

# Telephono

**Boldy James**

(227)

Swing, batter, batter, swing  
Hang up on you like the telephono, I'ma let it ring  
Swing, batter, batter, swing, batter, batter, swing  
227, Game Time, we the Medellín

Rackin' up, on that open road, you gotta fasten up  
Pullin' all-nighters, rush hour, tryna catch the rush  
Smack it up, flip it, rub it down, and then I pack it up  
Two halves of man in saran, this ain't no Captain Crunch  
Jackin' up the ticket on the pack, this shit pack a punch  
Bad enough, still can whip a brick up with the magic touch  
Silverado parked behind the Benz and the Caddy truck  
Big huevos in my scrotum sack, I had to strap my nuts  
Sittin' at the table with my strap, ducked off in the cut  
Sellin' niggas hit, got 'em mixin' cut all on the cut  
Servin' Brenda and her mama, she was barely showin'  
Sixty thousand cash on me now at this very moment  
Cherry oak inside the coupe, dash cedar wood  
Crib in Hazel Park but my heart can never leave the hood  
When all the big dawgs die, who gon' feed the wolves?  
Ghetto got me trapped, tryna make it out the street for good

Fuck all that small talk long as they payin' me in full  
Fully auto, decorate your block up, it's Halloween  
That back door still open, make sure you lock the screen  
Work shinin' like the back pockets on some Robbin jeans  
All these niggas do is waste time, plot, and scheme  
Everybody hatin' on LeBron still ain't got a ring  
Few extra grams in the pot, look like I'm fryin' wings  
Raise their hand at me and get popped 'fore you can try to swing  
What else?

Live like a boss, die like a king  
Sellin' pipe dreams to the hypes, I'm who supply the fiends  
Runnin' laps all across the track, got me thumbnin' racks  
All this cash, I can't tote the strap without a drum attached  
Rumble pack, rumble in the jungle, this a Royal Rumble  
Thirty in the MAC, I'ma shoot until I bruise a knuckle  
Can't catch up with you, you know what we gon' do to who love you  
Tricky dance moves, make a nigga do the Cupid shuffle  
Sleepovers at his mother's, you're better than who trust you  
After we smoke his lil' brother, we gon' shred his uncle  
Watchin' my auntie totin' Neisha on the trap queens  
Heard my lil' nigga cut his dreads, you know what that mean  
Hundred years in the clink, a killer rap scene  
Dope so strong, got the J's stealin' flat screens  
Fell asleep, felt like I woke up in a bad dream  
Last seen on Brick Mile, pint of glass lean  
Six hundred beans in the sciggy, you know that cash king  
Ever seen my fiends bangin' needles, ain't no vaccine

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Let's get it  
I think I broke down too much weed  
I think you gave me too much weed to roll but that's a good problem  
These are all good problems I'm having right now  
What else you brung with me? Um  
Oh yeah, Rich, um  
Let me start pullin' this shit up and knock this shit out, bro