

Shadowboxing

Boldy James

No, it's no use to pretend
We reeled them in like a tackle box
Always hoping the future will somehow come right in the end
And all he felt afterwards was the aftershock
No, it's no use to pretend
I be sparring with my demons when I shadow-box
Always hoping the future will somehow come right in the end
Eight after ten PM
That moosey got the hairy frog

This the brictionary, my life is a bitch, I'm fucking missionary
Thousand caskets of the tape, pockets like a cemetery
Facing felon in possession, no attempt to carry
Pulled up like the ice-cream man, trunk full of Ben & Jerrys

Two-way, Dulce Siete, you know we legendary
Repping shit so much, they thinking I was born in February
But I wasn't
Me selling dope, getting money, shit was hereditary
Way I fell back and I played the corner like the secondary

This the Shapiro show, mixed with the weekend at the Perry's
All my fiends tweaking, look like Tyrone or Ashley Larry
Roll up in dope, take a few toasts before I ask the cherry
Your bitch trying to drive the boat, but I prefer she catch the ferry

It ain't no use in pretending, you never had to spare me
Never tried to hear me 'til you heard me on the track with Harry
Neighbors calling the hook on me, still in the trap with Terry
Ducking officer Mahoney, Hightower and Tackleberry

Skitty

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8 after 10 p.m., can't set this on no Apple watch

I was waiting on that bag to drop
Dump an orange pill in same color as a apricot
Quick to get a nigga spilt
Playing "Simon Says", peppered the driver's side
Left his windshield spider-wearied
I'm in the field in real life, this ain't no Pop Warner
Was trying to trade on thin ice, now we in hot water
I upped the pole and ate a stick out like a flash water
Freezing cold, hell-sleet snow come hella hot water

Me and my niggas paid away, was left in jail to rot
With 50 different shades of gray like welcome to the Milton Pot
7-6 and on that drug zone, it's the hell and blot
Pulling all-nighters, catching pop, this shit don't never stop

First time I seen Khabrik's a dog, I was a ready rock
The 30 is thinning, but the clip in my Mac 11 stopped

Popped up his bro, don't even know if he was dead or not
While most of these niggas be toting guns if they ain't never shot

On game

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8 after 10 p.m., can't set this on no album racks