

Muggsy Bagues

Marlon Craft

I pulled up in the Muggsy Bagues with the pennies
'Cause I'm short on time, so don't be short on a penny
In our New York, they would envy the flavor
Now it's a bunch of white girls callin' delis bodegas
Elegant player, guys they call relevant major
Look to me for how I be steppin' and gamblin'
So I'm like, "Relevant to who?" Because I'm not watchin'
I feel like Jeff Van Gundy yellin', "Stop floppin'"
Own the company, they ain't even got stock options
When you timeless, you don't care if you not poppin' (Please)
Married to this fly shit, I got Poppins
Haters got a list mile long and shit, they not stoppin'
Shots droppin', out here sippin' Scotch like I'm Ron Swanson
How you sign a deal to act gangster with a cop option? (Wow)
New day, new work
Straight sauce like the drums, couldn't see the kick make the groove work
When clicks is the new worth, the risk to be true hurts
I live this, I'd lose first
'Fore I'd win cuttin' corners just to up the score
Obstacles gon' pop at you, just gotta budget for 'em
But look at the impression that the passion make
I guess there was a method to my madness, ayy
Huh, I pulled up in the Chris Mullin
St. John's 'cause the storm comin'
I see a lot of lightning, but I don't hear the thunder though
You gotta let it roll

I already told you I'm short on time
Fuck your lil' clicks, we do more offline
Bitch, I'm in a zone, why you so pressed?
Give me what I'm owed, not a cent less
This ain't Morse code, say what you mean
The money come first, but the paper too green (Yeah)
There gotta be somethin' more that I'm runnin' towards than the wind (Than t
he wind)

Snapback, but I'm well-fitted, F it, oh well, figured (Uh-huh)
I wish 'em well while I'm throwin' pennies at well-wishers
You'll get it later, I'm blunt with flavor like stale Swishers
Smoke with the switcher, that five stick you in Hell quicker
All hail the Riddler, the hell he raise, and to Hell with you (Ah)
Split up the clique 'cause they all switch, no heil Hitler
The island get you, no Gilligan's like, "Aye, Skipper"
Make sure your men know I'm the wave like, "Bye, Ginger"
Don't be a boat rocker, cutter shot both choppers
Old shot that got your ears ringin', that's a door knocker
Blow dropper, I go a cappella like the old opera
Flow proper, I say absolute like this the old vodka
I feel at home, partner
You and your partners be at home, got you waitin' on that bag, you some home
shoppers
Showtime to a show watcher
I show the parts where they show doctors 'bout to pull a plug, I'm a show st
opper
On Harlem nights, I'm a globetrotter in gold Pradas
Plus the gold standard, my gold diggers and Goldschläger
Two minds craft, so me and Marlon can craft a monster

That chupacabra, the shooter come with the Uber driver
You not a rider, you and your sponsors still got 'em bonkers
My coast is contra with D as hot as that block in Yonkers
Not a mobster whose art of war is divide and conquer
But I wear a fitted like Humphrey Bogart in Casablanca

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