

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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Me and my troopers
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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