

Word Is Bond

Joey Bada\$\$

[Intro: Joey Badass]

Yeah
Word is fuckin born man
... myself how I do this shit

[Verse 1: Joey Badass]

Got the Reggie from the Bush
Get lifted like a saint off the kush
Man all my niggas push so I always got the zipstock in the Ziplock
They know, like Ralph flip stock, hit the Mary, won't kiss and tell
My lips locked but my grip's not so I pass it off
Real burners, and we ashin' off the furniture
Fuck your couch, bitch, hush your mouth
She said she fell in one of them Ls, but let's don't count
These chickens don't love me, they love the account
But they will never know what's the amount? I keep the hoes in check
'Til they bounce, don't ever let a chick see you withdrawin'
These niggas want to know what I draw with
But won't respond to what I've drawn
Tetrahedrons, take a dose of Patron
Mixin' knowledge juicing, deuce 'Cuse and Metatron
They wouldn't hear the tone through a megaphone, let alone
Cella phone, but my line stay hella blown
Hella blown, hella blown

[Hook:]

Word is born
Fuck the world til I'm gone

[Verse 2: Joey BAdass]

Yo Houston, we got a problem, copy
Four, five hotties in the lobby
So they can blow the rockets properly, but blowing spots never stop
Like them hockeys, they never get aqui to my prothy
Known around my city like George Pataki
Young Jason for them dollars in the mix like teriyaki
And round four, I force my large Versace
Over my big head, cause I don't live here, she getting too cocky
Won't spot me in no closet
I ain't like Kels and them
A closet full of arm limbs and a skeleton

[Hook x3]

[Verse 3: Joey Badass]

I spray nines on fours, but if you pick five emcees
Ever, ain't gone flow like me, nigga I'm too sick
I mean too sick, sent to Earth just to shit
Mommy, come stay, it's some new stick, I demand, I don't give two shits
Better tell that doofus deuces before he catch you whipping
In a minute, Charles Dickens'll strip him for his Scottie Pippens
Cause it's all about the big pimpin'
Rob him for his Nixon, and then question him about his timing
Right here, it gets reckless, best advice is
To tuck your necklace, and put your arms right back into your Lexus
Cause G-Stone crips, they ain't nothing
To flex when the Billy Gate... the really on some next shit

So if I were you I would probably ride with two
No fool, not two dudes, two tools
As in deuce - deuce cause niggas jock you for your soul
And your new shoes and your jewels too
There's something about another nigga having shit
That have a nigga spazzing clips all up in your back and dent
Cause it's all about bagging the baddest chick
Stacking them trays up in Saks Fifth
But word is bond, you been on
Word is bond, you been on

[Hook]