

Transcendance

Boldy James

Nothing to wake up
Baby I'll make it out
Nothing but fake void
Everything makes me disappear

Skeleton AP, two-tone flooded
Everything AMG, you gon' love it
Blow take a three least a two when I touch it
We don't tape in the Wraith but the coupe cold blooded
Still get the shit, microwave it or pot
OT selling cut hundred-eighty a pop
Been filthy rich by the way of the block
YSL on the rug when I'm making salads
Heard he was telling but that ain't my business
I'ma just stay free and clear of the lames
Same OG, why they hating on me?
In the HOB tryna be in my lane
Day-Date, no date, just married to the game
Bro just came home, eight years and some change
AA up to day, same year as the Range
ATF the spot, wasn't there when they came
Father or God, who art-ed in heaven
I'm from the six, heart of the sevens
Start it or end it, niggas is finished
Take it or leave it, no bargaining leverage
Lawyer a pussy, it's hard to accept it
You the type of nigga targeting peasants
Soldier at ease, marching or stepping
Stake in the streets, credit card full of debit

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