

Trick

Blade Brown

Fuck a crazy youngers, they've seen pain and hunger
No holding back, just like Wayney Wonder
They do a mad ting then blaze the ganja
Throw the phone away, change their numbers
You niggas broke, time to change your numbers
Line's going slow, nigga change your runners
Nobody ain't dropped yet, change your gunners
And I just got a pack that's gonna change the summer
Who's harder than me? Give me an indication
Watching Paid In Full, I call that inspiration
Sixty-three grams in that basement
Mix that cola with that soda, I call that integration
Niggas in the station giving information
Writing down statements that are indicating
One eye on my paper like I'm in the masons
But I want that paper now, I ain't into patience

Imma show you all a little trick
Imma turn this two-fifty to a brick
Then I go and spend it all on one whip
Then I get it back hitting two licks
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I still show 'em how to do it, nigga take note
Slap it in his head back, case closed
Still cop crisp by the case slow
Fly it in from Spain for the pesos
You're hating on me but for what though?
Young nigga look fly and I cut dough
Gotta watch out for these niggas cah it's cutthroat
Might walk and turn a rave into gun smoke
They're shooting, daddy never come home
Daddy played the game, saying it's his own fault
Where I came up if they nick you you don't talk
But these days them boys will point the wap to the whole floor
The game's fucked, there's no order
You ask me, it's straight up out of order
We was on the roadside putting in work
Now these niggas getting ratings for putting on skirts

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