

## Jae Millz

### "The Walk In"

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(Intro)

Millzy uh

(Verse)

Ok I know I still ain't dropped my album, right?  
But my account's still extracted and my swag's still  
actin, call me 50 flights up  
Like a bachelor, bet your bitch think I'm platinum right?  
You wonderin why I'm still rappin, right?  
But my daughter got my hustle game in order  
And I don't shit bout Pampers but I'm learnin how to  
wrap em, right?  
Niggas sales ain't stackin right  
Your label fucked up, album wasn't packaged right  
I'm a student of that caine era  
EPMD Rakim, gold chain era  
I grew up in that real cocaine era  
Not this rap game cocaine era  
Them auyers on Broadway, you always had it  
If you got it that was when you had to get it  
This ain't rappin, this is real man's talk from a real  
mass nigga  
Fuck your favorite tell him save it, I don't feel that  
nigga  
Got some young slimes that'll kill that nigga  
With his coupe he went stearin and it's real my nigga  
Money still multiplyin  
And my nigga still totin iron  
'Cause the diamonds on my body still blindin  
And a nigga might get fancy and we might have to  
remind him  
What bullets do to flesh, in your house swagged out  
End up a bloody mess, leave him stretched, nothing  
less  
Mothefuck em!  
Nah, motherfuck em all  
I show niggas love, they push my back against the wall  
And now I'm on it, giving all these kids grown men bars  
Back on my vintage shit, the flow stone washed, nigga

(Outro)

Back on my vintage shit, the flow stone washed  
DP2

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