

# Straight As

**Boldy James**

227, what else?

By birthright, I was born to turn up and burn the turnpike  
Weavin' through the city by my lonesome  
This Creature shit is in him, not on him  
Don't be the next slime I pull a skit on  
This game time shit is what I been on  
It's Mafia, what else? Until I check out  
Smack the whip and I wreck out  
I was just paralyzed from the neck down  
Locked in C-dell, fresh out, was casted into exile  
And when you down, they treat you like a stepchild  
All of my niggas fed-bound, most of us got a prison number  
Had to put my shot up 'cause some of us couldn't hit a jumper (Swish)  
Now I'm rockin' Fendi runners, I remember really thuggin' (Yeah)  
Runnin' outta gas, now my driver keep the engine runnin'  
Fifty-round mag, it all depend on what stick I'm clutchin'  
Got a lot of cash, I like to hide it with the bitch I'm fuckin'  
Made it out rich from hustlin', are you not entertained? (Are you not?)  
I don't do this shit for nothin', bitch, I do this shit for gang  
What else? (Blocks)

When he die, he can't take it with him (Uh-uh)  
Always been a suspect, I could never play the victim (Never)  
I could never make a statement (I can't), I ain't never take the stand (I wo  
n't)  
Forever gon' stand my ground, won't ever betray the fam  
Always been a man of honor, I'ma die that same nigga  
Real Mafia, what else? Mobbin' with the gang members (Gang, gang)  
Officer mad 'cause my watch above his paygrade  
Ain't graduate from high school, but my daughter got straight A's

Game time, this ain't no arcade  
Make sure you know what you signin' up for if you should partake  
Rope chains and Mark VIIIs, sold more 'caine than Scarface (Yeah)  
Only thing I felt worse than this pain is this heartache (That's all)  
My head been in a dark place, fed the hook the shark bait (Skrrt)  
Right before my accident, had took 'em on a car chase  
I been through all the heartbreak (All of it) I lived through all the bloods  
pill  
Just another day, another dollar, 'nother drug deal  
Gone wrong, nigga, you know what the fuck is goin' on  
Youngin, he gon' drill you just to put your name on the song (Brrt)  
Hulk smash, penny-pinchin' for that provolone (Ayy)  
Trailer park trash, niggas sick I came mobile home (Blockworks)  
Holdin' on to what's left of my broken home  
Growin' up, was taught that when you cry, that's how you know you wrong (Tha  
t's how you know)  
Can hear the smooth criminal in my vocal tone (Yeah)  
This shit hit different when you get caught slippin' where you don't belong  
(Grrt)

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Boldy  
Webster