

Pressin' My Bunk

Boldy James

La Music de Harry Fraud

Scar tissue, what was left in the AR pistol
Sunflower seeds everywhere look like a shark bitch
Bob Villa with the tool, keep a power drill
I feel like Meechie cooking up in a pair of foreigners
Scoochy Adidas with the creatures tryna bear the storm
Same Lil' Moochie off of Belvedere and Warren
I drop a nickel, that gon' smack you by end of the week
Another dime, he ain't gon' get to live to see the morning
niggas out here holding on by the skin of their teeth
While I'm at the table hooking up, saying dinner for three
All of these star ships and rockets feel like outer space
4-inch double-parked all on your block, shit look out of place
Before the clock struck noon, I ran up a bankie
Twisting up a 62, wrist, hella janky
Caught a flight on Grand River, had to call a perky
In the speed with my killers and we all scared

This new shit'll make your toes curl
Rick and him and her know we got the best of both worlds
Movie clip reels, ghetto Steven Spielberg
Curbside service, tell him pull up to the self-serve
Good dope sell his self on them trailway
Murder for hire, had to pick me up a skilled trade
Did what I had to do to get the bills paid
Pressing my bunk, daydreaming 'bout the big stack

This shit was all a blur
It get so cold in the D, I went and bought a fur
High bridge to Vallejo, I got ghetto love
For selling drugs, niggas made it do what it do
Unless you talking codeine, don't do medicinal
Nine zips on the scale, that's a .252
Cash and carry, I can never do municipal
Fresh about that boot camp clique, I'm the new Mystical

Still a raping nigga village like I came to pillage
Still a taking nigga face, he don't pay his ticket
Hands on with the bag, know I'm trade pacific
Exchanging cash for goods, that ain't your artifacts

Had a chrome-heart attack, went into cardiac
Sold him a fist full of beans, that's a party pack
Don't get me started, drop a 50 on your starter cap
Started with a 60, now the bag big as Farmer Jack

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