

Rappies

Boldy James

I hustle so you already know off the dribble
I'm tryna triple-double if not quadriple it
Here them quadriplets and dimes go six for fifty
Or twelve for ninety grinding like we in the city
But we in the country shining
Down in Miami spending money big timing sipping Dime til I'm pissy
Poolside at the lows or the blue fountain with my bros
Losing count but who's counting nobody knows but you
I lost count a long time ago
They say power move mountains, I guess I'm kinda strong
And strength come in numbers, but when you talking pros
Straight profit straight drop it in a pot of gold
Over a billion served more than nine trillion sold
Had to spot base where I could whip in five, out of blow
Kept that steel reserved four oh oh on me nigga that's my word

In Detroit niggas scurry
And these whores they be thirsty
So we keep them forties with the thirties off safety
Just in case we gotta do a nigga dirty
And beat him to the chase we a shoot you in a hurry
Dead in the face bullets coming in flurries
And we never hesitate to pop 'em like a furnace
And burn 'em, we keep mackies, so don't worry, be happy
Cause we rappies

They call me 'DOS', Cause I like to toke good by the couple
Know a couple of good niggas who got lost in the shuffle
All for nothing, The D is for them Drugs
The E is for Edgewood
The T is for your Trouble
The R is Real niggas in the O with then Ounces
The I is for the them Institutions that they house us in
Silencer with the beam won't make a sound or jam
The last T for them thousands grands
And all I had to do, was throw my product
Ran threw a half key in a hour and a half
Cause he puttin' too much in his and I puttin' no cut in this
Plus they don't like it when it's, and it's garbage!
And they don't ever buy it cause its trash
Gang time, Mafia bitch, we got it in a smash
Ridin' with the mag out, we don't put it in a stash
Got a hundred thousand cash, in a Footlocker bag

In Detroit niggas scurry
And these whores they be thirsty
So we keep them forties with the thirties off safety
Just in case we gotta do a nigga dirty
And beat him to the chase we a shoot you in a hurry
Dead in the face bullets coming in flurries
And we never hesitate to pop 'em like a furnace
And burn 'em, we keep mackies, so don't worry, be happy
Cause we rappies

I'm the flyest nigga walking, the illest nigga breathing
All on a bitch head once she get to skeeting
Blowing on the best bud and I got this syrup too

Can't nobody fuck with the Peech I'm in my world do
I ain't looking back unless that bitch she got an ass on her
Tell her what she want to hear I might have to on her
My homie the fast lane, get rich or die trying or fuckin' run the whole game
Peech be the that painted area is where I made y'all