

Trippin

BossMan Dlow

Nigga

Yeah

Yeah

Uh, I got racks stuffed all in my jeans now
I got big plays, I can run a mean route
I ain't never been no lame ass nigga, I'ma pop it
I'ma run routes and catch the ball like DeAndre Hopkins
Read up with the plug, got it all off today
Got my wrist all in the bowl like I'm eating Frosted Flakes
I ain't have to go to McDonald's, I'm ridin' with a ten-piece chicken
You say, "Money ain't everything," I say, "That nigga done trip pin'"

Nigga, my hood, full of dope cookers (nigga)
Blue-faced cardi, full of nose boogers (Bling)
Gucci down, head to toe, goggles just the match (nigga)
I be pullin' up in a what-kind-of-fuckin'-car-is-that
Remember I ain't have no money, and them nigga laughed at me
Now I stay with dog shit like I'm CredDaddy (nigga)
Only way I lay down, nigga, yeah
Only way I lay down, nigga, is if the feds catch me

I'll beat the fuckin' bowl into that lock the way I need
I'll beat the fuckin' road 'til I put that bitch to sleep
This is Merc City, I'm throwin' up, but I got brothers that Z
And I'm screamin', "Free my nigga," today let my nigga free

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