

# Triple Platinum

**Boldy James**

I should've stayed gone  
Hit the road, jack  
When I left  
Drug zone (I should've stayed gone, don't you come back), yeah  
When I left  
Should've been took off (Jack and the beanstalk, I should've stayed gone)  
Never to return  
When I left  
Money to burn  
I should've stayed gone  
Where we at?  
Uh-uh, uh

It's Bo Jackson, came up on 'caine and all blow action  
Case you wonderin' what I did way before rappin'  
No gassin', shiftin' in first, watch me blow past 'em  
No lackin', heard he got spanked and I'm Joe Jackson  
No caption, knocked this shit loose, did it old-fashioned  
Toe-tagged him, bro still at large, pray they don't snatch him  
Can't even front, you was shook when they showed up  
With that piece-of-shit 9, prayin' that shit don't happen  
Yeah, he got off, but he dead soon as bro catch him  
Down bad, thirty-round mag, it ain't no scrappin'  
This is a marathon, you start off fast  
Then you wheezin' in the back, niggas prayin' that I don't lap 'em

In my city, I went ghetto gold  
But on that road, I went triple platinum  
Ain't no nigga never took nothin'  
But consent on hatin' shit about me if you ask 'em  
In my city, I went ghetto gold  
Lookin' at ten, still pistol packin'  
In my city, I went ghetto gold  
But on that road, I went triple platinum

Had to break a brick down in fractions  
Twist it down, then I let it dry off on a napkin  
First time was a bird of raw and some crud  
Now this my third time runnin' off on the plug  
While all these niggas earned a Boston in the club  
To get a rap nigga touched run you 'bout a dub  
My hitter made a nigga somersault with the sub  
Fuck the money, he just did this shit off of the love  
All of my pillheads bring me coffins of the mud  
Bottom of my bitch heels red, she be walkin' in blood  
You know we pull up in convertibles with two seats  
Ten birds in two weeks, been tryna turn over a new leaf  
What else?

In my city, I went ghetto gold  
But on that road, I went triple platinum  
Ain't no nigga never took nothin'  
But consent on hatin' shit about me if you ask 'em  
I got niggas came home on parole  
Lookin' at ten, still pistol packin'  
In my city, I went ghetto gold  
But on that road, I went triple platinum, let's get it