

# Troopers

Jay Rock

(Cardo got wings...)

There's work on the phone  
Tell my mama that I may not make it home  
Me and my troopers  
Hoppin' in this bitch, poppin' in this bitch  
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I said there's work on the phone  
Somebody tell my mama I may not make it home  
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If that's your real nigga, he gon' slide for you  
If that's your real nigga, he gon' die for you  
You ain't gotta question when it's brackin'  
Just point me in the direction when it's action

Day ones in the sandbox  
From breaking through the padlocks  
To burners in the stashbox  
Your whole hood - mascots  
My whole hood - mad Watts  
That's gang, gang, gang  
We politic, on missions  
Don't hang, hang, hang  
We got bad bitches, too huh  
And they blast bitches, too huh  
And they shoot the fat one, too huh  
We can take it there, too huh  
Niggas win some and lose some  
Just way half on the new drum  
Summer time is over, too huh  
Double back when the news come

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Back door, back though  
Eastside we go back door  
What you wanna act for

You get what you ask for  
Ballin in the game now  
Eastside we go back door  
Nothing is the same now  
Motherfuckin' task force  
Came up and I win back  
Changed up, never did that  
If it's take off, yeah I did that  
Blew a half a mil, yeah I did that  
On play girl, is you with that?  
Ten toes on the pavement  
Sell your soul and the days end  
Shacked up like a cavemen

Troopers all day  
Secure the bag  
We plant the flags  
So what we on next?  
What we on next?  
Rock bottom, from the NG  
Hand guns on tenth speed  
R.I.P. to my dead homies  
Loyalty is all we need, yeah

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