

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, Yakr ee)
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' 'cause
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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