

# Roland Bishop

**Boldy James**

Where we at with it, ay?

It's the Jack Lord, I'ma smack the glass off the backboard  
At the office with it, quick the chalk and then turn the niggas slap to a blackboard

Everything meant like a out tour, on the hill block me and Fatboy  
10, 20 pints of the Atkin, in the trap me and Dan Aykroyd

Street life what I been living, gangland get them bricks missing  
Boss hog got a pig pen, run with hitmen so it hit different  
Hundred million on the come up

Niggas know I pull this gun up

Nigga no guts, no glory, stretch 220 in to 440  
In jail they ask me if I'm no court, nah I ain't in the trade war story  
My clothes tight when I got picked up, spent the whole night hoodie zipped up  
Back on the dike with my stick tucked, rolling white like a lint brush  
Mama pray for me 'cause I been tucked, know they waiting on me to slip up  
Nigga can't afford another hiccup, moral of the story keep your lips shut  
Nice foreign exchange with the gang, bouncing out with my wrist  
Nigga still dropping dirty except this time it's not a piss cup

I sold drugs to feed my peoples and I party and dangle  
Then I took some of the proceeds and I started a label  
Soul of a thug, blood of a creature, the heart of a gangster  
Pulling my clutch I never needed no guardian angel  
In the heart of the mantra  
Double-parked in that Maybach  
Still ain't talking to strangers, new AR with the laser  
Bitch, quit calling me "crazy"

Streets ran a fax check, OG gave me y'all access  
That's the half brick shit, we a mixed nigga down, add him to the track list  
I'm a wordsmith, fact of the words is, thank you for your proof of purchase  
Yeah that pussy good for a minute but the money only thing a nigga want  
Me and my niggas we the real deal, we want all the pills still  
Benz trunk full of green pints on the east side, me and Trio Beal  
I'm a workhorse, no horseplay, playing with the work is my forte  
White horse walking on water, they say Jesus rose on the fourth day

Now it's all praise due, all white ice in my hazel  
Black 'lenciaga space boot, stumping foreign pedals when we race coupe  
Cheated death with a ace dupe, most niggas in the ghetto can't shoot  
Aided my Canadian draft, turned a cream soda to a grape juice

Fuck trying to send a B-pack, give me 32 for the whole thing  
30 blues for the jean jacket, Virgil Lewis with the rope strings  
Courtesy of the neighborhood club, Landley and bricks on me  
They call me "crazy" so much, my mind playing tricks on me

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Still ain't talking to strangers, new AR with the legs  
Bitch quit calling me crazy  
Bitch quit calling me crazy