

## B.Q.E

## KOTA The Friend

Self-made, no flex, ooh  
Self paid, no debt, ooh  
We ain't takin' no bets, lot of y'all full of regrets  
Pay me and give me respect  
Y'all playin' easy to get, I'm playin' Russian Roulette  
Y'all sellin' out for the check  
We holdin' out for the kids  
Free black and don't flip  
Gold rope the whole crib, low bread, the whole loaf  
Go hard or go home, go home and don't trip  
Same block, same whip  
Free as a bird, used to be runnin' from 12, live and you learn  
Now we just flip 'em the bird  
Poppy you give me the word  
Copy I heard you, I step on the Myrtle, I'm on the wave now  
Bet you got nothin' to say now  
You better get out the way and better get comfortable catchin' this fade now  
Stay in your lane, either you get on the train or watchin' the wave  
There ain't no stoppin' the play  
Hoppin' up out of the flames  
Inkin' an island today  
Get your peace up on the board  
Bought a crib by the lake  
Still pull up in the fort, real comin' for the fake  
Showin' love through the hate  
Still tryna end a war, momma said I need a break  
Maybe when I'm in the Forbes, generation's on the board  
Generations in the bank, ayy

Ayy, is you gettin' on this train?  
Miss it and you gon' be late  
You could catch another wave  
But we hoppin' on the B-Q-E  
Doin' 90 on the B-Q-E  
You could find me on the B-Q-E  
Get behind me on the B-Q-E  
Ayy, ayy, yuh (Badmon)

I pull up, I skrrt (skrrt)  
Drop top and I'm wearin' no shirt  
She know I'm a flirt (Flirt)  
One hand on the wheel another hand up her skirt  
She know I'm a mur  
I'm on the 2-7-8, back to the turf  
I be the old school like I'm servin them work  
When I'm local, I be goin' bezerk  
Hit up old fools might back up the club for the fuck of it  
Talk in my back she be lovin' it  
Stopped at the hood and you know I be tuckin' it  
None of my niggas can fuck with the government  
They just be thuggin' it, I just be playin' it smart  
I don't be judgin', I'm playin' my part  
Show the fake love and then play with your heart  
Gotta learn to just play with the cards dealt  
These niggas too hard on they-self  
Niggas too hard to offer them help  
I don't work too hard for all this wealth

For the first two bars for how all of it felt  
Ayy, still in the field like inner field  
Or M-O-B play centerfield  
Rain on the day just take the wheel

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You could catch another wave  
But we hoppin' on the B-Q-E  
Doin' 90 on the B-Q-E  
You could find me on the B-Q-E  
Get behind me on the B-Q-E (It's Bassy)  
Yuh, yuh, yuh, ayy

For every day I made dollars, I made dollars  
'Cause my Burroughs, he gave knowledge  
How the city move, y'all better pay homage  
I don't pity you niggas that make comments to create drama  
You gon' find them tryna go viral  
Judge, jury, execution, no trial  
I was sinkin' deep sleep, watching bitches creep  
Streets making hoes vile  
I'm from Queens where they line you up with a cold smile  
And the whole time you be thinkin', "Damn, that bitch so fine,"  
"Oh, my," she not  
Born in a ditch and you die in a box  
But I'm on a mission, a man of ambition  
My latest addition, retire my Pops  
So anyone threatenin', I'm firin' shots

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You could catch another wave  
But we hoppin' on the B-Q-E  
Doin' 90 on the B-Q-E  
You could find me on the B-Q-E  
Get behind me on the B-Q-E  
Yuh, yuh, yuh, ayy