

Tradeline

Ray Vaughn

Hey, [?]

I'm like, "Damn, ok bitch"
"You can breathe but you can't text me back?," hey
Ho, I'm Justin with the vibes, I'm bringin' sexy back, yeah
In the projects, rob the house where they sell candy at, ayy
Yeah, my mama was a crip, but she's not handicapped
Walk around with fire, she an arsonist
Stealin' food, I did the markin'
Now my pockets fat as Cartman
Like a grown-up saying, "Sit down"
A brand new Wraith, I park it
Made it out of them apartments
All the way down to red carpets
Look, I bubble up, bubble up, bubble up
Bubble up, bubble up, watch it fizz
Ain't no bitch without a dad finna' tell me what a real man is
You're a whole kidnapper out here
She be out here eating my kids
Wanna cuddle up, but her hair on the dresser
After that shit, I'ma keep that wig

You fuck with me, you gon' be mad, highkey
I'll leave you like your dad, highkey
Usher song, I got it bad, highkey
You bitch-made, you a drag, I see
Riding through the city with a blower, ha ha
Just came off a fifty city tour, ha ha
Used to be my bitch, but not no more, ha ha
Tradeline, we finna' up the score, ha ha

Gotta' get a check like I'm out here burnin'
Gotta' get the earnings, early in the mornin'
One thing 'bout the table, lil' bitch, it keep turnin'
Fire in the crib, Mississippi Burning
Drop one of mine, refund returnin'
Turn him into food if the pot keep stirrin'
You don't know enough, lil' bitch, keep learnin'
Being that broke out here is concernin'
Niggas think they camouflage, but they tankin'
GTA in real life, I play with Franklin's
Face card valid in my city, check my ranking
Niggas say they gang-gang, but they ain't in
I got two hoes with me, one's a lint licker
The booty club don't give advice, but I big tip her
Her body is a work of art, you get the big picture
Sending mixed signals off of mixed liquor

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You ready to die for that, pussy? I am
I am, so get the fuck up outta' here
Fuck you, fuck your child, nigga
I'll bury you and that motherfucker
Now what you gon' do?
I'm with it, nigga
I'm a goon

I'll blow the whole house down with a .40
Lil' bitch, don't play with the Big Bad Wolf
Feeling kinda' stingy today
Don't play with your life, lil' bitch, you can get that took
God-like, walk around with my hair like wool
Break bread, gotta' make sure everybody full
Jordan with the wizard, 'cause I ain't with the bull
Top Dawg, Great Dane, Rottweiler, Pitbull
These days I got the whole hood watching me like a bootleg DVD
These days all my diamonds dance on me like I got a PPP
Stretch the truth, you see the reach
They selling dreams, won't bring receipts
I ain't neutral but I don't compete
They flip-flop, you see defeat
It's charity, I feed the streets
I'm gon' fuck your bitch, we can be friends after
Let's keep it a thou-wow, I'm the grand master
I ain't ever saved no bitch, I'm never playing pastor
Stop saying you from LA if you from Lancaster
Propitious words, you ain't outside like the curb
You niggas is nerds, you only outside in the 'burbs, ooh
We finna' purge, since somebody gave you the nerve
You either die or you burn
Or you could live and you learn

Either die or you burn
Nigga, you lying
When it's your turn
Okay, okay, ayy
Ayy