

The Walk In

Jae Millz

Millzy uh

Ok I know I still ain't dropped my album, right?

But my account's still extracted and my swag's still actin, call me 50 flights up

Like a bachelor, bet your bitch think I'm platinum right?

You wonderin why I'm still rappin, right?

But my daughter got my hustle game in order

And I don't shit bout Pampers but I'm learnin how to wrap em, right?

Niggas sales ain't stackin right

Your label fucked up, album wasn't packaged right

I'm a student of that caine era

EPMD Rakim, gold chain era

I grew up in that real cocaine era

Not this rap game cocaine era

Them auyers on Broadway, you always had it

If you got it that was when you had to get it

This ain't rappin, this is real man's talk from a real mass nigga

Fuck your favorite tell him save it, I don't feel that nigga

Got some young slimes that'll kill that nigga

With his coupe he went stearin and it's real my nigga

Money still multiplyin

And my nigga still totin iron

'Cause the diamonds on my body still blindin

And a nigga might get fancy and we might have to remind him

What bullets do to flesh, in your house swagged out

End up a bloody mess, leave him stretched, nothing less

Mothefuck em!

Nah, motherfuck em all

I show niggas love, they push my back against the wall

And now I'm on it, giving all these kids grown men bars

Back on my vintage shit, the flow stone washed, nigga

Back on my vintage shit, the flow stone washed

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