

# Could Be Worse - Boldy James Lyrics

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## “Could Be Worse”

[Intro: Boldy James]

**Ay**

[Verse 1: Boldy James]

**They call me Rocky Rhodes, over the Viking stove I'm icy cold  
Like a peg-leg pirate, dope in the Pyrex  
Soon as I cut the pilot on, time to turn up the temp  
600 Degreez like that dreadhead from Hollygrove  
Went from performin' in kitchens live to rockin' shows  
Coppin' from the Coney, now we swappin' out at Pappadeaux  
Thirty in the morning, grittin' with a snotty nose  
Big forty on me, I'm the wrong nigga to pick on  
Heard they tippin' on me, must've heard I got them bricks gone  
Worker turned informant, had to dump all of my flip phones  
Cup full of poison, I'm the real Jim Jones  
Me and Finn still on the Hell in the fire and brimstone  
Jeans reekin', kerosene from the space heater  
Ball cap, mink and some Timbs on  
Or with these bullshit Balenciaga sneakers  
Thuggin' in the 'jects, have a million worth of gems on**

[Chorus: Boldy James]

**'Cause when the goin' get tough, pick up and hit the road  
Who the fuck can I trust? Who can I depend on?  
Bad bitch strapped down with a brick and a half**

**Her ass lookin' saggy like she got Depends on  
Had to make sure it was that before we sent the work  
Just pray to Lord we make it back, can't risk me gettin' searched  
And if he try to double back before we flip the merch  
Just put a little in the baggie, little in the purse**

**[Post-Chorus: Boldy James]**

**Your mans got you baggin' up? It could be worse  
Just put a little in the baggie, put a little in the purse  
Just put a little in the baggie, put a little in the purse**

**[Verse 2: Boldy James]**

**I'm half, half eighty-milligram oxy  
Three hundred racks annually, that's fifty bands monthly  
In the hicks, bogartin' like your mans Humphrey  
Loadin' up on 'codones and jeans, we be pants-huntin'  
Whippin' up in Polish Springs, got them grams jumpin'  
Fam dumpin', ninety in two days, got my hands crampin'  
Thumbin' through them Peewee Longways and them Young Lays  
that nigga blinded in the sun rays  
Broad day'll turn a nigga to a Sun Chip  
Or chip a nigga for my gang with them drumsticks  
Leave a nigga mouth redder than some Fun Dip  
Shoot outta town and pour a eight up in a Sunkist**

**[Chorus: Boldy James]**

**'Cause when the goin' get tough, pick up and hit the road  
Who the fuck can I trust? Who can I depend on?  
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[Post-Chorus: Boldy James]

**Your mans got you baggin' up? It could be worse  
Just put a little in the baggie, put a little in the purse  
Just put a little in the baggie, put a little in the purse**

[Outro: Sample]

**Ooh, my love  
I'm told that you are a dangerous man, Arturo  
I like that  
It excites me**

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