

## Tie Your Laces

Jay Critch

Beat-beat-beat  
Beat Boy taught me  
Jay Critch, hood fav'  
[?] niggas, know what the fuck goin' on  
Stupid-ass niggas

Nigga, God gave me talent, I can't waste it  
And this dream cost a bag, I can't waste this  
Brand new Chanel's, got me tyin' up the laces  
When you in these streets, better tie up your laces  
Better keep a strap 'cause these streets not the safest  
Need a new crib with a M and the safe shit  
Cop a new fit, wore it right out of Maxfield  
Cop a new fit, wore it right out of [?]  
Old Patron, '42, not Patron  
She took half of the pill, now she too in the zone  
I be gettin' booted up, still know what be goin' on  
Have the shooter shoot it up, I ain't cappin' in these songs

We don't cap rap  
Where the fam finna blow a nigga cap back  
Opps get chipped, [?] gon' get backslapped  
I just put a hunnid shells in this hatchback  
Spin his block, I'm finna hit him with the re-run  
Don't even ask about my city, nigga, we run it  
Shit leave him swimmin' with the dolphins, lemme see sum'  
This a mop, this a broom, I put the straight on it  
Got this [?], that's unfortunate  
.223 got niggas lookin' like tortoises  
Couldn't keep up, in these oceans we trust  
I'ma give him news channels, seven, eleven or four  
Bitch, what one you wanna be on?  
Fox? Bitch, NBC? A-ha, you know what I mean?

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