

# Permission

**Boldy James**

I'm not like other guys  
Conductor

They come and ask me  
Before the roles get reversed, they gotta run it past me  
You need the "Okay" for me to even clear the hit  
Or get the whole .308 threw through your mirror tint  
The judge tryna fry me, to have money, gotta have heart  
Nickel bag gets sold in the park, you gotta run it by me  
It ain't stamped if I ain't stamped it, servin' like I'm Sampras  
The work came with a brochure and a pamphlet  
Now that's Mafia

I'm talking baklava  
Mega-poppin', from Roxbury back to Rossiter  
Yeah, 227, it's simple algebra  
I'd rather have a million dollars than a million followers  
Bouncin' out that Rolls-Royce, Don Toliver  
I put the H in Hermès, this ain't no Hollister  
Had a threesome with Concrete Connie  
And a thick white bitch, kinda resemble Supercar Blondie  
Twenty killers, straps tucked, known for catching homis  
Skinny nigga racked up, OT7 Quanny  
Buck-sixty-five wet with my boots on  
Buck-fifty for my Piguet, but it's two-tone  
On Schoolcraft, selling drugs in the school zone  
Me and all my brothers stick together like the group home  
Free all the guys 'til that shit the other way around  
I pray they make it out that situation safe and sound

They come and ask me  
Before the roles get reversed, they gotta run it past me  
You need the "Okay" for me to even clear the hit  
Or get the whole .308 threw through your mirror tint  
The judge tryna fry me, to have money, gotta have heart  
Nickel bag gets sold in the park, you gotta run it by me  
It ain't stamped if I ain't stamped it, servin' like I'm Sampras  
The work came with a brochure and a pamphlet  
Now that's Mafia

I'm talking Game Time  
Like Stephen A. and Skip, we ain't on the same time (Never)  
227, we that Mafia What Else gang  
Quattroporte Masi', feel like Mozzy from the Hell Gang (Nyoom)  
On Hellblock in them back-to-back one joints  
A nigga play with Jack', we gon' get him smacked on point  
Bust Diddy 41 coupe with foreign features  
Same niggas be pointing guns that be pointing fingers (Tattletales)  
Playing with them finger-lickers, no Kentucky Fried  
Hit his lil' bitch, got him lookin' like his puppy died  
My pockets C-walkin', peace to the blood shuffle  
Known for breakin' up couples, all the bad bitches love Double (What else?)  
I love to hustle like my mama love the ballroom  
Slap a switch on FN and put that bitch on autotune  
In the ghetto with all the goons, we the Juice Crew  
This Mafia What Else shit can take some gettin' used to  
So when they need permission

They come and ask me  
Before the roles get reversed, they gotta run it past me  
You need the "Okay" for me to even clear the hit  
Or get the whole .308 threw through your mirror tint  
The judge tryna fry me, to have money, gotta have heart  
Nickel bag gets sold in the park, you gotta run it by me  
It ain't stamped if I ain't stamped it, servin' like I'm Sampras  
The work came with a brochure and a pamphlet  
Now that's Mafia