

# Boomshakalaka

Starlito

Pull up shooting, yeah I clutch .30's  
Just like Curry, but my cup dirty  
I'll shoot a nigga, like Future nigga  
When Young Metro say you ain't trustworthy  
Does that make Trip Klay Thompson?  
In the kitchen like Action Bronson  
Racks on me like I'm Blac Youngsta  
I'm an All-Star with cash money

NASCAR full of fast money  
I fuck a bitch for her tax money  
My bread dirty like Murphy Lee  
But I'm Marshawn Lynch if you at me something  
I'm so cold, I need a space heater, and a pair of mittens, and a chinchilla  
Left hand shooter like James Harden  
But I'm good with the right like Quentin Miller  
Blade sharp as a potato peeler  
My clip long enough to say No Limit  
My babies even like balling out they say "Daddy's pockets got play dough in it"

This my real life man it ain't no image  
All these rappers with the same ol' gimmicks  
Talk that talk but they don't live it  
We the Dream Team, '92 Olympics  
Pistol on me like I'm Pete Maravich  
Shooter like I'm Peja Stojakovic  
You would think I play for Gregg Popovich  
Moral of the story, you ain't robbing shit

Strapped like I'm ready for an apocalypse  
Two percent tint on my rocket ship  
Beam on my bit' with a carbine kick  
And a clip longer than a fucking hockey stick

Two 9's on me, I'm Jermaine Gretzky  
Ten pounds of sour that's a power play  
Tryna get a check and stay out the penalty box  
I've been grinding 48 hours a day  
I can eyeball it and tell you how much it weighs  
Sell you dry wall and tell you "Have a nice day"  
On the Eastside that's the games we play  
But I've been trying hard to stay out of the way  
I know some bad bitches that'll lie to your face  
Tell you that they love you then send my guys to your place  
Naaah, and they don't bake  
Them niggas coming for them pies and that cake

And all they wanna know is the time and place  
Money in the picture, I'ma find a way  
I checked my schedule, my time is great  
It's pay day, it's my kind of day  
I'm back in the bitch like I moved away  
Laughing at the bitches that I used to date  
Bitch told me to buy her a Gucci bag, I told her "Shut the fuck up" like Jui  
cy J  
This hoe must be hallucinating

I'd rather throw all my loot away  
I'd rather burn all the cash I got, if I tricked I'd never recuperate  
I'd be somewhere in the ICU  
Breathing through a muthafucking oxygen tube  
Craig like "Craig, what happened to you!"  
I'm dying cause I bought some bitch some shoes

They lie so often, I get confused  
I'm on my grind, yeah my office is my kitchen too  
Everybody with me tote my bitches too  
You might get hit six different tools  
A .45, a .40, Glock 9, FN five-seven, and a couple Mac-11's  
Overnight trip, yeah we still pack the weapons  
Though we might trip, extra clips for protection  
This ain't what you want, but that's just a suggestion  
Make it out alive even if I get arrested  
Tell a hundred lies, but I won't give a confession  
I could teach a lesson on discretion, Lito