

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 loosing 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)