

Safe Keeps

Boldy James

227

Concreatures, where we at?
Mafia, what else?

.223 in my waist-length, I keep it for safe keeps
This rifle an antique, I bleed concrete
I'm in this shit waist-deep, been drinkin', I can't sleep
Can't even think straight, I guess the price of tea ain't cheap
Street fighter, no Zangief, reachin' heights they can't peak
See me like you can't speak, the pack magnifique
Still in this shit waist-deep, they label me gang chief
Can't beef with none of these lames 'cause these niggas ain't street

Hear niggas talkin' out of turn to end up bossin' dumb
Nigga, that jewelry only thing, y'all niggas walkin' dumb
These niggas gossip more than little old church ladies
Easy be whippin' in his sleep, that nigga stir-crazy
Chrome barrel split his white meat down to the bone marrow
Bully boy, quick to bullseye you with this bow and arrow
Rose petal from the soil (Blocks), that concrete made me him
One-thirty a pop'll turn your block into an ATM
That nigga Boom be talkin' tall, he standin' on stilts
Hollow in the XDs, you gon' get your bro drilled
The clip lean to the side, my fitted on tilt
Mama didn't breastfeed me, she fed me GOAT milk
Me and Uncle Iceberg some real dope boys
Back from down the way, still behind the K with Soap Boy
Where everything is out the ordinary
It's only two ways out of this shit, penitentiary or the mortuary

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British Westside nigga, braids nappy
With a love for the gang, Brazilian bitches call me papi
They be yappy, steady talkin', but in other niggas' pockets
Gettin' dressed for like a video, got options, 'stead of rockin', should be
seated too

Rose up out the action just so I could get the fiend's view
Told my driver talk the left so I could peep the scene through
While she see what semen do, believe in you, I mean it, boo
Lyin', I'm just lustin', sellin' dreams is what my demon do
Scripted kind of mystic, when the odds is low, he hit my line
Single all my camo shorts and Bubba Kush
You can ask around 'bout crazy moves, a nigga done the bush
'Member days when we'd go back to crib and there weren't nothin' cooked
I ain't stressed, my mama gave her cash and whipped the ramen up
Crazy situations I can't speak on made me harden up
Apex peeped the game from he was young 'cause he was smart enough
Always had the Percs, he minimized it, know we started rough

London, Detroit, fuck with me
Fuck you mean?
Lord Apex, man