

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 thumbin' 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