

Reform School

Boldy James

Chemist

It's us against them

I'm a lunatic, I got five on it once the doobie lit
We was lockin' my room door, stuffing them Uzi clips
Runnin' with hooligans, I put in my work
Wipe the slugs and guns off with the tip of my shirt
.223's, when we ride on our enemies
And hit 'em up if they don't hit me up first
And my army fatigued, it's still gunpowder on the sleeve
Niggas get shot every day, B
Pull down ya skirt before I lift it up
Show the whole world you're pussy
And how you niggas been some bitches since birth
Cause we them Sig Sauer boys hittin' em where it hurts
Twist a nigga cap back and pop a nigga with a squig and a squirt
He dug his own grave, I'm just revealin' the dirt
Got some bullets to chase a nigga to the end of the earth
Until we meet again, I think, with death, I'ma flirt
Give her that old evil grin and my devilish smirk

Fuck y'all niggas, what y'all wanna do? Ugh
Bumpin' my new shit, mobbin' with the crew, ugh
Stuck to the blueprint and ride with the tool
Let me know if it's a problem 'cause it's solving we could do, shit

Dead bullies and Red Bull is all in his stomach
With a couple bitches with whom relations ended abruptly
Grab the Mickey and the coaster and sit it
Now, I been sober a minute, ho, tell your soldiers, "Forget it"
Spit it as cold as the frigid, dare me to host it and shit
Just carry the flow to the clinic, carry the coast on my shoulders
Various hoes in the whip, and they blowin' smoke at the chauffeur
Carry the dope in they britches, bury a foe in the ocean, ugh
I can't help it, it's Tan Cressida, gram sellers
Pantera records and bodies stuffed in the damp cellar
Far from the fronting, my niggas was in the back
Yelling 'cause we came from nothing, like everything that you can't tell us
Speak soft, sock a fan, shut the camera off
Rap camp Camelot, cannon cocked, lick a shot
"Bop, bop!" liquor slosh, bottom of the belly
Bars lock hard, hitting like they squabbling with the celly grip

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Smokin' all the green, exhalin' dragon breath up out my nasal
Order steak, rosemary with the basil
It's too rare, get it off my table
Way I pimp, should've stuck with the shrimp
Dick stuck to her lips, the money stuck to my thumbs
I'm spittin' rounds like a drum
Bitch said her man was a bum and he think he got that bag
Get her high and dog her ass, she tellin' me 'bout homie stash
I listen up and roll my grass

Before the blunt was even ashed, I hit my homie on the jack, like
"Just got the word on what the lick read"
Essex County, and he sitting on 'bout six P's
Is you 'bout it?" He say "for sure" and we rushed to move
Riding with my top gun like Tom fucking Cruise
No license behind the wheel, blowing red signs
I push that red line before fed time
Get the flip and write a verse or two
Nah, us niggas never heard of you
Denzel in Training Day, motherfucker, I'm getting surgical

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