

Str8 Riddim

AJ Tracey

Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know what it is
AJ Tracey, Trapstar ting, you get me?
What we saying? What we got for them? Yo
Uh, look, look, look

I'm a trap boy, I wear Trapstar
I do map work, I'm a map star
Real recognise real, you're an actor
I've got a couple guys and they wanna catch ya
I like slim tings, I like thick too
I'm from the western, that's what I'm into
Bro gets nicked, I get nicked too
Got my teeth dem shining like an igloo
You see me, rudeboy? I'm a whole next nigga
Hundred bags tryna chase that figure
Done said that I jumped off of the road ting
But I relapsed cuh the price got thinner
Won't see man in an LV belt
It's a tracksuit ting till I make that dinner
Stack [?], that's the life of a winner
Free my bro doing five as a winger
Soon touch road but for now I'm grinding
So when he lands curb, I'mma dash man a pinner
Dash a whole Z on a runner, if he runs
Nab that yout in the back of a ringer
Little blue phone or an old school ringer
Feds think that I am the local sinner
Block's hot [?] cause I rap, son
Soon find out who's the local singer
I'm a cool guy, you can ask my mum
But if you violate me
I'll bring a whole next ting to your rasclart drum
Don't spit crud bars if you're soft, that's dumb
G check anyone's dad or son
Last prick chatting like say he was a badman
Got touched up like the local slut
Dumb prick could've kept the vocal shut
This next bar's gonna touch man's heart
If you're big man like 30 and you got a yout
Then stay in your bloodclart yard
Stop chatting bare shit tryna front all hard
First chance man'll get a one yellow card
Act up again, that's a straight red card
Take man straight off the pitch, no bars
Ten toes ting when on the curb or cars
Man'll get their headtop buss if they're cheeky
Don't chat bad about road if you're neeky
Bare threats but them man hide when they see me
I'll be in the same West 10 if you need me
You man talk 'nuff like a female
Send me your bitch-made comments at email
Say that you trap but you're working in retail
You ain't never dropped pebs by the seashell
You ain't never sat down in a fiend's yard
One McDonalds breakfast in your tum
You know that you've been there time
And you're shook cause you think that the feds might come

Thinking you don't wanna hurt man
But for the fam, I'll press that gun
How many times have I rid? That's a myth, fam
You don't have to guess that one
You ain't ever had an OG bring the flake down
Show you how to stretch that one
You ain't ever been out when a man's beating shots
Just to test that one
If you think that I'm mixed-race that I lack
Then you'll have the peakest shock
I was going sets with the shaver
Taking dip holes in the deepest top
I show bad gyal how to clean my room
Show good girl how to eat this cock
Call my cause, no long, he'll fly like
"Yo Trace, I'm down to sweep this mop"
Got bare real niggas round that'll ride
Ride on guys and'll ride a bird
I've got new 21s that'll light a nerd
A couple crud chicks round to supply the herb
All of my bruddas move close to a smoke ting
Too many niggas in jail, that's a joke ting
My G came home after a 2 and a half
Not a week, went back for a poking
All of these fiends need food, no joking
You can say that you hate trap niggas but
But we ain't going nowhere as long as they're smoking
We need the papes and they need the po ting
When you try indirect man
Us man are preeing like hahaha
I don't believe anything that you say
I could point out your fake bars bar-by-bar
I showed my Egyptian ting to my akhs
Dem all saying mashallah
Really, I should settle down with a good girl
But I need Ps and the times are hard