

# Flag on the Play-Boldy James & Futurewave Lyrics

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## "Flag on the Play"

Ayy, where we at?  
It's the Jackson  
Ooh, my love  
What else?

They say you better safe than sorry, don't get caught without it (For real)  
I say you better late than never in my darkest hour (You know it)  
I'ma be late to my own funeral procession (That's real)  
I couldn't live with myself if I was 6ix9ine (I couldn't)  
Made it out, skin of my tooth, in the nick of time  
I get ecstatic every time the juice hit my line (Good drank)  
Silver lining on the Glock with the stepladder  
Switch it to automatic, this bitch shoot like fifty times (Grrt)  
In a matter of seconds, it'll shatter your vests  
Shell casings all on the scene, you scattered in panic (Uh)  
Left the 'spital, arm sling, head wrapped in a bandage  
For all his unpaid debts, that's collateral damage (Let's get it)  
I don't mean to boast, I don't mean to brag  
But I keep a ki' of coke, Ziploc freezer bag (Uncut)  
Blew a chalupa with my jeweler playin' freeze tag (Cha-ching)  
Real don chuly, caught a million-dollar bean bag (Blocks)  
What else?

Still quarterbackin' plays on the east side  
On the fly, runnin' routes like a screen pass  
In the field, man down, flag on the play (Ayy)  
Stand down 'cause I know that bag on the way (It's on)  
Watchin' out for the blitz from the weak side (Ayy)  
Had to pull a couple skits when my peeps died (Doo-doo-doo)  
In the field, man down, flag on the play (You know it)  
Stand down 'cause I know that bag on the way  
Let's get it

Got that Blowjob Betty jackin' my fiends off (Yeah)  
Down in K-Y Jelly, they call me Jack and the Beanstalk (Blockworks)  
Wish that my nigga Del was here, for him, I shed a tear (Delvin)  
Poured out a case of Moët and a fifth of Everclear (That's my nigga)  
Why should I ever care? Niggas wasn't ever there (Ayy)  
Servin' niggas on a silver platter, Mr. Belvedere (What else?)  
We went from piss poor to slumdog millionaires (Yeah)  
Off pounds, pills, and birds, nouns, syllables, and verbs  
In town 'til the third, locked in towns and the 'burbs  
Ghetto version of the Rothschilds and the Bilderbergs (The mob)  
227, La Familia, that's a lot of killers  
Whole lot of gang shit, it's mafia, what else? (Gang, gang)  
Creatures of the pavement, we don't rock with snitches (Nah)  
Ain't gotta pay to take the hit, 'Il body you myself (Grrt)  
Rose from the concrete with the black petals  
Steppin' on that Bamm-Bamm, I had to smack Pebbles, let's get it

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