

Box talk...

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Let this shit go around once

You nah' mean? Let it do its due diligence

Check (Yaowa)

I should get my liquor license, I'm just out here with bars

Lied when I said I'm from Mars, I'm actually from far, another quasar

But hey, y'all, let's not go AWOL

I'm built for every war

No metaphor said before can describe shit like this

Slight twitch, I might just

Go in the booth and turn up every mic switch

To frequencies of high pitch

Communicate with the beat 'til you take a defeat

I'll RuPaul you in your hood, drag your name through the streets

Nothin' sweet, catch diabetes seizures staring at heat

That I keep up under the fleece stuffed with London geese

Ovengold turkey and cheese, bag of Funyuns, jeez

Can a nigga eat what he wanna eat?

I ain't sexy, I'm street

Fuck bitches with my Timbs on my feet

And a toothpick in my teeth while we listen to Sheek

I tried to fuck Cherokee, she just ain't get in the Jeep

When it come to digging these freaks

I pass out and pass gas

Basically I do this shit in my sleep

The pussy good, you get a kiss on the cheek

And then a kiss on the cheek

Back to business went from rags to riches

Got rich and threw the rag back on my head after the bread, let's get it

I blame Brooklyn for the vulgar talk and shoulder walk

Watch them cars, drive-bys is like a motor sport

Shout out to my downtown niggas who literally hold the Fort

Might slight over to Barclays and parlay

At 40/40 with the .40 on me, I know the security

My jewelry ain't too gaudy, but niggas is corny

Sometimes you got make examples and add to your story

Every legend that I know went through to hell to get glory

I want the DeLorean parked near my 740

I'm stressed, jogging in the park at like 7:40

My oldest son said he sexing his shorty

Told him I don't want no episodes of Maury

Cover your Ortiz up

And don't be laying up with fourteen sluts

With fifteen hundred dollar butts from DR, be smart

But if he anything like me, he'll be a fucking retard

You know the apple never falls too far

I fucked every apple bottom that came too close

Oh, this the second time you came? You gross

I got a love-hate relationship with squirters

I love to see it happen, hate I gotta change the curtains

And my comforter, but some of 'em is worth it, wet

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