

# Blue Laces 2

## Nipsey Hussle

Mogul and they know that  
Logo on my floor mat  
Courtside Chamberland throwback match my Rolex  
Everywhere I go, flex  
Valley park on some loc shit  
Whole lot of smoke in that Rari, that thing potent  
Burning rubber, wearing cameras, they was undercover  
Under pressure, made statements, turned on they brothers  
Never judge you, but the streets will never love you  
I wonder what it come to you in your  
brain to make you run to ones that hate us  
And cuff us and mace us  
All us dumb niggas cause our culture is contagious  
Third generation, South Central gang banging  
Had lived long enough to see it changing  
Think it's time we make arrangements  
Finally wiggle out they mazes  
Find me out in different places  
In a [?] door, this the infiltration  
Double back, dressed in blue laces  
They killed Dr. Sebi, he was teaching health  
I fuck with Rick Ross cause he teaching wealth  
Dropped out of school, I'ma teach myself  
Made my first mil' on my own, I don't need your help  
All black Tom Ford, it's a special evening  
City council meeting, they got Hussle speaking  
Billion dollar project bout to crack the cement  
So one of our investments had become strategic  
Summer roll '18, man it's such a season  
Bout to make more partners look like fuckin' geniuses  
We was in the Regal, it was me and Steven  
We done took a dream and turned it to a zenith  
Anything I want and everything I needed  
Gotta pace yourself, it's all about yo' breathing  
You can have it all, it's all about your reason  
I done took my name and carved it into cement  
I flashback on that shootout at the beach  
Twenty deep, you tried to squeeze, your gun jammed and they released  
Blood on your tee, how many stains? I see three  
The bitch started to panic so I made her switch seats  
Driving now, police, chopper ahead flying now  
Really not too spooked calmly asked me "am I dying now?"

All I know is keep you common collected  
Cracking jokes like "nigga, now you gon' be finally respected"  
See your blood leaking, got my foot on this gas  
Tossed the forty, we pull up to Daniel free as he crash  
You know the alibi  
They started shooting, we was standing by  
Ain't see nothing, but the flare from the [?] fly  
I wasn't there, I was passing by  
Matter fact, don't say shit,  
I'm just gon' drop you in the back and slide  
That's yo weed, all the cash is mine  
I took 'em both to the spot plus your phone til you back online  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>