

# 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]