

B.Q.E (feat. Joey Bada\$\$ & Bas)

Kota the Friend

Self-made, no flex, ooh
Self paid, no debt, ooh
We ain't takin' no bets, lot of y'all full of regrets
Pay me and give me respect
Y'all playin' easy to get, I'm playin' Russian Roulette
Y'all sellin' out for the check
We holdin' out for the kids
Free black and don't flip
Gold rope the whole crib, low bread, the whole loaf
Go hard or go home, go home and don't trip
Same block, same whip
Free as a bird, used to be runnin' from 12, live and you learn
Now we just flip 'em the bird
Poppy you give me the word
Copy you heard, I step on the Myrtle I'm on the wave now
Bet you got nothin' to say now
You better get out the way and better get comfortable catchin' this fade now
Stay in your lane, either you get on the train or watch on the wave
There ain't no stoppin' the play
Hoppin' up out of the flames
Inkin' an island today
Get your peace up on the board
Bought a crib by the lake
Still pull up in the fort, real comin' for the fake
Showin' love through the hate
Still tryna end a war, momma said I need a break
Maybe when I'm in the Forbes, generation's on the board
Generations in the bank, ayy
Ayy, is you gettin' on this train?
Miss it and you gon' be late
You could catch another wave
But we hoppin' on the B-Q-E
Doin' 90 on the B-Q-E
You could find me on the B-Q-E
Get behind me on the B-Q-E
Ayy, ayy, yuh (Badmon) I pull up, I skrrt (skrrt)
Drop top and I'm wearin' no shirt
She know I'm a flirt (Flirt)
One hand on the wheel another hand up her skirt
She know I'm a mur
I'm on the 2-7, then back to the turf
I be the old school like I'm servin them work

When I'm local, I be goin' bezerk
 Hit up old fools might back up the club for the fuck of it
 Talkin' my [?] she be lovin' it
 Start to build hoods and you know I be tuggin' it
 None of my niggas can fuck with the government
 They just be thuggin' it, I just be playin' it smart
 I don't be judgin', I'm playin' my part
 Show the fake love and then play with your heart
 Gotta learn to just play with the cards dealt
 These niggas too hard on their-self
 Niggas too hard to offer them help
 I don't work too hard for all this wealth
 For the first two bars for how all of it felt
 Ayy, still in the field like inner field
 Or M-O-B play centerfield
 Rain on the day just take the wheel
 Ayy, is you gettin' on this train?
 Miss it and you gon' be late
 You could catch another wave
 But we hoppin' on the B-Q-E
 Doin' 90 on the B-Q-E
 You could find me on the B-Q-E
 Get behind me on the B-Q-E (It's Bassy)
 Yuh, yuh, yuh, ayy For every day I made dollars, I made dollars
 'Cause my Burroughs, he gave knowledge
 How the city move, y'all better pay homage
 I don't pity you niggas that make comments to create drama
 You gon' find them tryna go viral
 Judge, jury, execution, no trial
 I was sinkin' deep sleep, watching bitches creep
 Streets make it hoes so vile
 I'm from Queens where they line you up with a cold smile
 And the whole time you be thinkin', Damn, that bitch so fine,
 Oh, my, she not
 Born in a ditch and you die in a box
 But I'm on a mission, a man of ambition
 My latest addition, retire my Pops
 So anyone threatenin', I'm firin' shots Ayy, is you gettin' on this train?
 Miss it and you gon' be late
 You could catch another wave
 But we hoppin' on the B-Q-E
 Doin' 90 on the B-Q-E
 You could find me on the B-Q-E
 Get behind me on the B-Q-E
 Yuh, yuh, yuh, ayy

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

