

Optional

Boldy James

It's concreatures
Yeah I hear y'all niggas man
I see that skeechy shit y'all niggas be on
Don't think my eyes ain't peeled
Ears ain't still to the streets
I'm up on all that man
Y'all niggas ain't slick man
Can't pull no wool over my eyes
I got you niggas all figured out

I deal drugs, cause the money comes much quicker
But I never wanted to be a drug dealer
Giving sacks and satchels to the young critters
Set a bad example for my little sister
So I can't get mad when she don't listen
Real life shit, no pulp fiction
All white bricks, whole lot of dope dealing
On the nightshift, bringing home dinner
Left my gun at the crib, got my heart skipping
It feel like one of my body parts missing
Hitting runs with my kids in the car tripping
When I'm ripping and running that's when I start drifting
Forgetting, I could have easily had fallen victim
And that would've been me lost in the system
Trying to see the light, gotta be consistent
In this concreature life, concreature living

Now I don't know everything, but I know what not to do
It's optional
Cause I done sold everything, you can smoke, bump, pop and shoot
Them Oxy's too
It's money over everything, but it just cock and shoot
You got the juice
Now I don't know everything, but I know what not to do
It's optional

I'm so thug I get the mask in 3A
Niggas getting roped up then gagged in great taste
He a fucking has-been and a cheapskate
So we hit his stash for a half and three eighths
Niggas talk about a bag never seen weight
And he don't talk cash cause he can't
You ain't never seen a half in a briefcase
Or took a road trip trappin' in the Peach state
From the Ole Miss on my way to PA
Back to Philadelphia's freeway
In the '06 with a bitch from BK that I never hit
Bitch on my dick, but she gay
And I'm on tips, in West VA
With my whole clique running get rich relays
Nickname Bo, OT it's BJ
Besides God, only thing I fear is D-E-A

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Moved in next door, meet your neighbors
We got it sold from Evergreen to Schaffer
Drinking Rémy 'gnac sold with a chaser
Mixing Henny with the Mo getting wasted
With girl, I post with green acres
I been selling dope since a pre-teenager
With a little bit of gold and a pager
The scale broke, cut my finger with the razor
Bled all over the dining room table
A fiend died, got fried hooking up the cables
Now it's a down power line on the pavement
Hook outside, now the house getting raided
Had to downsize and dock niggas' payments
Now I hide inside and chop ninja
On the south side of the mall in the spaceship
Getting daps and high-fives from the gangsters