

Pepper Jack

Boldy James

Ayy, yeah
What else?

Married to the concrete, holy matrimony
Call me Papa Johns, turn the beef into pepperoni
227, know we heavy on it
Hit him in the head with the heat, we'll press and comb it
Found out where he be, apply some pressure on it
Shred him with the .223 or the Kelly Rowland
Left him dead in the street, nephew did him bogus
Be the person you least expect, you'll never notice
Hot boy found the scene, sprinkled pepper on it
Your shooter can't even compare, let's bet whatever on it
When I release stress feel like a feather, don't it?
Lumbar support seats with the FN on it
Run off on me and I'ma let him hold it
I'm on my like my twentieth V and my eleventh Rolex
'Cause if it's up with me, I get to pressing on shit
When shit get stuck under my feet, it come to stepping on it
Blocks

It ain't gon' be my opps
If I get dropped, probably one of my niggas drilled me
You figgadeal me? Lord, let the killer steal me
For my fam, let 'em know that I tried to prevent it
But it's imminent in the concrete
It's like Heaven the only place I could find peace
I'm in the trenches pounding the pavement
Slaving over the stove, working the grave shift
Until I'm filthy

The underworld built me
Streets took me underneath, me and Taymar
Used to play under the sheets, now I'm under investigation
From federal police with this AR
Ten bodies, one summer with the sway bar
Friend Swali taught me how to fly under the radar
Off-White dunks, burn his eyes in the day bar
The bullets come from Dunham's, but the chopper come from Kmart
Me and Redi Rock really get 'em in
We like Suge and Slim, and Birdman J-R
Blending cream in with raw, now it's gray tar
Gotta put some gas in your car 'cause I stay far
Fuck this shit say on my wrist? Hefty Chopard
Bentley, Benz, Bimmers in the yard, me and Rayvar
Listening to old Esco and Sosa
Bought his son a toy truck, little Amar
Mafia what else?

It ain't gon' be my opps
If I get dropped, probably one of my niggas drilled me
You figgadeal me? Lord, let the killer steal me
For my fam, let 'em know that I tried to prevent it
But it's imminent in the concrete
It's like Heaven the only place I could find peace
I'm in the trenches pounding the pavement
Slaving over the stove, working the grave shift

Until I'm filthy