

## My Image

Real Boston Richey

Check it out, uh  
I just prayed  
(Section 8 just straight cooked this motherfucker up)  
Keep prayin', keep prayin'  
I got leather boy (Uh)  
It's either way, by the way  
I'm trippin', sometimes I leave the house without my pistol, know I'm slippin'  
I'm prayed up, but that what make me different  
Nigga make me mad, I pay a visit  
I'm too rich to slide, so I'ma pay that ticket (And you better come on home for me, now)  
Uh, you too young to die, lil' nigga, you better listen  
Don't think about that money, when you catch the plates, you better grip it  
Ain't have no money growin' up, so I be tippin'  
Even if it get hard, nigga, I go hard, start to finish

Rule number one, don't disrespect my pimpin'  
The same niggas I help bossed up they life, try to stop my image  
The same bitches I went to pay they rent say I ain't spend it  
The feds made my knee broke when they took my Freebandz pendant  
They took my Bubba pendant, they took my brother's spinach  
The same week, I was right back in the jeweler, straight spendin'  
The same week them niggas tried, my youngers out here spinnin'  
You know I started that Goyard shit and Rickie Owens, nigga, I'm trendin'

The crackers steady hatin' like sayin' my car super tinted  
I'm super turned, I pay two-hundred yards for a tennis  
That twenty K, you stupid ass lil' young niggas, y'all be trippin'  
Shit, I post a picture on IG with that shit on to fuck they bitches  
(Frirt, frirt) I don't even slide through here, he ain't got no switches  
Mhm, don't even slide through here, he don't even got no Benjis  
I'll wipe a nigga nose, get out my business  
My tape drop, them niggas ain't post my shit, that's why I'm friendless  
Don't ask me 'bout no niggas you don't see me with, that ain't my business  
Niggas envy a young nigga, before the rap, I was out here gettin' it  
How you flop on yo' lil' nigga, he ain't even expose your feelings  
But, it's cool, still get fifty a show, this shit up to the ceilin'  
I mean, it's bool, come through in a coupe, pull up wit' yo' boo  
Grip a tool, I see niggas be watchin', no, I ain't no fool  
Pocket rocket, this ain't no route, this off of trappin', fool  
Pull out them blues, bitch ain't Ice Spice, but, I get up in that mood

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I watch when niggas try do U-turns  
Niggas watch you grind it up but still watch what you earn  
We'll scratch nigga out like a bitch went and got a new perm  
Years ago I said I wan' double back, oh, bitch, I'm too firm, it ain't no U-turn

It ain't no doublin' back, run up several Ms  
I'm tryna double that, bitch, don't fuck up the ten, nigga  
It ain't no lovin' that, once the niggas take it to IG, it ain't no comin' back  
(Section 8 just straight cooked this motherfucker up)

Fuck that, true to myself  
I stay true to my bitch  
I stay true to my clique, I stay true to this shit  
Hoes wouldn't fuck me if I ain't have no bag, I'm through with that bitch  
Says she'll love me if I ain't have no bag, I see through the bitch  
Shit, I'm through with that ho  
I'm done lootin' the folks  
Got the Bubbas for eleven, got to trappin' to choke  
Ugly bitch think she finessin', she be flexin' the poor  
Real mean with the wrist, I can whip up some coke  
Splash that bitch with some water, turn that shit to some dough  
Niggas be out here hatin' and shit, so that pistol I tote  
So that pistol I tote (Ooh-ah-ah-ah)