

Quinine

Boldy James

Uh, yeah

Get your issue if you mention my name
Mob shit, I got some young henchmen that'll get you out of the game
Spot sittin' on West McNichols with a block of cocaine
Get hit with some hot shit for dry snitchin', that's how it rock for the gan
g
It's 227 50-50, you an opp if you ain't
I'm not for the games, I got blicky and I drive me a lane
Yeah, I got them mop heads with me, they ain't catchin' no fades
Machetes on Ks'll turn you to a vegetable plate
I got various OJs, I keep Perkies and drank
In and out the kitchen all day, no time to fix me a plate
I been mixin' the weight, floodin' the time
Ridin' through lookin' crazy with the bag and it's Michigan plates
Flexin' with weight, heavy press, bet you a K
Boy, you ain't safe, from that era where them extras is made
Never betrayed the fam, whoever did, we fed 'em them strays
These lil' niggas ain't really catchin' no plays, what else?

The bezel was rainin', I leveled up, but I'll make you famous
Around the SIGs in the mix, the thick beef is angus
My ghetto is dangerous
Whatever on your mind, we'll change it
All my crimes heinous
I run with more ex-cons than Genghis
Vibes is amazing, the money the only high that I'm chasin'
Quick to cut a ki' with quinine if it's taken
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Where we at with it?

Yo
Turn pawns to angels, still Vlong, no Palm Angels
Long stick in my palm send you off into the Matrix
Workin' the grave shift
With a belay, no call for grey shit
Servin' my patients
Tryna spin this off into a spaceship
Hard work, I have layin' on your crib and nah, he ain't made it
M-O-B, we really quick to run the drill and put 'em in the pavement
When you get spilled, it ain't no cleanup
Ain't no chill, but niggas freeze up
Your bitch see we the ones and you a bum, go get your cheese up
That's real, I just count up with my feet up
Just touched down in the town, brodie ready for the reup
It ain't pape', then we can't meet up
I stay strapped and keep my seat up
I set fire to wax, flame a track and heat the beat up
Lift you up like a tire jack when that mag' get to screamin'
Whole fifty in the trap, nothin' but savages and demons
The fire from the MAC'll blow his back straight through his jean fit
I'm quick to thread the needle, tailor-fitted from the seamstress
It's Blocks, nigga

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