

## Trifecta

**Boldy James**

Turnt the fuck up, burnt the fuck out, swervin' off a fuckin' burnout  
Cup is purple as a turnip, pull up, serve you, then I skirt out  
Got some fire in the presser, I'm just waitin' on the turnout  
Work I got speak for itself, like I can barely get the word out  
Woke the fuck up, got the fuck out, grabbed the slugger out the dugout  
In my lane, don't hit a blinker, make a turn, see how it turn out  
Fucked around and threw a roach out, pullin' out my brother Turp house  
Dumpin' cookies like I'm burned out, I'm the reason L.A. burned down  
For the guys I pour the syrup out, duckin', dodgin', front of jump out  
Trapped forever, I prefer not, Glock tucked, that's why my shirt out  
By northwest and turn left by Vermont, Nextel, and they was lettin' it chirp  
out

James Cole, they was lettin' that hearse out, tell him, "Crash" and I bet he  
'll swerve out

In and out, left a nest at the bird house, third block on the left is the fi  
rst house

Every play is a first down, when I get a new bag and I ditch the workout  
That nigga ran off, he in the church now, drunk rose, bring the [?] out  
Bitch, she turnt up, really turned down with a garbage pussy and a dirt mout  
h

Lemon-yellow Lamborghinis, skatin' Kristi Yamaguchi  
Shooters lookin' for a leadin' role, we 'bout to drop a movie  
Big shifter, turn to tan cream, hit a Michigan uey  
In the kitchen mixin' Scooby, kick-flippin' like I'm Tunechi  
.27 after I check the deucey, bust your head  
If you fuckin' with my brother Mooch, somethin' like I'm [?]  
It broke my heart that that bitch fuck with goofies, is she stupid?  
Now I'm chipped up like it's bingo, thumbin' through a dub of blueys

Ten bricks of that Primo, I been pinchin' like a jingle  
If I send him Rip Van Winkle, he gon' chip you like a Pringle  
Dope a tennis and his single, he gon' hit it with a needle  
I'ma hit it for my people, a gorilla when it's needed  
I want marble on my counter tops, cathedral on my ceilings  
And merceau in a deposit box, an iron just to crease it  
Hundred thousand on two pieces, I ain't tryna ride no leases  
Windows tinted five-percent, but my Sprite look kinda pinkish  
I'm movin' slow, they want the speed, sip my cup and roll some weed  
I tripled up then poured a three, I'm skirtin' off, pull up low-key  
Gelato-scented potpourri, extra plated overeat  
Salam Alaikum 'bout the bacon, hit his egg, it's over easy  
Put his face all on the tee, he left the ghetto oh and three  
Did it with no skis, so niggas can't help but to notice me  
Find a new spot, take it over, let me hold the key  
Ridin' dirty but the work clean, I got OCD

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