

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 won'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 (Skrtrt)
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 (That'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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Webster