

Spider Webbing Windshields

Boldy James

I've been stuck in this street shit ever since a juvenile delinquent
Never turned down no fades, bent the truth, or filed a grievance
Outside chasin' a hundred, servin' junkies quite frequent
For this money, cash, hoes, and these chunky ice trinkets
Purple stain in my cup, under the light look kinda pinkish
Never spoke on that one shit, I know the- (Shh) gon' try to link it
Got that (Pfft) in my bomber, still middle finger to your honor
Double caught a two-ninety, met her off Jefferson and Conner
Cleared the whole tab, movin' heavyweight, I'm talkin' no flab
They throw jabs but still ain't had a clue since the old fab
Whole task know me by that alias my mother gave me
Knowin' I'm that one pullin' the strings on all the muppet babies
Biggest Creature, niggas think they me but I'm the trendiest
We put shit to sleep, when it come to the reaper, I'm the slimmest
Placin' thousand-dollar bets, this shit not just for the image
Pavé in a flower set just to compliment the tennis bracelet

My jewels clankin', spot hot, seven hundred degrees
Pieces blew, watch playin' peekaboo under my sleeve
Them frames winkin', bitches talkin' got my name ringin'
Blow like a slinky, got my pinky and my chain blingin'
Pockets full of mixed bills, Pyrex full of fishscale
Ten thousand on your head, I'll show you why they call it Hitsville
No friendly neighborhood shit but it's blue tips in the tin mill
My youngin Peter Parker, shit, he spider-webbin' windshields

Unless you on some '96 Nastradamus shit, then nah
We ain't tryna hear that knowledge that you tryna kick
Spig with the tinted front window and the private fence
Kept my hand soapy but I still rule with an iron fist
Strig got a input, the extendo full of hollow tips
Kept a can opener for niggas who be gossipin'
Snake-ass niggas know we loafin' like some moccasins
Playin' like they with it but don't want no Smokey Robinson
Put that girlie on the runway, I had her modelin'
Bobblin', all I know is pourin' up and profitin'
Feds put a hold on brodie bond way out in Roslyn
Tickets on tuck from all them racks that I be coddlin'
Fondlin', kept that nickel on me like I'm Donovan
Past was kinda gloomy but my future lookin' promisin'
Mr. Put That Shit On Every Day, I'm overconfident
No condiment, but down in commonwealth I'm like a communist

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Let's get it