Boblo Boat

Royce da 5'9"

Cruising down the river. Dancing 'til your feet got numb. Cool, summer breez
es blowing through your hair, as you stood gazing down the river in anticipa
tion of the thrill of the dizzying rides at the amusement park. Ah, memories
 of Boblo Island

Oh, is your world ain't nothing but a squirrel tryna get a nut. Just jealous
 of everybody that's headed out on that Boblo boat. It is the perfect weathe
r and the perfect time to enjoy a few snacks. Oh, man. I wish I was joining
you. A little cheese and crackers. A little get out wine. A little rear medi
um lights. Some Harvey Rizla green. But let's do this. Only on Smooth FM

[Royce da 5'9":]
Nothing compared to our family trips
My uncle shook hands with a manly grip
All this hand-me-down shit I had had an uncanny fit
All the gangstas I had in my family had me anti-bitch
My granddaddy mistress caught the business from my granny fist
That was back 'fore I was born
Pop told stories 'bout it that would last for hours-long
And as a family we was just so happy when him and mama got along
On the Boblo boat
Uh, on our way to that black amusement park
Wood roller coasters, crack sold on plastic scooter cards
Uh, smoking grass at the vintage food court
Broken glass, waiting on you on the swimming pool floor
I came across my identity on the Boblo boat
That's where I lost my virginity, no condom, though
That's when paranoia hit me like when superstition does
Left my inhibitions I guess where my supervision was
Parties on the way to the island would be the livest, though
First time big bro hit the bottle was on the Boblo boat
But neither one of us knew that we would both grow up and turn to alcoholics
, though
The Boblo boat

Hey, hey, hey. Lil' green. Come here. Hey, hit this, nigga. Nigga, don't wor
ry 'bout what the fuck it is. Just drink

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Some of my better times I said were true
I said were true, yeah
Shit, all of my better days I said were true
I said were true, shit
And now I gotta wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, Shit
Stuck inside a rat race, fuck, rat race, fuck, fuck
Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up again
Stuck inside this rat race, fuck
Yeah, look

[J. Cole:]
Twist the cap, lift the bottle back, swig it
Dick it, ten-inch rims on my mama's Civic
Ten-inch woofers in the trunk, to be specific
They bump, rattle the license plate, plus the windows tinted
Don't even give a fuck that it's dented, bitch, I'm the man now
I'm rolling, driving it slow as if it's stolen
Piling up bros like we was clothing on a dresser

Calling up hoes like we was Jodeci, let's check her
Double D's like double-deckers, I wanna sex her
But these keys don't come with game on how to finesse her
Five semesters left until college, I'm under pressure
I'm not a real nigga 'til I undress her, I gotta 'press her
This was my main concern back when concerns were lesser
Nowadays, I often yearn to press the backspace button
Or hit return, but life is not no word processor
Most folks would burn the sess to burn the stress of my real-life trauma
Plus fickle niggas thinking they done heard the best of Jermaine Lamarr
But that's insane, it couldn't be further left of
The truth is that my new shit slap, you never heard it better
Give me a sec, I murder sectors
Prefer to let you see it rather than say it, but it spill out
I gotta chill out
Say "Fuck the world" and never pull out
We had no Boblo boat, but I could note those times is like a Bible quote
BC, before cellphones, the first time I would smoke
I was 6-years-old, but that's for another chapter
That's for another story, to God be the glory
I made it out unscathed and now I sunbathe with my son and Tanzanian sunrays
 thinking 'bout dumb days
Thinking 'bout dumb days

This is 808-Ray

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