

Kyle Bent "Boston"

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[1 verse]

boston where we spit the realest
must feel us, live careless but we aint killers
where drug dealers make a million off of living shallow
and police cant scare em but they scared of their
shadows
rap joseph so i might as well be herding cattle,
rowing through the sea of fire with my burnt paddles
im spitting you should listen to a boy babble
about the life and the truth that we cant handle
all my friends blowing money while I blow a candle
making a wish that my story has a twist
afterall im just a young black catalyst
bringing hope to all you modern day lazeryths,
taking critism turn it to a tip,
better quit cause when I spit im just to equipped,
I satnd alone im a little too advanced for cliques,
the chicks finnah call be baby cause they feel the kick,
this is

chorus : Boston 8x

[2 verse]Boston, otherwise known as the melting pot,
we always hip so you always hear the pelvis pop,
against the clock so we always go never stop,
trying to make bread no time for your brethren talk,
they sling rocks, move bricks, talk slick,
try to clock these dimes cause they really are thick,
Jordan fresh kicks and they so authentic
and since im looking dip you know who these chicks
pick,
im just a Boston kid, raised in the suburbs,
born in Jamaica and fly as no other,
single child so donâ€™t refer to me as your brother
cause I know your quick to leave me hanging like a cow
utter ,
I utter out tracks blinded to the fact that,
if I make it theyâ€™ll be on my back like a backpack,
city on my back, put my city on the map,
Randolph, and Boston really where you at?
Boston

chorus : Boston 8 x

[3 verse]living right, just another night,
fingers on the keys, like im trying to type,
bad girl chilling she makes me wanna pipe,
but i know it aint right, yeah alright not quite,
so I ,proceed, life of a kid,
cause when you in Boston this the life that you live,
home of a catalyst, we present the baddest ish,
lives disappear and this is far from a magic trick,
Houdini ,Jamaican without a beanie,
been living inside the beanie getting green like
zucchini's,
off of cd's we selling wherever we be,
went from eating wheaties to quickly stacking the
wheaties,
cant leave my city need me,
my grind gives you the heebie jeebies,
wont stop til we on TV,
this is Boston

chorus : Boston 8x

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