Dishin' 'em out in the end zone to my wide receivers (End zone)
Long live my brother Jamar, bless my mama Lisa (Mama)
Can say a lot of shit about me, but I'm not a creature (Gang, gang)
Got the detects tryna pick up on an old lead (Ay)
Wakin' out my sleep in cold sweats with a nosebleed (Yeah, got sweats)
Hi-Tech give me bubble guts (Ay)
Rollie on my nightstand right next to my double cup (Yeah, yeah)
Let's get it

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