Trust Issues

Boldy James

Where we at
Bo Jackson
What else
Let's get it

Gritting in the trap
I was catching pops
Supposed to been at school
I was at the spot
Gettin' off the sacks
Stacking off the tops
Stepping on the food
Burning down the Za
Hood kick the corner, turning up the block
Tuck the sig sauer, 30 in the glick
'Nother body found
Murder was the plot
26 a blue, 30 for the brick
First of the month, Third through the Fifth
On the Hell Block burning up the strip
Pouring up the tres, Glock 23
Generation Four poking out my hip
Pussy nigga tender as a sirloin
Merging calls on the cell in the joint
Bonafide with the pills in Des Moines
Double die, Heads or Tails flip a coin
Told them catch me on the flip side
Get my own money I don't dick ride
With your thot somewhere on the Westside
Breaking down a half a block of mix jive
Where we at with it

I don't trust shit but my Skeletor
What you think this Glock 27 for
This shit way deeper than a metaphor
We the Mafia
227 that's forever more
Cut the heron with a Euro step
Tryna see how much that I can sell it for
Where we at with it
Free my niggas Thuggin' in them Level Fours
Fenced in, inside a closed cell
Behind them stone walls and them metal doors
Real concreatures
227 that's forever more
What you think this Glock 27 for
Cause I don't trust shit but my Skeletor
I got trust issues

Brodie got the striggy
Seen more bricks than the third Little Piggy
Keep a wood full of potpourri
If you niggas down with O.P.P
All my killers they repeat offenders
Fuck the skillet Imma need a blender
Work cleaner than some common cleanser
Shot O.T. With ki's in the fender

First time I ever served Marty
I was transactin through a third party
Way he keep pushing up the nose bridge
On 'em I can tell that them his first Carti's
We can see that that's his first chain
I was trafficking North and 39 before the work came
Baby sit in church to work on my mind, I'm a bird brain
Graduated from the Third Lane to the H.O.V
Why they hate on me?
Taking all day, said I'm on my way
But the Yay so good that they gon' wait on me
Smack a Four way
It can take a "E"
Violated probate Imma take the plea
Told my Bae that anything the judge give me
Over two don't even wait on me
Where we at

I don't trust shit but my Skeletor
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