

# The Ol Switcharoo

**Boldy James**

Across the Tracks  
Where we at?  
What else? (Choo, choo)  
Yeah  
227  
(Conductor Beats)  
ConCreatures  
Yeah  
Let's get it

Trainwreck, pale face with the plain set, Day and Date but the bezel fluid  
My bitch hit my line, bitches all in the background of the stu', I don't eve  
r mute it

Told Wop, I think I'm finna close shop, in this street shit I'm heavy-rooted  
This that stove god sweating over the stove top, blue flame under the kettle  
music

Back when four hours was a long flight, took a cold shower, it was no lights  
All them long hours and them cold nights got my wrist flickin' like a strobe  
light

Nigga couldn't even get the wheels started, paint his frame, I'm a real arti  
st

All my life, I've been a drill sergeant, tryna oversaturate the pill market  
Caught a 630, Auntie Nadine's, like I'm Big Percy selling ice cream  
Like a McFlurry and some pralines, know my whip dirty but the plates clean (Ayy)

Only reason I trap because the only thing promised to me was the state bing  
Hatin' on me, you need to relax, only reason I rap 'cause I can't sing (Haha  
)

Just ranned off with an eighteen, heard he put that money on my head like a  
Begin

My bitch hate that I'm too nonchalant, brand new Saint Laurent, came from se  
lling fake jeans

In the trenches, I'm waist-deep, fully AP, switcheroo on my belt buckle  
Thirty-clip in my new nine, used it a few times, it left a bruise on my left  
knuckle

Let's get it

I love when she role play (Ayy), poppin' her shit like some rosé (Uh-huh)  
She tell me we soulmates, I damn near believe everything that this ho say (M  
y baby)

How she all about me like do-re? (Ayy) Ginuwine can't sugar no Solé (Yeah)  
But she be like, "You got this shit sewed up and knitted," I don't even know  
how to crochet (Know it)

Whip a twenty-

eight and get a four tray, nigga damn near spent the whole day (Ayy)  
East, west, running back and forth tryna run his money up the long way (Uh-  
huh)

Stepped on it like a bunion, had a run-yun for the mun-yun (Sprint)  
Sold more circles than some Funyuns, all eyes on me through the tollways (Uh-  
huh)

Only built for my Cubanos, thinking out loud like, "What would my stove say?  
"

It'd probably would say that, "Them some nice kicks, they look like Skechers  
, but they Dolce"

Spin the work up like a merry-go, titties on the fully, no areola  
The paint on the two-seater lookin' like I spilt a two-liter of cherry cola

All these all-nighters gave me vertigo (Uh), out here servin' blow on the river with Percival (Remix)  
All praise to the merciful, choppin' the mozzy but with the shotty I get surgical (Go)  
Always business, never personal, the whip foreign, call it Türkoglu (Whip gang)  
You want a bag? Bitch, I'll Birkin you, seen a big dollar off a conjugal Mr. Pink Runtz with the snowballs (Ayy), re-up money lookin' like it's Snowfall (Yeah)  
From Forest to Witty, if me and Forrest Whittaker'll pull up in that Ghost, dog (East side)  
Double Rs in the headrest, motherfuck yourself but bitch, I'm Brick James (Fuck)  
Supercharge on all the Range Rovers, big Bs on that big thing (Real big)  
Football seats pig skin, paid my dues, put my bid in (Lightwork)  
Sippin' mud with the pig pens, in the club snuck the strig in

Yeah