

Unapologetic

Boldy James

What else?
Two-way, deuce, siete
(Hard streets, hard times)
Let's get it
(Uh-uh, uh)

Got whooped up from the terminal in a Range Rover convertible (Skrrt)
Asked, "Can I smoke in the whip?," she said, "I wouldn't prefer you to" (Ayy
)
Thirty-two shot clip in the mop stick with Percival (Yeah)
Now me and Wilson Chan discussin' millions of vertical (It's on)
Girlie too insecure for me, got me second-guessin' (What else?)
Listenin' to Sunday Service Choir, tryna catch a blessing
Recollectin' is a cure for me, each and every second
Of my day, long as the work fire, I ain't never stressing (Yes)
Murci' coupe in the driveway look like a Autobot (Err, err, err)
[?] sittin' out here laid out on the countertop (What else?)
Poured a deuce up for my nigga Park, gone but not forgotten (Word)
Free that nigga Scar, he who put the R in Roxycontin (Ayy)
Pillmatic with them bars, long live Moxacillin (Long live the Roxy)
When we ain't have a pot to piss in, had a pot to whip in (School zone)
Diamonds dancin' with the stars, fuck the opposition (Ayy)
Left the AR in the car, but we snuck and got the stick in

I'm so unapologetic
Auntie owe four-eighty, 'til she pay me, I'ma hold her debit
I'm so unapologetic
Smack a custo' for comin' short, can't get no more credit (At all)
I'm so unapologetic
Never sayin' sorry when I'm wrong, and no, I won't admit (I know I'm wrong)
I'm so unapologetic (My bad)
When the funds get low, load my gun up and I go and get it
(Where we at with it?)

At times I sit and wonder
Will a nigga make it through the winter 'til the end of summer?
Fendi runner (Oh no), strapped like suspenders, left the engine runnin'
Niggas tryna put me in a blender, bitches gettin' thundered (Haha)
In the gutter line, speed racing, getting to the money
Everything updated, niggas hate it but the bitches love it (Ayy)
Wing [?] four-piece chicken nugget
Nigga want a verse, hit Aureli, tell him send the budget (Blockworks)
Fifty for a chirp of that fetti, keep shit on the hush (Shh)
Niggas only knew me [?] and Gue, how we be really thuggin'
Me and Melly just shot out the way with some light shit (Melroy)
A thousand pills a day will have your city in a vise grip
Gamblin' with my life, I just pray to God the dice hit (Stand back)
That's why I stay with Freaky Ray, my nigga run a tight ship (Buzzo)
Estimated ETA: three hours behind tint
Signed to the streets though I never read the fine print (227)

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(Where we at with it?)