

# 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  
The vibes is amazing, the money the only high that I'm chasin'  
Quick to cut a ki' with quinine if it's taken  
Where we at with it?

Yo

Turn pawns to angels, still Vlone, 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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