

# Coming Around The Corner

Trae tha Truth

When I'm coming, round that corner  
All you haters, better get up out of my range  
Run up on me, if you wanna  
I ain't gon play no games, at all when I'm taking my aim  
Cause you gonna be, a goner  
You thinking of taking mine, late night when the 84's swang  
I know you niggz in the game, gotta feel the same  
Make a jacker feel the pain, and he can charge it to the game

I'm doing a buck on the loop, in the Porsche clean  
I'm trying to cut in the coupe, with this tall thing  
But fuck a bitch, trying to get a buck all means  
I'm on my shit, get a whiff of New York scene  
If I meet the right mexican, get it for fourteen  
And he got them bricks, I could get it across clean  
And for the city, and fix 'em like morphine  
Cop 'em when we rock the dice, and we get it like broad steam  
They know, I'm willing to risk it  
On trial for possessions, still concealing the biscuit  
Shouts to Trae, and my Dub's Southwest  
And my far Eastside, and all my Blood's out West  
But my shorties down South, ain't got forty for a house  
But they ride old schools, and put forty in they mouth  
Mix Sprite with a deuce, sip the all from the cup  
All night we gon cruise, with big toys in the trucks  
And we got our music Screwed, like we crawling in a truck  
Strip clubs make it rain, thunderstorm over bucks

You know, it's your boy Jones  
For my nigga Trae, (Capo)

I stay strapped with the automatic, living the best of my situation  
I come around the corner busting, and empty the clip with no hesitation  
The shit that I be on, is what us niggaz be living  
Ain't nobody finna take up off mine, I give a fuck what these haters feeling  
Out the Southwest, my reputation known to exceed itself  
And 84's commits to turn, amongst the blocks that I bleed to death  
They watching me, but my nature gotta be taking it's time  
Cause I got a set of hands, similar to Roy Jones in his prime  
And if needed, I got the Crips and Bloods and BD's  
That'll click on pussy niggaz, like I'm forced to click on c.d.'s  
Don't think if it's a problem, bitch ass nigga you can see these  
It's A.B.N., and if I rush the game it's gon be TD's  
So be easy homie, I don't think you really wanna see me call that play out  
Cause if I do, somebody ass get layed out  
And either way I'ma ride for mine and lie for mine, fuck it I'll die for mine  
I keep it gangsta to the end, it ain't getting by with mine

Shouts to the Dub-Southwest, ha  
Shouts to the bloody 5th, R.I.P. my nigga D-Ray  
E.T. I see you mo'fucker, ha-ha  
You know, this some straight G'd up shit nigga  
I'm in my second home, Houston nigga  
It's hot here and we don't play fair, you know the rule  
Come in peace or leave in pieces, fall back or fall back  
We about that nigga, New York's rider man

One Eye Willie, Capo Status, Goonies  
All over the world nigga, fifty state rebel  
Ride with me and die with me, ghetto stand up  
Rap version Shake and Verel, but I'm realer than that  
Get your ass capped, peeled back