

42 Carats

The Bones

No, no, (c'mon) no
(C'mon) No, no
(C'mon man) No way

Vince up on my tags, stay relaxed in knitted rags
My house is covered in Neiman bags, find me posted in the gash
With the lights off
Use to smoke that shit that smoke smell just like lysol
I never liked y'all
So I stay in my house, plottin' up on my couch
Don't open up my mouth 'til I make sure the check don't bounce
See when we steppin' out, don't need no weapons out
I used to get left out, now I don't need no extra clout
You and yours so extra'd out, that's way too much you doin'
It's way too far, you reachin', better stretch before you pull
it
Never see me out, dyin' on a private route
Used to hop the fences on the nights we used to hide it out
Now I just do me and they so quick to go and write it down
You can do the things I do but never be who I am now
In this bitch forever, 42 carats hit my sweater
I'm ready, we set the bar like it's heavy
Then go like Richard Petty

Every time I turn around, I see the same thing
I see the same faces, I see the same names
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I see the same faces, I see the same names