

Sneakerboxes

Pac Div

Phone Number, email, all your information
Jacks conversation just to get the confirmation
Take her to the crib,
Lay her down like a pateint
Beat it up and send it back to you
Big mibbs I'm the hot, hot fello
Top gun bomberin and a 5 clock shadow
Baby hop on, I'ma be your saddle
Car got bumbed take a ride on a camel
Sneaker boxes, filled up in my closet
Never sold dope, but I'm real good with this rhymin (rhymin)
Got me own label, don't ask me who I'm see with
I'm independent nigga, ask me who I'm signing?
It gettin racks out in sunny L.A.
Flippin racks like my nigga servin yay
Put it in the pot, stir it up
Make it shape, bag it up,
Put it on the streets,
Nigga lets get paid (eh)

Sneakerboxes filled up to the top
When notes of just being broke just wasn't an option.
I get paid, homie I get paid
Fuck what ya'll talkin bout,
Fuck is ya'll talkin bout?

Night time the bemmer filled like a spaceship
First thing your bitch needs is a face lift
Homie copped him a triple beam watching weightlift
Might have cost him a couple beans
But it's caselift

5 in the morning off the yack
That's how playas move
By the time I'm dusting off my drink
I can make the news
Corny niggas out here in the way
Man I aint enthuised
Thirsty for the shine, got me trying
I told you to the game I'm glued
I'm posted with my tenfoe
That choke up in your chest
No you aint smokin on pretendo
Bump in Div though
We bout the glory
Sneaker minds are salvatory
Fresh before the rap shit
Don't you dare go get no stylist for me

Now look,
Me I'm probably in the woods
Stuck in a boot, now lemme out
Name a nigger like me
Whoopiin hoes with the semi out
These niggas take the panty route
Broke, I can't affiliate,
You broke you try go main stream

I'm lil Wayne, a milli
My step right, my wrist froze
Hit your bitch like ten-four
Compendre? I'm like sensei
With my eyes low and my tint shades
Word around she been gay, she icy I
She Kim Kar, can't wait for those, she Kim Kar
Get it? watch me bowl gaurd
I'm swim through it, tear oh
Go deep on a bitch in my ten toes
Got 12 bars and 1002s on me
That's a dope flow
I tell her owe me, that's don't trick though
Before I knock it down, it's simple
She go extra low, (no limbo)
That bimbo start sneaky freaky in my limo (no doubt)
No words either, that flow old, that hoe old
You fuckin right, I get so cold
I take this gold and his lil dough, no mercy
They notice, I'm in the ghini with you lotus
And she on it, straight up
I took your miss and I got paid homie.