

Permanent Ink

Boldy James

Now that's Mafia

Can't give a fuck about no bitch
Wantin' this money that I'm gettin' (Aha)
The streets gon' vouch when it come to me (Uh)
'Cause I'm the one that know that ledge (Streets gon' vouch)
I build line up in the team, no, I ain't talking hustle, baby (Yeah, I built that)
This shit all came off of the ground and never cut no Alpo check
Half brick in a box of Lucky Charms, in the window with that Malcolm X (Let's get it)
Staring out the burglar bars, just tryna duck the alphabets (Blocks)
For good, better best, I'ma do you one even better
Better yet, yet and still (Aha)
How a nigga gon' hate on you? you never met (Tell me)
Like, call me blindsided, got me winded, so I cherish every breath (Run it up)
Know I'm too afraid to die, but I never been scared (Never scared of death)
They tried to give me nine lives, right back like I never left
Look at that shit in hindsight, put it all in retrospect (Aha)
Pops was an alcoholic, granny used to bang E (Yeah)
Gotta keep your frenemies close, 'cause families spew the same evil (That's real)
More money, more static when this shit get problematic (Mo' money, mo' problems)
Hard to break like old habits, tell 'em, "Catch me out in traffic"
Let's get it

It's Concreatures written in blood, permanent ink (Aha)
As far back as I can remember, I been in the streets (One of the ones)
Movin' murderers and killers extended my reach (Gang)
Bouncing out with bro, slamming doors on that tinted Capri (Doot, doot)
They say they gon' rob who? Is you kidding with me? (What?)
I bet he play with Blocks, he gon' get dropped by the end of the week (Grrt)
Piece came from Johnny Dang, yeah, I spin with the cheet (Bling)
Tennis chains, bust Cubanos, and infinity links (What else?)

We got munyun in abundance, on the hun tun, tryna run me a hundred up
Give a fuck about the hook, long as that money coming
Blow strong as a quarter stick, donuts got us up and running
Turn that PowerPoker up to a quarter brick of Wonder Woman
Fresh out the county with a thousand tabs
Two-point-two pounds of glass
Mommy, you wonder why your child so bad
Die for my chain and my pendant, it's self-explanatory
I got no gave-me-this, some bitches understand my story
A couple niggas probably feel like they can tell it better
Gargoyle Pelle with the Dezzy, I'm a ghetto legend
With perfect aim, .30 changing niggas skin complexion
What you don't see is what you get, that's a hidden blessing
Any nigga know what's up with Jack, they know I been finessing
Cool as fuck but quick to shoot some shit up if I get aggressive
Plug text my phone, "Send a addy," sent him six addresses
Make sure it's all white meat turkey and don't forget the dressing

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