

Sweetest Taboo

Boldy James

It's Jackson
Mafia, what else?
Where we at?
Ayy
Blockworks

I'm in that bando 'hind that project building
In the ghetto with the demon children
Some of these niggas never seened a million
Hundred Iraqis in a satchel, brodie, turn me up
Youngin caught his second sell charge, facing 30 months
Stephen Curry headshot, all you heard was-
No, I don't know 'bout no dead bodies, they keep turnin' up
Twistin' up my dead opps in this bag of purple Runtz
You get the same for ten bodies you get for serving one
Murder was the case that they gave me, the concrete paid me
Mommy wasn't home, streets raised me
Father couldn't save me from serving up them cakes
In them paid streets, the narcotic that takes one to raise
Like a can of bug spray for making drug plays
Block so hot in the wintertime, you could sunbathe
Grew up on that dead end, I'm from that one-way
Have my youngin walk you down, rip you like the runway
I want my kids sticked up, you know my feng shui
Be kidding that money, now I gotta watch where my son play
Youngin'll walk you down, rip you like the runway
My block so hot in the wintertime, you could sunbathe

If I tell you, if I tell you
Sweetest taboo poured up in a ginger ale
If I tell you, if I tell you
So much work on the floor, we need a extra scale
If I tell you, if I tell you
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If I tell you, if I tell you
On the road, bag get more numbers than your record sales

Ninth grade, nigga, I was fresh in the gas (Fresh in the gas)
The money was cool, I bought a selection of jazz (Selection of jazz)
Bought my first O for three-seventy-five (Three-seventy-five)
That price was high, them niggas was (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
I got a better number so I'm driving the trays (Driving the trays)
One up top, you know this shit can get crazy (Shit can get crazy)
Everything cool, now I got me a plug (Got me a plug)
'Bout the same time that I ran into Stacy (Ran into Stacy)
Stacy had folks, he was balling in Vegas (Balling in Vegas)
She chose up on me, now I'm serving these papers (Serving these papers)
Clients still moving, I'm clocking this paper
Stand on my ten 'cause a lot of shit changed me, what's happening?

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Still slapping on the Mile off of Seven-Tel
Get you flipped quick as a coin but ain't no head and tails
Did I tell you I was married to the game?
Solid tears for my chain, clinking sound like some wedding bills
Can't drink, fifty-round in my waistlink
Back in '03, I was looking at a letter L
All of this paper left a heavy trail
Now we gon' ball out for every day my nigga Ced in jail