

Smacked

Boldy James

What up though, Loco? (Bruh-bruh)
You know we on that 227 drug zone shit, thirty years and running, my nigga (Gang)
Let's get it
Ayy (Uh)

Dummy got finagled out a ki', paid me forty-six
Finessed him out of sixty-three, it was short a split
Sold the fifty-six to his mans, now the split was short
Caught a case over fifty grams, took his blick to court
Call it car ball, we ball hard, check my expense report
Hard boy, no blood, no foul, this a different sport
Different vibe, different type of time, I'm the timer type
Big timing, VVS diamonds, I be shining bright
Wisconsin, press 'em on consignment
Y'all fiends, them my clients
Big money heavyweight, small things to a giant
Raw cleaner than some Dove
Me and DD, we some thugs
Met with Greedy for some grub
Told him, "Meet me at the hub"
On the east, we make it flood
On the west, we make it Hurricane Hugo
The dirty drank chulo
Himothy McVeigh, Mister Murder Gang Uno
All white meat turkey, but the purple came from Pluto (Where we at?)

Thirties on them yerkies got me zurpin', chokin' off the thrax (Smacked)
Smokin', leanin', floatin' off a flatscreen
Higher than a whiffle duster with no vaccine
Servin' all the J's, pops, cluckers, and the smack fiends (Smacked)
With this half brick of Toni Kukoč
Could wake up everybody, Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes (Trap, trap, trap)
Livin' on the edge, I cut it too close
Watch how they jump back on my dick when I put out this new dope (Smacked)
Let's get it

I'm sellin' drugs with the risk takers
FN in my Purples, in the club with the wrist breaker
Fanta full of syrup in my cup when I sip maple
Current mood, we want all the blues like I'm Vince Staples
Been faithful to the game, I never cheated on it
Your girlfriend's a track runner, yeah, she's a trotter
Tryna tie that thot down, I wouldn't even bother
Way she balance my work on the scale and make it teeter-totter
I taught her everything she know, from selling weed to blow
She treat me with the same respect that she treat her father
We even got the same connect, chopper with the bayonet, like, how these niggas 'posed to rob me? We the robbers
Trap spot full of pies, this a pizza parlor
Eatin' four courses up at Morton's, I don't eat Carrabba's (Let's get it)
Ran off on Guadalupe, Speedy Gonzales
Down in El Paso on the border, finna meet my gualas

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