

Checking Traps

38 Spesh

It's a bird, it's a plane
No, it's medallions, bitch
You feel me?
Chain
Trust
They know what the fuck is up
Huh
Yeah, this, this that shit where you ridin' down and shit, you
know what I'm sayin'?
In an old-school, man
Shit is only primer-ed though, you ain't even got your shit pai
nted yet, you know what I mean?
Real shit though

Base rock, base rock, this is what it sound like
Eighteen slappin', bitch, show you what it pound like
Mack life, mack life, is that a stack gone?
Like your bitch in the back of my Cadillac Brougham
I like my Henny on the rocks
Farmer's gun, semi, or the Glock
For the maricóns that wanna play the opps
I can get you wet
You should read the sign, this is death
These new school niggas be off of crystal meth
And got the nerve to drink and pop pills, now that's a triple t
hreat
I'm civilized, all wise, thug enterprise
Plenty ties in disguise, we had to maximize
It's strength in numbers
Real niggas never forget the hunger
It's the summer, but when it's winter, niggas is pitchin' thund
er
Huh, we out here, homie
My whole team gettin' fat, you out there bony
I'm like Sergio Tacchini on a white pony
I write the real shit, you write the phony
I got my niggas goin'
Manny through the city, goin' stupid in that foreign, checkin'
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