

N Traffic

Blac Youngsta

(I got Hitman on the beat)

I do a drill in a Caddy, duck back with a baddie

Fah, fah, fah

Still miss my brother and my daddy, see me and bruh got them Pateks

I feel like niggas been talkin' down

Ain't see my youngin or my granny, I'm still thuggin' with Shannon

No, he can't sell drugs when I'm around

I made the most in the Nadi, might bulletproof all the Caddies

Bitch, these zoolers, not baguettes, the only reason it's heavy

And I dodge most feds and the fetty

Me and Youngsta in traffic while niggas grievin', we laughin'

Not ever up, I'm blastin', two condos, a mansion

My sprinter feel like a trap how I'm stretchin' over rappin'

Apple still got a nap, Nell still doin' hits

My baby mama bitch trippin', probably want another kid

This time I'm goin' big, big

And I ain't sayin' I didn't, if I did, shit, it is still what it is

One point four on the crib, I never really done been there

But the pool heated, with a eight car garage

Yeah, I'm full, nigga, even take off from hat

Bitch, ain't no surprise we the niggas on top

Val always told me, "Dugg, don't stop"

Spent sixty on a Rollie, bust down the sides

Ayy, Youngsta, we on they ass

Twelve cars with tags, a thousand, that's just for gas

Me, Gotti, Geeski, and Bagg

Real street niggas from the trenches, nigga, we gon' die 'bout our respect
Believe that (What's up?)

Pistol to your throat, it's over with, boy, you ain't comin' back (Bah, bah, bah)

Nigga took my dog, ran for his life, ran like a runnin' back

Tried to play it cool, they crossed me out, I hate it come to that

I'm tryna politic with them gangsters, where them gunners at? (Gang)

I met a pretty big booty bitch, I'm tryna run with that (Tryna run with that)

I'm on some young and turnt shit, burn the head in the thundercat (In the th undercat)

They told me, "Youngsta, stop sendin' shots," I sent a hundred back (The fuck you mean?)

You know I really don't give a fuck, I'm tryna finish that (Pussy nigga)

Hard for them to breathe (Yeah, yeah)

My childhood life, I had it rough, I used to sleep in trees (I swear to God)

I had no choice, we ain't have no neighbors, no family 'cross the street (Yeah ah)

They know I'm known for killin' shit, had to plant that seed (Grrt)

Life for a life, you play with me, that's the type shit I'm on (Bitch)

I'm spinning blocks with my little dog, he tryna crack a dome (Grrt)

He put on for the camp so hard, I put his name in a song

He gonna rep this to death even if he in the cell alone (To death, nigga)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (On blood)

Movin' with that tooly, you know grandma raised me well

I'm tryna send some blocks to my dog off in the mail (Mail)

One thing that's for sure, you know that salt don't kill a player (No, no, no, no)

How you keepin' it a buck but you gon' tell? (No, no, no, no)

When I'm speakin' positive, I still feel like a hypocrite (Yeah)
I'm the type of nigga you ask me why, I pull my trigger quick (Yeah, yeah, y
eah)
I'm a made man, on some Godfather shit, get you clipped up quick (Yeah)
I don't pay for hits, boy, I pay my shooters to take a trip (Take a trip)
Tried to keep it solid with niggas, they soft, so niggas dipped (Ayy, fuck 'em)
I was movin' work on my young nigga shit like Jigga them (On Blood)
Tried to bite the hand that feed you, I had to get rid of them (Look)
You know what we do to pussies after we ain't feelin' them (Tried to tell yo
u)
You know what I do to hoes after I ain't feelin' them (Huh)
I'ma kill that pussy, if I bump into my opps, I'm killin' them (In my sectio
n)
Sexy lil' walk, yeah, she fine, get in there
Bust down Rollie come from Shine, killin' them (Yeah)

You know that's my lil'- yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
You know them my lil'- yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm tryin'- uh, uh, yeah