

# 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 brichtionary, 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 & Jerry's

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-weared  
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