

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]