

Bullseye 2

Real Boston Richey

Pluto Richey, Richey Pluto, however, you wanna say it (Bah-bah-bah-bah)
Yeah, murder
Two of my chains ten-hundred thousand, one of my rings cost a house
(Ddot cold as a motherfucker, on God)
Few of my bitches, can't live without 'em
Trench gang, slime 'em out

Bubba chain a hundred thousand
Ran it up in public housing
Niggas pussy, Ronda Rousey
Fuck with me, don't fuck without me
Hula hoop ass nigga got slimed out for tryna go around me
Know I get a nigga ass touched right now, ain't gotta be around him
Booted up, I don't take no med
I be on that drank instead
Fuck 'round on that Strong Back doin' too much, I damn near broke the bed
I don't gotta have no comeback, I don't argue, fuck him, kill him dead
Fuck it, buy his bitch a wig
Fuck his bitch, I love to see it

I been on this shit since I was a kid, all this shit I did
All my ex hoes still ain't on shit, keep 'em out my mix
Ion't even be tryna connect hoes, with this motion shit
Know the police stayin' next door, still gettin' them bubba's in
Ho you know I don't play Connect Four, ain't with that playin' shit
Can't afford the real, we pullin' through, all dirty sticks
Cookin' up motion, shoot my shot, I got a Curry wrist
Gotta keep it kosher, can't do too much, these fuck niggas a snitch
Servin' crystal falls just like the haves and the have not
All that fuckin' 'Wood and Oxy get ya ass slimed out
Pull up in a Benz, she say that she wanna know me now
Fuck it, spin a bend
Pop his ass and call it bullseye

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All that fuckin' 'Wood and Oxy get ya ass slimed out
Pull up in a Benz, she say that she wanna know me now
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Pop his ass and call it bullseye (Pluto)

Freeband chain, crib driller
All my lil' niggas nothin' but spinners
Audemar my gang member (Yeah)
AP for my main, hol' up
One of my outfits least a ki'
Damn near touchin' a half a B
If my nigga wasn't Jigga, I'm the type to go after B
And I still smash on C
I got two fifth on me
Like the quarter bag of the cheese
I'm in the field, no cleats
Breakin' that seal by the P
Pour up drink but don't get sleepy
I'm on pills and I'm geeked
Wait, this money got me tweakin'
Turnin' good girls to freaks
She ain't with me, she with the streets

Cost two thousand just to bust a nut on these Hermès sheets
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