

# Split The Bill

**Boldy James**

It's Action Jackson, pussy nigga, you ain't 'bout nothin'  
227, we the Mafia, where we at?  
I ain't spin back or do shit when his mans got chipped

Dirt diver, quick to pull a stain on a bumbaclot  
Hundred-shot chopper fully bang for the juggernauts (Send this bitch up)  
Come and shop with us, we got whatever niggas looking for (Come get it)  
Hundred eighty racks I made from scratch just like some cookie dough (Chocky  
)  
I ain't really into all the gossip, niggas chatty patties (I'm ain't)  
While I'm in the spig, gift-wrappin' up them Krabby Patties (Whipping)  
Patent leather Off-Whites with the infrared arrow  
Off-white bricks, all my licks look like Will Ferrell (Yeah)  
Soul-snatchin', dirty pole with the laser (Brrt)  
It's Bo Jackson, I ain't talkin' thirty-four for the Raiders (Jack God)  
Posted on the barrio, serving blow in the scraper  
I scrape the bowl and beat the pot, turn a four to an eighter (Them extras)  
Welcome to the murder show, from Third Coast to Granada (The world)  
The front row full of bitches, the third row full of haters (I'm in fourth r  
ow)  
Double-mags on them switches, when we purge, it get fatal (Grrt)  
'Ll put the mask on them niggas like we serving potatoes (Gang shit)

I'm from Hellblock, where niggas get shot just for lookin' at me (Yeah)  
Mean-muggin', ain't nobody smiling, but they trigger-happy  
Gotta keep at least twelve rounds in your strigadil  
Where if the opps don't down you, your own niggas will (You know it's on)  
All of that front shit is punk shit, don't make me spin the drill (Yeah)  
Load up my drumstick and show you how I really feel (How I'm really coming)  
Hands-on with it, frontlinin', really in the field (Uh-huh)  
Bro got a dime, I got a dime, now we can split the bill

Honey badger, ladder on me pokin' while I'm stuck in traffic (Yeah)  
Standing on my stance, off the vert', bet I can dunk a basket (Jamming)  
Allergic to metal, I keep bumpin' up with rashes (Uh-huh)  
Blue steel on me, stuck to me, look like a fuckin' magnet (Steel plate in my  
hip)  
Reminiscing, made a play for five kilo  
Cuddy chipping niggas, left 'em Flamin' Hot Cheetos (Grrt)  
Habanero pepper boy, that's fuego (Hot boy)  
Stair-steppin', turn the 504 into a Lego (One time)  
Sliding Trackies and them straights, no Laredos (Skrrt)  
Fair catch 'em, get 'em gone quick, hasta luego (Touch back)  
He tried to tax me on the low, I had to rob him  
That ice pack got me dozing while I'm nodding (Yeah)  
Waking up the dead, it ain't no playin' possum (At all)  
Big Creature, different 'tween a ghoul and a goblin (The Loch Ness)  
It's 227 50 guap, we steady mobbing (Yeah)  
If we ain't gang, I can't shoot you no fade, it ain't no squabbling

I'm from Hellblock, where niggas get shot just for lookin' at me (6-4)  
Mean-muggin', ain't nobody smiling, but they trigger-happy  
Gotta keep at least twelve rounds in your strigadil (Ready to blow)  
Where if the opps don't down you, your own niggas will (Your own rounds)  
All of that front shit is punk shit, don't make me spin a drill (Yeah)  
Load up my drumstick and show you how I really feel (How I'm really coming)  
Hands-on with it, frontlinin', really in the field (I need some cleats)

Bro got a dime, I got a dime, now we can split the bill

In these streets

Yeah

Two-way, duecé, sieté

Big jefe

Boldy Blocks