

## Born in the Trap

## The Game

I was born in the crosshairs without a pot to piss in  
Where niggas get smoked over their Jordans and their Pippens  
Welcome to California, nah, it ain't cold as New York  
But life is a bitch out here: word to Too \$hort  
Wack as a shooter so we called him Tony Kukoc  
Gang banging had us addicted like it was Newports  
Whoever thought that it would spread like petroleum  
Now BP connect got us praying to them holy men  
Just had a daughter homie, named her Katrina  
If I raise her right, then maybe she can take over FEMA  
Spike Lee in New Orleans shooting documentaries  
The Game still in Cali eating off The Documentary  
Take em to the cemetery I mean the cemetery  
Where everybody boxed down: Refrigerator Perry

And everybody fuck up and blame it on Barack  
Cause he's just like T.I...: Born in the Trap  
And everybody fuck up and blame it on Barack  
Cause he's just like Gucci: Born in the Trap  
And everybody fuck up and blame it on Barack  
Cause he's just like Jeezy: Born in the Trap  
And every little fuck up, my gun she go "crack! "  
Cause I'm just like Outkast, born in the Trap

So what's going on with you faggots?  
And what you gonna do when your swag no longer matters?  
And your bitch ain't the baddest cause she in her mid-40s  
And your Phantom played out so you hating on the shorties  
Cause they running around like they was your age  
Fucking bitches raw cause now the world ain't got no AIDS  
Yeah, 2050 on these niggas  
Golddiggers sucked you dry left hickeys on you niggas  
I used to run around like you, run the town like you  
Walk my red nose and clown like you  
But it got old like Betty White  
This rap shit real deep like Barry White  
Reminiscing on the days I used to carry white  
Walking though them Crip hoods in the cherry Nicks  
Now I live a married life, walking in the house  
To the home-cooked meals  
Joint American Express accounts and less dollar bills

Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack  
Just like Goodie Mob, I was born in the Trap  
Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack  
But just like Luda, I was born in the Trap  
Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack  
But like Soulja Boy, I was born in the Trap  
Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack  
Take em to Shawty Lo, nigga, learn how to Trap

Shit deeper than the roof's bent  
15's drumming, Questlove in the coup fam  
Riding through Pittsburgh, Wiz got the Steelers  
Born by the jungle so I came with gorillas  
Since niggas dropping more dimes than we fuckin  
We out the hood, tryna get money like?

Splitting backboards just to get our weed stuffed in  
The crack we cookin, we don't need ovens  
We need something to put in the mouth of our kids  
Instead of copping chains, let's fly to Chile and dig  
Go to Haiti and feed to the bahamas and breathe  
On the way back, to my nigga Sean from Belize, you know  
Sometimes I feel like this rap shit is heaven sent  
Then I get a high, feel like it's irrelevant  
So I'm about to pop the trunk like an elephant  
And campaign with Wyclef while he run for president  
I'm about to pop the trunk like an elephant  
And campaign with Wyclef while he run for president  
Told you I was gonna kill this shit, Primo