

Still Mergin'

Boldy James

(Richard Mille)

Still mergin', get a bird for ten, that's a real Birkin
Still purgin', learned to work my hand behind that steel curtain

Still surfin' on the dark web, made a big purchase
Still lurkin' in the shadows, tattle-talers still workin'
With the Bureau of Investigation, new V12 motor
In the driveway, fresh up out the gate, I was a deal-closer
Running through them X, switching my plates, tricks in my cream
soda

Pipedown on my hip, watching for snakes, you know we bleed cobras

Kilo to cubana, he ran me 'bout ten keys of coca
Picture me rollin', six-fifty backs of stock, cream and mocha
Narcs pulled up, reversed the tourists, tap-dancin' like I'm Morris

Day in the life, a double cup full of Purpleaurus
Got niggas tryna fly the hook 'fore they rehearse the chorus
Work according, broke off a chunk for uncle Kirk to snort it
Parkin' foreigns all on the grass, don't need no park assistance

Every mornin', in my windshield wiper, it's a parking ticket
What else?

Escalator style, my niggas foul
The most vile of men, money and violence
Many wives like I'm Solomon, salamander skin
Niggas know the skinny, small towns, countin' pennies
Meet me at the Denny's, show me at the Shoney's
I'm only with the homies, Rollies
We havin' drinks out in Inkster, easter bunny pink sneakers
Linkin' pink toes, fat keisters
My gun black as Dr. Umar, I'm wide awake
I break the bread, divide the loaf, provide the smoke
Tequila shots, godiva notes
Scuba diving gear on the pier, drive the boat, designer soap
This live from the soapbox, the pool pit
Peek two-twenty in the Woolridge, the four-five
I came back on my bullshit with 227 and Richard Milli
The roof fit, this Willie from , movin' like Sun Tzu
Still gettin' it, doubled up on my one-two, know how I do
Yeah