

Outro

Boldy James

I'm on the run for all type of shit (Detroit)
Then we shot down to South by Southwest and I met Alchemist (The Chemist)
On Trapper's Alley: Pros & Cons, was plugged with Italians (Bold)
After Consignment, when I touched my first hundred thousand (Uh-huh)
On Grand Quarters, we was in that
But My 1st Chemistry Set was my first official album (Mafia)
On Jammin' 30 a.m., was 76-milin'
Then we dropped another Trapper's Alley, the second volume (Two)
They say The Art of Rock Climbing was a collector's item
Told me not to drop The House of Blues, I might get indicted
Wanted to call it Pillmatic but Peter didn't like it (Uh-uh)
Was on my Nostradamus shit, it had me feeling psychic (For sure)
Almost got dropped from the label after I caught the case
Runnin' from the jake with a half-a-key of Frosted Flakes (Blockworks)
Was 6 Flaggin' all across the state (Uh-huh)
On my way to Beantown, Massachusetts with them Boston bakes (I'm for the ride)
I know they'd rather see me walk the plank (You know it)
All my niggas eatin' now but we used to get it off the plate (S wear)

I was doing this rap shit when it wasn't even cool to do it, nigga (On baby 'nem)
When we was getting in trouble for writing raps in school and Teachers snatching up the paper off a nigga desk (Embarrassing, nigga)
Reading in front of the class, calling the crib, telling a nigg a parents, nigga
What you know about that? (Nothing)
Y'all ain't from that, niggas from this new Internet Instagram, insta-famous shit (Weirdos)
Niggas worked hard to build these fanbases
These buses, put all this work in the street
To build a nigga name up (It ain't come over night)
So we be out here credible, nigga, niggas can hang on to everything a nigga say
They know a nigga out here really in this shit, for real (Yeah)
Shoutout to all the real street-lifers out here still grittin' it out
(Don't let nothing break your concentration) Self-made
(Throw you off your square)
It's self-explanatory, baby, that money speak for itself (Talk

to me, I talk back)
Niggas ain't never drop kicks,
Had that tucked, all that shit at the same time
Nigga can't relate to this real street shit a nigga go through
All the bumps and bruises a nigga take (All the Ls, all the losses)
And take that shit on the chin, my nigga, keep grittin'
(This shit'll never stop)
Ayy, Wop, welcome home, my baby, it's on ('Til the casket drop)
ConCreatures, love live Mox
Know you smilin' down over the ghetto