

# Bulletproofly

Mozzy

Nigga, it be so much backdoor activity transpiring  
I guess dawg told blood to line me up for the free throw, right?  
They say blood took too long, fifteen-  
yard penalty or whatever the case, delay of game  
Know what I'm sayin'? So  
Nigga, come to find out, dawg cut ties with blood  
Brazy part about it all, blood was supposed to be my dawg

Ayy, I'm adapted to the pain well  
Bloody waters, have you ever seen it rain shells?  
They say they love me bulletproofly, but I can't tell  
My reputation everything, that's why I can't tell  
They gave him life and then they stuck me in the same cell  
I gave him packs of cappuccino for his pain pills  
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Yeah  
My lil' nigga died blammin' 'fore he went out  
That boy threw as many shells as he can give out  
I'm dope smokin', thinkin' 'bout him in the penthouse  
They told me diamonds are forever, hold your wrist out  
My mama set a good example, she buried the wealth  
I like the way that Marcus Garvey 'nem carried themselves  
I get a glimpse of ten M's when I stare at myself  
I heard your mama lost her job and I dare you to help  
The pictures that my father sent me prepared me for jail  
Remember that sweet and sour spread we shared in the cell?  
The sweet smell of gunsmoke, it remind me of war  
I'm so devoted, that I wouldn't mind dying for Fourth  
She so devoted that she wouldn't stop cryin' in court  
They took her son, but she described it like they took her love  
We looked for love in all the places that it's hardly found  
That nigga barely show us love on what he charge a pound

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I'll always look out for the homies when it count  
But they'll go against the code behind the clout  
You never know me for a slouch  
We turn on ovens when it's cold inside our house  
They found a quelo, wasn't no poles inside our house  
Stay on parole inside her house  
It's extra hella extra O's in my account  
Double-count the backend 'cause they don't go in my account  
Pull up on my youngin, told him gotta take another route  
Yeah, make your mama proud when she around and hold it down for who you love  
Free the thugs until it's backwards  
Used to post in front of Stanford 'til I own it, call it crackers  
Betrayed by the people that matter, but it don't matter

And we was scared to dream, where I'm from, they usually shattered  
Bullet holes in the Saturn, we just left a trip  
And you ain't go, so kill that BPL and extra shit  
I'm standing confident and firm in what I represent  
The murders that I saw fuck with me, I been through hell and shit  
Shh, still ain't tell 'em shit

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