

(T-T-Trashbagbeat')
I come up hard, baby, but now I'm cool
I didn't make it, sugar, playin' by the rules (ay)
I come up hard, baby, but now I'm cool (ay)
I didn't make it, sugar, playin' by the rules (ay)

Ay, see these niggas be cappin' and lyin'
They really not like that
Nigga play like he won't get his life checked
Still hide with the killers and niggas in all black

Hell yeah, boy, we like that
Ay, new year so we stack it for Skat Packs
Just hit a lick and pulled off in the Hellcat
Only smoke pressure, the best, you could smell that

Turned a two-eight to a three, where the scale at?
Ay, need bows we gon' wrap it and mail that
Just put a four in the pop and then fell back
Givin' 'em trouble they like where the help at

These niggas pussy, they twat, they a big cat
Big racks, all on his head and they kidnap
Ay, no cap this shit here big facts
Kickin' in doors at the kickback

Get back like, hah, run the pockets, let me get that
Ay, 30 shots but a 100 come with me
Wasn't provin' no point, so we hit 'em with 60
Crip street, still screamin' R.I.P. Nipsey

I come from the Grove but the north niggas with me
Ay, 600 that shit kinda in me
I jumped off the porch to the block then the trenches
I'm rockin' designer, this Glock in my britches

The bitch from the back make me buy her some 'enchy
Six days and six nights we was out on a mission
On the 7th we seen 'em and caught 'em and flipped 'em
Only right that we hit everybody that's with 'em

I been causin' hell ever since I was little
I can make a bitch see like I'm Dr. Dolittle
Don't reach for this chain, turn yo' ass to a noodle
Yeah, I'm Mr. Trouble, I thought that you knew

I come up hard, baby, but now I'm cool (bitch)
I didn't make it, sugar, playin' by the rules
I come up hard, baby, but now I'm cool
I didn't make it, sugar, playin' by the rules
I come up hard, baby, but now I'm cool
I didn't make it, sugar, playin' by the rules
I come up hard, baby