

# Rabies

**Boldy James**

La Musica De Harry Fraud

Holy Christ of Jesus, Latter-day Saints, I caught a half a brickie  
Climbing up the ladder of success, I brought my ladder with me  
Double cup of purple-saurus-rex, and that lamb chop  
Modern-day version of my grand pops with a flask of whiskey  
Sprinkling the hot sheets on backs of white runts and black truffle  
Eight Super Bowl rings on my hands, look like some brass knuckles  
Dirty pop them on your third eye  
Fuck with my first lady, stir the pot  
Stir and stir-fry, you know I'm stir-crazy  
First 80K, they tried to persuade me not to murk Davey  
Got him out the way around the time I dropped my first Mercedes  
Kitchen cabinet full of 8-ounce bottles like a Gerber baby  
Sitting on a chirp of dog shit, look like a bird with rabies  
Checking in on that red-eye flight, might have to check a bag  
Checking out my room, trunk full of dope, follow that checkered cab  
Nike checks on my off-whites, courtesy of Virgil  
We ran the place so many times that by now we don't need no rehearsal  
Are we there yet?

Still trapping in the jungle, still having motion  
Having real wrecks, rich and humble  
Cell tap, no rebuttal  
Fell back, from the huddle  
Blow fell on the dorms  
Feel like a jail cap when it crumble, yeah  
Now run and tell that to the bumbles  
Trumble pack on the machete  
Four quarters in the O  
It's 64 in the bowl  
36 a quarter crow  
Brick a blow on 44  
12 packs in the bundle

It ain't no secret, I was really eating  
Patched and slinging keys  
Good dope that's best served raw like Japanese cuisine  
From my city to Detroit, where we like Magic and Kareem  
Body bags in that Pontiac, I took the 90 back with ease, yeah  
Three shooters, one driver, we spending car pools  
Game man, get it from law school  
Got it moving, blue ribbon, dog food  
I bought the coupe, then I snatched the truck  
They see me and add me up  
I'ma have a hundred plus on when you dab me up  
Yeah, and that's what's up  
But watch what I do this summer  
That new paddy bus gon' cost like two caddy trucks  
I love to talk about it 'cause them bricks was a real thing  
Cut the tape and them flakes shining Tiffany 'til green  
It's a victory lap for hustlers who literally had to suffer  
I'm on rich-nigga shit, now I sit in the back for comfort  
I'm at the fence betting money, I told them that I want the under  
I hit a good lick, then married a hood chick just like I'm Shumpert  
When they shit drop, their shit go from the studio to the dumpster  
I'm in my interviews telling war stories on No Jumper, nigga

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Count up

Yeah Bo Jack  
My nigga bounce back like it's nothing  
We made of titanium nigga, fuck you thought