

# Offwhite Lumberjack

**Boldy James**

(Conductor)

You already s-know that (227)

(Ahahaha), it's Bo Jack (The legend)

Let's get it (Legend in two sports)

To be or not to be, crime school, and I'm majored in philosophy (That 's max)

Bear and proctor with drums, got a doctor's in criminology (Drum roll )

Razor in the heart for that colour money, Monopoly (Razor Ramon)

Gazin' at the stars in that Cullinan, that's astrology (Double R)

Dingy T-shirt, a hunnid stacks, severaly, high velocity (A hunnid)

Flip the work where moneybag guarantee, that's the policy (No hassle)

Soccer mom full of pair of kicks (Get away!)

Cherokee obsolete (A relish)

All of this Valentino drip, I feel like Bobby V (Yeah)

Golf caddyin' with the pack, I'm on my Johnny P (On my bing)

Bro just copped a pill press, pressin' up them Chinese V's

Ninety G's, and this soulfoul cushion came from overcookin' (Ayy)

All this dope I'm pushin', fuck your label, I should sign to fiends

Real Mafia, what else? Roll the credits behind the scene (Rollin')

Whole lotta gang shit, big chains and diamond rings (Big gang)

Ebony and Ivory, my niggas in the IV links (Ayy)

Smellin' like new money creed, bakaran and Irish twig

Let's get it (No new names)

My english broken and my plug don't speak no ingles (Ayy)

He know I keep some motion like I'm sellin' dope on Ebay (It's only u s)

I run it up then run it back just like a replay (Money)

Never been a runner-

up, been runnin' laps since shit a relay (Run it up)

My Creatures toastin' in the club with all the leeway (Ayy)

They trappin' through the wire, all my life I feel like Wee-

Bey (Boldy Blocks)

When I was callin' home from county on a three-way (Let's get it)

But now me and my Creatures pourin' wocky on a PJ (227)

Let's get it (Mafia, what else?)

Went from the PJ's, to the PJ (Ayy)

Rockin' buffs, genuine horn, these ain't no Michelle's (Not at all)

Spin them turfs like a turntable, go, DJ (Go, DJ)

It take money to make money, that's so cliché (Send it up)

Totin' Glock, 357, stirrin' up a pot (Rra-rra)

No rebase on this I'm sellin', hurry up and buy (No rebase)

It's ConCreatures, 227, fuck the FBI (Gang)

I'ma get this money off the fent', 'til the wheel won't drive (Blocks )

Eight-hundred grams in the vent, tryna trail my driver (Eight-hunnid)

Made a mountain out of more hill, I'm the real the MacGyver (I'm that one man)

Turn your block into Roadkill, ambitious as a grinder (Ayy)

Hookline sinkin', trap his keeper like a book bind (ConCreatures)

In the hood with the shottas, puffin' on the good ganja (Ayy)

Been fucked up in the head eversince they took Tonya (My baby)  
47-hundred block, spot doin' jumpin' jacks (Yeah)  
Retro mic and Nikes, of the Off-White lumberjack  
Let's get it