

Open Door

Boldy James

Where we at?

Seen men break, tatttle and fold
Place that on my soul, I had to scram, shake, rattle and roll
Shot out west to Cali, came back with the 'bows
For the cheap concrete, we weigh packages whole
Stay strapped with a pole, shotgun, Maybach or the Roll
This ain't that, can't lack with the load
Stay attractin' the hoes; gang on the nametag of my clothes
The Rollie plain, chain platinum and gold
Stay jackin' the prose, niggas stealin', straight jackin' my flows
I'm independent, eight racks for my shows
Bae strapped and she cold, even though I'm laid back when I'm blowed
Don't be another face tat on my bros
It's ConCreatures

Yup, check it, ayo
Got my bread hand-to-hand
I ain't get no check from the government (Nah, fuck that)
Re-up with my mans, split the grams, we was thuggin' it (Uh-huh)
Fuckin' on a square hoe but really love a gutter bitch (I love 'em)
That eyeball the work in her purse that hold a rubber grip
Hustlin' my heritage, nothin' to turn one to six (Yeah)
Got it out the mud and made it happen, fuck a "wonder if...?" (Facts)
Locked in the cell, we was scrappin', son, throw up your fists (What up?)
Shootin' thirty-ones, we 'bout that action like a Bronson flick (Uh-huh)
Always on some shit, my lifestyle a felony
Still sellin' dope, niggas thinkin' I'm a celebrity
The .23 I tote turn your brain cells to celery (Blaow)
And rock your bells like LL, will end your destiny
Worked the pill presser 'fore I ever had a press release (Facts)
My niggas will press ya, press triggers, then rest in peace (Blaow)
Sheesh, cook the fish like hot grease
Straight drop, come and cop, peep (Yeah)

Wah
I got 'em kneelin' to the yay, seven days
Give thanks to my wrist, all praise
I might throw a cocaine parade
Sittin' on seventy-seven bricks while I weigh
Bought a kilo, stepped on it, got a ego
Got a speedboat, a Ferrari Portofino (Woo)
All perico, money spillin' out the safe
Pythons in Audis, I'm Jake the Snake, you fake
I know I'm late, I was halfway through a twenty-eight
Dropped the ice on it, threw it on a plate and skated
I send my shooter through again if you make it (Brrrrrat)
Holy Black Jesus, Hail Mary, Troy Aikman
Just make sure you winnin' when the game end
All my bitches love the stove, not Raymond
Is it flame? Shit, I wouldn't even know
I ain't had to open up a whole thang since '04

Smell it reekin' through the wrapper so you know it's raw
Fans love me, but the drug buyers know me more
We don't save hoes, the policy is open-door
Pull up, I'll serve you niggas like a open store (What up?)

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Fans love me, but the drug buyers know me more
We don't save hoes, the policy is open-door (Woo)
Pull up, I'll serve you niggas like a open store
Smell it reekin' through the wrapper so you know it's raw (You smell it)
Fans love me, but the drug buyers know me more (They know me)
We don't save hoes, the policy is open-door
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