Pop Trunk Wave

Trae tha Truth

(*talking*)
Yeah, they finna have a problem on this one mayn
H-Town representing, Screwed Up Click
You in here, with Trae the Truth mayn
I had to take em back, on this one
We gon throw this back for P-A-T, and DJ Screw
Mafio and Gator, it's finna go down round here
You know we just getting started, Asshole By Nature

[Trae]
They know I'm here to bring it gangsta, when I'm sitting on something glass
I'm original Screwed Up Click, I don't believe in moving fast
Catch me tipping on fo' 4's, with my trunk open and close
Them haters gon kill theyself, when I pull up in suicide do's
400 dollar loc's on my face, with diamonds in my mouth
And I'm well acquainted with Johnny, bitch I'm shining in the South
No need to watch out for jackers, say homie I'm to the good
Not only because I'm strapped, but I kept it real with the hood
So it's understood, when I pull out that block in the line
You see me rolling, with the top down
Thinking how I just got paid, pop trunk wave
Like I'm fresh out of Jack, in a drop that got sprayed

[Hook: Fat Pat - 4x]
Just-just, got paid
Pop-pop, trunk wave

[Trae]
It ain't no explaining off top, Trae fin to shine on em
If you ain't holding, move out the way while I recline on em
I tend to get reckless, whenever my trunk get to rocking
I rearrange the neighborhood, when I'm pulling up knocking
I know these haters watching, but they bet not cross the line
D-Boy two cars behind, fin to put something across your mind
We might just swang em down, and show em how we rep in Tex'
A '94 version of Pat, now who the next to plex
They ain't gon like it, when they get a taste of A.B.N.
Bubble lights, alligator insides yeah they gon hate me then
And I'm the truth, if you don't like it come and see me homie
And if you doubt it, I can make you where you believe me homie

[Hook - 4x]

[Trae]
In a wide body, and I'm sitting so thoed
Fresh set of glass, so I'm hogging up the road
Diamonds on the wood, definition of gripping grain
So I threw in a throwback Screw, and let that motherfucker bang
I'm in a zone I boss when I floss, riding for the set
And this paint that you see on this whip, is classified as wet
And I bet that you gon respect it, 'fore it damage ya mayn
Cause running off at the mouth, will get your car ran dead out the lane
And that's the bidness mayn, better respect a G 'fore he click
And I dropped the top the same time, I dropped the kit
And for the hate, I still swang and I swang and I swang to the left
Pop my trunk, yep-yep-yep-yeeep

[Hook – 16x]

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