

# On Ten

**Boldy James**

Uh-uh

Uh

Where we at?

227

What else?

I'm on ten, me and Top in my top ten  
Linin' up them tens and them inbox Roxannes  
Hot damn, ho, here we go, we locked in  
That fish scale get to flakin' like some dry skin  
I'm tied in, feds wanna see me boxed in  
Don't hit my line tryna shop if you ain't buyin' ten  
I'm chimed in with them gualas and them Chaldeans  
Trappin' out your favorite restaurant, it's time to dine in  
Slidin', suicide, hoppin' out them soccer mom vans  
I know these niggas ain't gon' ride if it's not Schwinn  
We quick to hit a nigga block and let that chop spin  
He rockin' with the other side, then he the opps, then  
Ride with this stick fully loaded in his drop Benz  
ConCreature shit, we don't fold, we do not bend  
Anywhere other than Detroit, your shit do not trend  
You know my niggas run a route like a wide end

I'm on ten, me and Top in my top ten  
It's hot damn, ho, here we go, we locked in  
I'm tied in, feds- here we go, we locked in  
We locked in- ho, here we go, we locked- we locked  
I'm on ten, me and Top in my top ten  
It's hot damn, ho, here we go, we locked in (Here we go again)  
I'm tied in, feds- here we go, we locked in  
We locked in- ho, here we go, we locked- we locked

I'm high strung, come from where the good die young  
Graveyard under my belt, put that shit on my son  
A living icon from London back to Taiwan  
Finessed him out of twenty, then I sent him on a dry run  
They know we keep the hot fire like I'm Dylan  
Hate when a nigga finger fuck the bag and never buy none  
It's bully boys, ask me and my duns  
Was lookin' for some trouble, well, today, you found the right ones  
I taught them niggas how to hustle up them pie crumbs  
I did it proud, Detroit bubble off the white ones  
I'm cut from that steel wool, these niggas nylon  
Nigga can touch a couple million on the right run  
Soon as them brickies touch down and cross the pylon  
You need to shoot your mans up to Hush to get his ice done  
All of these bands on the floor, look what the dice brung  
That's all my niggas do is sell dope and buy guns

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Here we go, we locked (Here we go again)