

## The Box (Freestyle)

CalBoy

Eee, err  
Eee, err  
Ah, hahaha  
Ah, chief  
Dada, dolo  
Yeah, ayy

Bitch, I count the money, hella blues in the spot  
Shorty still a shorty, but he move with the Glock  
I just wanna show him how to move when it's hot  
Bitch, I took a risk and it was glued to the pot  
Whole lot of hearts and some.2's in this box  
Trappin' on the daily, ain't no shoes in the box  
We gonna send some shots and watch him ooze from the top  
Catch him down bad and he loosening them locks  
Riding with some demons, all of 'em seeing red  
Tryna use his legs, that nigga Lieutenant Dan  
Better use your hands, my nigga been off the meth  
Or we can use our hands, my fuckers will beat his ass  
I was fifteen when I lost my dawg  
Should've known that you would cross me, you look like hot sauc  
e  
In the field fightin' demons from that shit I saw  
She suckin' dick up off the molly, probably get lockjaw  
And all them niggas say they with it until that shit pop off  
All my shorties handle business, get that boy knocked off  
And a nigga might die today with that talk  
And we left him on the ground to wait for that chalk  
We got plenty bullets, bitch, I move with a box  
Niggas get to tweakin', we put dude in the box  
R.I.P. my brother, why they go put you in the box?  
They put [?] in the hole, but he ain't knew 'til the box  
So you know my shorty good, you know he straight  
I fucked two bitches back to back, yeah, that's a relay  
I've been kickin' off the Percocet for three days  
She put a hickey on my dick, I told her, "Switch that," it's a  
replay  
Niggas get to tweakin', you know we slide, then we spray  
My shorties in the cut, so all them shots fire from three ways  
They call me, we ain't gotta talk about it, I'm tired of three  
ways  
And it's lonely, all the kings, you know they died to get paid  
(Get paid)