

# Boblo Boat (feat. J. Cole)

Royce da 5'9

Cruising down the river. Dancing 'til your feet got numb. Cool,  
summer breezes blowing through your hair,  
as you stood gazing down the river in anticipation of the thrill of  
the dizzying rides at the  
amusement park. Ah, memories of Boblo Island  
Oh, is your world ain't nothing but a squirrel tryna get a nut.  
Just jealous of everybody that's headed out on that Boblo boat.  
It is the perfect weather and the perfect time to enjoy a few snacks.  
Oh, man. I wish I was joining you. A little cheese and crackers.  
A little get out wine. A little rear medium lights.  
Some Harvey Rizla green. But let's do this. Only on Smooth FM  
Nothing compared to our family trips  
My uncle shook hands with a manly grip  
All this hand-me-down sh-t I had had an uncanny fit  
All the gangstas I had in my family had me anti-bi-ch  
My granddaddy mistress caught the business from my granny fist  
That was back 'fore I was born  
Pop told stories 'bout it that would last for hours-long  
And as a family we was just so happy when him and mama got along  
On the Boblo boat  
Uh, on our way to that black amusement park  
Wood roller coasters, crack sold on plastic scooter cards  
Uh, smoking grass at the vintage food court  
Broken glass, waiting on you on the swimming pool floor  
I came across my identity on the Boblo boat  
That's where I lost my virginity, no condom, though  
That's when paranoia hit me like when superstition does  
Left my inhibitions I guess where my supervision was  
Parties on the way to the island would be the livest, though  
First time big bro hit the bottle was on the Boblo boat  
But neither one of us knew that we would  
both grow up and turn to alcoholics, though  
The Boblo boat  
Hey, hey, hey. Lil' green. Come here. Hey, hit this,  
ni-ga. Ni-ga, don't worry 'bout what the fu-k it is. Just drink  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Some of my better times I said were true  
I said were true, yeah  
Sh-t, all of my better days I said were true  
I said were true, sh-t  
And now I gotta wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, sh-t  
Stuck inside a rat race, fu-k, rat race, fu-k, fu-k

Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up again  
Stuck inside this rat race, fu-k  
Yeah, look  
Twist the cap, lift the bottle back, swig it  
D-k it, ten-inch rims on my mama's Civic  
Ten-inch woofers in the trunk, to be specific  
They bump, rattle the license plate, plus the windows tinted  
Don't even give a fu-k that it's dented, bi-ch, I'm the man now  
I'm rolling, driving it slow as if it's stolen  
Piling up bros like we was clothing on a dresser  
Calling up hoes like we was Jodeci, let's check her  
Double D's like double-deckers, I wanna sex her  
But these keys don't come with game on how to finesse her  
Five semesters left until college, I'm under pressure  
I'm not a real ni-ga 'til I undress her, I gotta 'press her  
This was my main concern back when concerns were lesser  
Nowadays, I often yearn to press the backspace button  
Or hit return, but life is not no word processor  
Most folks would burn the sess to  
burn the stress of my real-life trauma  
Plus fickle ni-as thinking they done heard the best of Jermaine Lamarr  
But that's insane, it couldn't be further left of  
The truth is that my new sh-t slap, you never heard it better  
Give me a sec, I murder sectors  
Prefer to let you see it rather than say it, but it spill out  
I gotta chill out  
Say "Fu-k the world" and never pull out  
We had no Boblo boat,  
but I could note those times is like a Bible quote  
BC, before cellphones, the first time I would smoke  
I was 6-years-old, but that's for another chapter  
That's for another story, to God be the glory  
I made it out unscathed and now I sunbathe with my  
son and Tanzanian sunrays thinking 'bout dumb days  
Thinking 'bout dumb days  
{Outro}  
This is 808-Ray

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>