

2 Clip Intro

Don Trip

Welcome back!

That's what I heard when I walked in the bank this morning
I ain't even fronting, I only talk money
Sorry if that make you feel less important
That's why you ain't seen me lately
'Cause I gotta feed these babies
I need you to pay me, I need this paper
Last time I checked [?] glass of water, don't believe in favors
I been on [?] like 20 years prior
Last thing they'll ever call me is a liar
Getting paid, young nigga get paid
Told Young Dolph you preaching to the choir
Being this real don't ever expire
Being that fake ain't ever admired
I got four cars and you 'gon find choppas in the trunk
You be lucky if you find a spare tire
I will ride 'til the wheels go flat
Even then I'm a ride bare rim
Lil nigga raised in the wild
Call me Mr. Don Trippa Bear Grylls
I swear I'm not as old as I feel
I've been broke so I know how it feels
Please be warned, I still shoot like my name Grant Hill
This is short bus sweet nigga less is more
Full time grind for an extra O
You can kiss my ass like an X and O
I'm so fly, I might even need a neck pillow
Intruder alert if you step too close
I got long range sights birth control
[?] the fat lady didn't get to sing this time
Instead she left a note
Wooh! I'm grown, but some things don't ever change
You spend your Sundays in church
I spend mine at the gun range
I'm far too blessed to complain
I could never be ashamed
And not everyone knows my name
But I still can't adjust to the fame
Got a nice bag to my name
I'm looking at like it's chump change
Few people really wanna work
But everybody want change
I got a nice bag to my name
Looking at like it's chump change
They don't really wanna work
They all want change
If a rap nigga diss me on a tape
I won't be near social media
I'm a be on the way to meet with 'ya
2 Clip Trip, Expedia
8 Ball told me to keep it pimpin'
MJ told me fuck the haters, keep winnin'
Gotti told me go and get the Benji's
And Juicy J taught me how to swim in it
I'm in deep, diving like a Navy Seal
Strapped like a Navy Seal
I don't wanna hurt nobody

Homie I'm just trying to make it home
So I can pay these bills
Boy your money funny like Dave Chapelle
I'm laughing to the bank like Dave Chapelle
Forgot my GPS
Don't know if it's the road to the riches or Hell
Oh what the hell
Fuck it we riding I'm sorry but there's only one way to tell
I never wish, but if I had one wish
I wish Fletch could be let outta jail
Elroy too, a pair of good dudes
I never offered you nothing but truth
If Air Jordan started making dress shoes
Maybe then I'm a start wearing suits
In and out of courtrooms fighting lawsuits
Boy it's expensive but what can you do
When you eat with vultures and they think you dying
You can't be surprised when they feed off you
Now I need mine just for me to walk through
Niggas never keep it real like they ought to
But that's never here nor there
I'm inside my lair with my cause watching all the cartoons on the tube
Godspeed!