

Traction

Boldy James

718

Flushing, 11365

Yeah, go

We rollin' back to back, different color Cadillac-in'
Pray to Lord they don't put me in the paddy wagon
If they do, it be a long trip
Boss shit, Boldy hold the four-fifth
Pull it, leave his body where the Pistons play
Rock a mask like Richard Hamilton and hit the J
But in Queens, they call me Mookie
Boobie put the tookie where she poopy
If you see me then salute me, bitch!

Cuzzy quick to burn up the turnpike and skrrt on them dirt bikes
A lot of out-of-towners got murdered the first night
For tryna serve on the work site
Ten bricks of the fish, can't jump on the first spike
I'm talkin' perched white, third base, searchlight
Got caught with another gun on my third strike
I'm from Detroit so I call cot and burn dice
And I was crowned King ConCreature from birth right
Blocks

We take 'em over with little resistance
Vivid descriptions of urban living conditions
Fiend ballet, back block recitals
Park the Phantom on the block, ghetto American Idol
On a whim and a prayer, I swear on a stack of Bibles
For this shit right here, my dear handed me the title
To the Rivier, lit the glass pipe with the lighter
Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop
I'm suited up in black attire, bitch

Time for some, time for some, time for some action
Pre-cocked, one in the hole, blastin'
Them nines, double action, it's time for some action
Street life, lights, camera, action
Grind til' you shine on your brights from your hazards
Flash 'em, lights, camera, action
Time for some, time for some, time for some action (Yeah)
We got it all under control, traction (Yeah, yeah)

Fuck around, throw some fox on my bitch
But still cop a sandwich from my ahks up the block
No socks, in some concept Balances
Split pea soup coupe dipped, no challengers
This is grown man rap, you in the kiddie pool
You still pissin' in that little urinal
We burn the tree with a tinge of purple
Flip work like a Ninja Turtle, you ain't fuckin' wit' my inner circle
Dreams of five girls laid up on the white bed
My off white dick stretched across some dyke's head
5'8", the city on my back (Yeah)
I'm jumpin' out the gym, and dunkin' it on Shaq
Plugged with the connect, I hit him up on consignment
If you spineless then squirm with the rest

You can run off, play hide and seek 'til I pop up with that 90
Now that's what I call the return of the MAK

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