

Born in the Trap

The Game

I was born in the crosshairs without a pot to piss in
Where niggas get smoked over their Jordans and their Pippens
Welcome to California, nah, it ain't cold as New York
But life is a bitch out here: word to Too \$hort
Wack as a shooter so we called him Tony Kukoc
Gang banging had us addicted like it was Newports
Whoever thought that it would spread like petroleum
Now BP connect got us praying to them holy men
Just had a daughter homie, named her Katrina
If I raise her right, then maybe she can take over FEMA
Spike Lee in New Orleans shooting documentaries
The Game still in Cali eating off The Documentary
Take em to the cemetery I mean the cemetery
Where everybody boxed down: Refrigerator Perry

And everybody fuck up and blame it on Barack
Cause he's just like T.I...: Born in the Trap
And everybody fuck up and blame it on Barack
Cause he's just like Gucci: Born in the Trap
And everybody fuck up and blame it on Barack
Cause he's just like Jeezy: Born in the Trap
And every little fuck up, my gun she go "crack! "
Cause I'm just like Outkast, born in the Trap

So what's going on with you faggots?
And what you gonna do when your swag no longer matters?
And your bitch ain't the baddest cause she in her mid-40s
And your Phantom played out so you hating on the shorties
Cause they running around like they was your age
Fucking bitches raw cause now the world ain't got no AIDS
Yeah, 2050 on these niggas
Golddiggers sucked you dry left hickeys on you niggas
I used to run around like you, run the town like you
Walk my red nose and clown like you
But it got old like Betty White
This rap shit real deep like Barry White
Reminiscing on the days I used to carry white
Walking though them Crip hoods in the cherry Nicks
Now I live a married life, walking in the house
To the home-cooked meals
Joint American Express accounts and less dollar bills

Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack
Just like Goodie Mob, I was born in the Trap
Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack
But just like Luda, I was born in the Trap
Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack
But like Soulja Boy, I was born in the Trap
Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack
Take em to Shawty Lo, nigga, learn how to Trap

Shit deeper than the roof's bent
15's drumming, Questlove in the coup fam
Riding through Pittsburgh, Wiz got the Steelers
Born by the jungle so I came with gorillas
Since niggas dropping more dimes than we fuckin
We out the hood, tryna get money like?

Splitting backboards just to get our weed stuffed in
The crack we cookin, we don't need ovens
We need something to put in the mouth of our kids
Instead of copping chains, let's fly to Chile and dig
Go to Haiti and feed to the bahamas and breathe
On the way back, to my nigga Sean from Belize, you know
Sometimes I feel like this rap shit is heaven sent
Then I get a high, feel like it's irrelevant
So I'm about to pop the trunk like an elephant
And campaign with Wyclef while he run for president
I'm about to pop the trunk like an elephant
And campaign with Wyclef while he run for president
Told you I was gonna kill this shit, Primo