

Undisputed

Boldy James

Three hundred units on the fink, she'll fuck if she wink (It's Blocks)

It's ConCreatures written in blood, permanent ink (Exactly)

Head up, my back against the wall, had to turn to the streets

If I should die or serve a twenty-

year term in the clink (Let's get it)

Me and Skerm in the ghetto, gang disturbin' the peace (Gang, gang)

He deserved what he had comin', reserved him a seat (Grrt)

Pulled the chair from beneath him, snatched the ground from under his feet

Now his body under a sheet, indecent proposal (Ayy)

On 6 Mile, Brick Mile to Pembroke and Stoepel

Still grindin' 'til my bank statement lookin' like my socials (Yes)

Backin' Wraith out the garage, I'm through the stratosphere

Parked the coupe next to the Dodge, hopped in that Wagoneer (It's on)

Can't even lie, ain't even mad because I know the truth (Yeah)

For every one, my 'migo throw me two, he tryna break the border

Hate to sound like a broken tape recorder (Uh-huh)

I mean, the only thing that they was ever better at was taking orders

'Cause it's some truth in every lie and every smart remark (Uh-huh)

Allergic to the FBI, how long that car been parked?

He lucky that he never spoke, he kept that shit silent (Shh)

'Cause it's some truth in every joke and all them slick comments

Can pick your poison, pick your plot, but you can't pick your coffin

'Cause it's some truth in all that gossipin' and pillow-talkin' (That chit-chat)

My shooter still'll let it fly out his grandmother Buick (Grrt)

'Cause it's some truth in every lie, the truth is undisputed

Street life is my love language, on the east side with the rump shaker (Yeah)

Buck fifty, that's a club banger, real pot-scrape, no pump-fake (Oh)

Let the smoke clear and the dust settle, seen more white than a tongue scraper (Yeah)

Worker ran off with the lunch special, caught up with him like a month later (Live)

Made him break it down like his name was Tevin, sent him on a highway up to heaven (Uh-huh)

Meet the dealer, I never left, niggas say he real, I ain't neve

r met him (Uh-uh)

I hope y'all niggas been savin' up, just opened up a new line o
f credit (Yeah)

Plug say he got a mangy mutt, if it's hit, I'll never pet it
Give it to you just how I get it, streets know I got the right
mix (Yes)

Stacked up the whole bandemic, came out swingin' to the right p
itch (Yeah)

I'ma do the most, no hitters, but made the most money dope-
dealin' (Correct)

All night, hand-to-

hand with it, pot whippin' with the ice chips (X)

Fork clinkin' in the Pyrex, floor safe full of Iraqs

Touchin' down was a cakewalk, I was more nervous on the drive b
ack (Ayy)

Work pure as a mother's love, nigga play with that bag, we gon'
cut up a rug (Grrt)

Never been too fine, now all of them wires cracked, let's get i
t

Damn, Conductor, where'd you find this?