

TRAFFIC

Dave East

Still countin' money
What the fuck else I'm supposed to be doing?

Louis my bag in a foreign
I speed through the city then quickly get back in the truck
Betta not ask for a quarter
I got this shit right out the mud now I'm adding it up
I'll be right back in the morning
Now Maybachs get backed on the corner from having it rough
Niggas be out of they mind
They thought that that bitch was a dime, she actually a dub

I used to sell a lil work just to make enough bread when the bills was tally
ing up
I made the millions from music
Now I'm at the point where I miss not having enough
I value loyalty over the money
If nigga a rat we ain't patching it up
Don't give a fuck if it's 500k
If the feature is wack then I'm passing it up
Straight to the M's and I'm laughing it up
If pussy a 10 I ain't strapping it up
I like me a nerd but I want me a freak
And if she ain't a freak she ain't ratchet enough
She throw it' back and I'm slapping it up
My name on her ass she tatted it up
Got a 9 on my hip if a nigga wanna trip
Hope that doctor be quick when he patching him up

Somebody take the wheel
That henny got me on a crazy spell
I feel like I wanna go chase the thrill
But really I'd rather go chase these millz
Since I was a kid I been raising hell
I really just should of went straight to jail
For popping my shit but I ain't no pills
You know how I get when I break the seal

For real

I was tryna get it out the hallway
Make a lil flip turn bands into Broadway
I don't take breaks on a hard day
Money don't sleep so I'm on on my off day
Not enough wins on a parlay
Took a lot of L's but I learned it the hard way
Running red lights give a fuck about a law
This a one-way street and I'm going down the wrong way

I've been going down the wrong way
Pedal to the floor I'll teach you how to road rage
Hit up my connect tell them fuck with me the long way
Big underdog turned crumbs into gourmet
Made in my sleep what you made in a hard day
Five-star dinners I ain't eating at a buffet
Rolls-Royce phantom Joyner Lucas on Carplay
Stars on the ceiling more lights than an arcade

I've been on my shit a nigga sick of the nonsense
Deliver shit that make em say I'm sick of my conscience
The bigger nigga get a nigga big as the block is
My middle finger tick up when I'm flipping imposters
I keep a lock on shit like I've been living with locksmiths
You ever plot on me then you'll be seeing a plot twist
I don't believe in niggas I believe in the process
I kill a nigga beat and leave this shit in a hospice for real

Turn up and starve I'm cooking and eating
Been grinding all week don't care where I'm sleeping
I hate being broke this shit got me scheming
If you owe me money somebody gon' squeeze
And I'm flipping the script don't care if they peeping
I came from the bricks my parents was cheating
I stay in the field don't play on the bleachers
Got work on the scale I'm slanging to teachers
Don't care about no hate just need me some bitches
Just send in your tape come get an audition
I nut in her face now look how she glisten
I'm deep in the lake she thought I was fishing
These bitches be cuffing I broke out of prison
My bass in the oven I'm fresh out the kitchen
I buss down a onion my niggas gon' flip it
I made me a cut but I'm still on a mission

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So glad that I got out of prison
And that ain't no place to be bitching they stabbing you up
Turned out the truck with the baddest of bitches
I came through the trenches right after the club
I was that nigga that went and go got it
Don't care about mileage we back in the truck
Rollies and Pateks they mad as a fuck
This is not love bitch you acting off lust
I was so destined to just be that nigga
Since Rosa ain't go sit in back of that bus
Look at my style and just copy me
Never acknowledged me now they be acting like us
Good fellas baby you know how we moving
The pistol the shovel in back of the truck
Went out of town I be back in a month
Fuckin' her face till her lashes is done

I been an OutKast like Andre
Meet me at the Garden we can do it at the Barclays
AMG on my phone for the car play
Smoker wanted butter in the spot
We got parquet
Couple dollars on your top
I got niggas that'll pull up on your block
And they won't leave all day
OGs that'll really do it to you
They don't listen to no drill

All they puttin' on is Sade

They tellin' me they ill but these niggas is not sick
Jumped outta drop six me and a top pick
Still be in the trap you ain't gotta remind shit
I'm low but them Cartiers cover my eyelids
The Patek all ice I don't hear when the time tick
It gotta be the best only shit that my mom get
Put me to the test now they watchin' my mind flip
Say it with your chest bro don't turn to a hostage

I come from the trenches I grow up with tweakers
Dusty my mama would dress us on Easter
Products so raw got them talkin' to Jesus
What's the price on the pie I ain't talkin' no pizza
Foreigns surround me they all from Ibiza
I earned all my stripes I ain't talkin' Adidas
I think I'm LeBron when I'm walkin' through Cleveland
Pablo and Joyner the conference Eastern

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