

No Static

Real Boston Richey

(Known to let that MAC fly just like my nigga Doe, baow)

Uh, uh, Percocets and strong Blacks, uh
I hit her off the strong back, uh
Nigga, you don't even know 'bout that, uh
I can fuck a bitch, I'll never break a sweat, uh
I'm runnin' down, I'm on they ass just like Charles Manson
I ain't never leavin' my BM, bitch, just stop askin'
2012, none of you broke-ass niggas was goin' to classes
It's time to bring the Bubbs back up, nigga, I miss taxin'
I don't know 'bout you, but I ain't never flipped a bitch taxes
I'm quick to show a nigga I ain't doin' all that riff-raffin'
Been wrappin' all my life, but seven months in on rapping
If you a real trap nigga, you know I'm talking plastic
And if you really done clapped niggas, then you ain't scared of the casket
I gave my bitch ten bands, I told her to fill her basket
Go buy some Gucci, buy Chanel, bitch, 'cause you the baddest
They say they'd rather the realest over the baddest, damn, that's madness
But either way, she playin' games and I ain't talkin' Madden
She actin' lame, she told me, "Don't stick your finger in my panties"
Bought you a flight, then stand on business, bitch, I ain't your daddy
I left a bitch way down in Cali', she was actin' sassy
I had her family wantin' to whack me, but they know I'm rappin'
They know I stay in traffic, know I'm toting big old weapons
They know I'm riding with them killers, don't speak on nothin' that happened

Bitch-ass nigga don't want no static
Mm, bitch-ass nigga don't want no static
Uh, uh, every glee I'm totin', you know this bitch an automatic
I'm tryna facetime a nigga, ooh, closed casket

Mm, real killers move silent
Mm, real killers come through, move silent
Never hidin', only thing we duckin' sirens
Cops peel up, come through, skrrrt, it's a wide body
Mm, nigga, you gon' kill or you gon' cry about it?
I swept a bitch right off her feet, she say she blindsided
Uh, last bitch, she got caught cheatin' and she lied 'bout it
They screamin' bros over hoes, I gotta boycott it
Uh, wait, I'm sidetracked, nigga, I'm sidetracked
Uh, uh, I'm sidetracked, nigga, I'm sidetracked
Uh, before I hit the stage, gotta do a sound check
And them Miami hoes ain't got nothin' on that Broward neck
Uh, wait, I'm sidetracked, nigga, I'm sidetracked
Uh, uh, I'm sidetracked, nigga, I'm sidetracked
Yung Miami got you hoes think you gettin' a check
Ho, move your teeth, your childish ass can't even give no head
Hold on, I'm sidetracked, baby, I'm sidetracked
Ayy, I'm sidetracked, baby, I'm sidetracked
Uh, I'm just talkin' out my ass, you know I ain't meant that
You postin' ass all on IG, I'm tryna hit that

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