

# Close That Folder

Real Boston Richey

Mmm  
For real

Goin' through so much pain, can't even hide all this shit  
Done with that ho, so I drive test the bitch  
Told the lil' bitch get the fuck out, I vibe checked the bitch (Thanks, Yakree)  
You only fuckin' me, I don't lie check the bitch  
They can't fuck with me, niggas ain't ridin' for this shit  
R.I.P. BSlugga, he done died for this shit

Had to close those folders  
I hit my knees and pray 'cause I can't lean on no shoulders  
Before they see my side, they'd rather go run a nigga over  
I keep my friends close, but keep my enemies closer  
Ready to see me back on that block, out here trappin' that coca  
Had to kick the trap, I'm in the studio trappin' my vocals  
With a thick old bitch from out east, watch her sip on mimosa  
Double R, no Range Rover  
With the shit I'm dealin' with, it be hard to keep composure

I know Rick watch my back just how Pluto, he got Zona  
I be havin' nightmares from all them nights down on the corner  
All the shit goin' in my head, I be ready to go in a coma  
Read it's good or bad, I ain't trippin' 'cause all this shit exposure  
They say the truth gon' stand and the fake gon' fall for anything  
I'm married to the trap, only thing I'm missing is a wedding ring  
Only thing I regret is the shit I said 'bout Teddy Pain  
I see why he left the city 'cause this shit right here bring heavy pain  
Everything I lost, I'ma double back for everything  
These niggas can't be bought, I ain't fear this shit when I was trappin' 'ca  
ine  
I ain't gotta prove no points, out here in the streets, got heavy stain  
Every time I hit the club, stripper vouch, I made it rain  
Way before I made a song, I was the one who had a name  
Put in work 'bout all this shit, niggas know it ain't no game  
Plenty L's that I done took, niggas know I ain't no lame  
Niggas tryna box me out, niggas know how far I came

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Never seen so many street dudes take advice comin' from a cracker  
Why these niggas tryin' me? Niggas know lil' B get active  
Big homie say, "Don't tell your side of the story 'cause none of these niggas matter"  
Being quiet made me look guilty, but this shit just made me madder  
Real friends that I thought had my back, them niggas scattered, uh  
Niggas told me don't entertain it, but niggas full of laughter, huh  
Don't tell you what to do 'cause I see just what you rather

Ayy, Yachty told me, "Pain come with healing, so close that chapter"  
I ain't never took a nigga down, niggas know that's a factor  
I'm rappin' 'bout that shit I'm doin', nigga, I ain't no rapper  
I'ma tell my niggas right or wrong just like a pastor  
Told the crackers I stole that car, they switched my word, this shit a disaster  
Sometimes I be askin' why I feel like the bad apple  
This shit be heavy on my mind, shit be heavy on my bladder  
That other nigga can't tell you shit I said, put him in a slammer  
Forever standin' real nigga, you can double back and ask 'em

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