

My Nigga Just Made Bail (feat. J Cole)

Bas

My nigga just made bail
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I just came up, On some grey 12's
Great health, cheers to that
Do this shit for Queens got my ears to that
They hate us but, not more they hate themselves
I guess that they gotta motivate themselves
We can never correlate, you will never see my plane
Right in front of you but your vision is so plain
I see it more vivid, seen it all, did it
Round these fake fucks still keep it authentic, granted
Give or take fucks, how your measures rate us
Damn it, you'll never understand it
And even though I'm so lit
I've seen the cards handed and I replayed mine
Hell yeah I'm on tilt
But I'm never off handed, gotta keep good timeFree your mind and everything'll follow, won't
you
Free your mind and everything'll follow, won't you
My nigga just made bail
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My nigga just made bailListen when you get a blessin you don't ask why
You just pass forward, and fast forward
All my niggas from the hood got a passport
And them girls already know we ain't ask for it
Said she from the hood but her ass foreign
Drive a Malibu but her gas foreign
Her aspirations I can't relate with
But I'm like a ghost cause my ass tourin
Burn holes in all my clothes
But I got merch and this cash for it
Glass floors and no ceilings
How I wish we could both feel it
For all the ones gone cause I miss your breathing
Any y'all saw came any y'all part
Gotta race cars
Penny my thoughts, nah this shit premium
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My nigga just made bail And everything'll follow, won't you
Free your mind and everything'll follow, won't you
Free your mind and everything'll follow won't you
Free your mind and everything'll - Cole My nigga just made bail
Tell the good Lord, we gon raise hell
We gon pop off, like a fake nail
Take the top off and get ill get ill get
My nigga just made bail
Tell the fuckin mayor he got hate mail
Less shakedowns and more Shakespeare
Please, all these niggas don't care
Prepare for the new shit, that Cole is the truth shit
Nigga this is Lu shit, nigga this is Bas shit
Meaning this some true shit, telling you shit
Bout the crew, how we do shit, who sick?
And, tell my niggas in the two-six in the coupe
I'mma kick back smoke a pool stick
This for my new chick tryin get fit say she too thick
Ain't no such thing as too thick, what you wanna be a toothpick?
What you wanna get your cooch licked?
Well I'm tryna get my flute played
If we the new slaves
I am Frederick Douglass of rhetoric ahead the the others
You motherfuckas better get free
This for that insecure girl, your name I won't mention
On Instagram straight flickin'
Bitch you a nipple slip away from strippin'
Might as well, get your clientele up, you a pioneer
Them girls fuck for free, I'm never buying there
Save that shit for the D.R
I rock crowns and these niggas rock tiaras or tiaras
Cause I'm Pete Carroll, left college and I fucked the pros up
Guess it ain't luck when the luck just shows up
Like every verse on the spot, shit is never rehearsed
You heard it first, Bas My I swear to God, Cole world
We doin' it out here, in the UK fool!
Y'all ain't ready, I got Bas the Genius over there
I got DJ Dummy downstairs
I swear to God we doing this shit
We gon' take on the world Free your mind and everything'll follow, won't you, won't you

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