

All Good

Trae

I, uh, I hold them chandaliers in the trap boy
Uh, Double M, Trae what up

Me against the world, got it from the bottom
Now I'm on my own shit, they wasn't on shit

I'm giving em tec, til it knock the king of it back
Stable or something I'm not you better not think too attached
No feelings to catch, dreams get cut, better relax
No vacation, like get you packed ain't never teaching, it's fact
I was in a state of mind of somebody who in a trip
I wanted a piece of a Peace of mind, but it got up and dipped
Minus the whip I hope the bitch crazy she end where she deserve it
You go to my nurse, so you... minus the surgeon
In this demonstration... no words I'm spazzing
Hear the kick in for the river and that's nothing you has been
For everything they ever done my heart colder than aspen
While they wake up, I barely sleep overdosing on aspirine
Sick of people stopping and knocking, but still they jock when it's popping
The type to work for it's own, they go to pocket and rock it
Right off in traffic I'm hoping, that hatred up for adoption
Bout to be relocated, play with me it can't be no option

Me against the world but I still won't quit
Got it from the bottom so it's been a long trip
I had a lot of niggas, now I'm on my own shit
Had a few hoes but they wasn't on shit
They know I had a lot of wins, a couple L's
The money come, it never fails, they know it's all good
When the money gone, you see the real, they switching up
It never fails, but still it's all good

Never ran from the opposition
Every opportunity I get to bomb, I'm a bomb on them pussy nigga
If you count pockets niggas better watch mine
Get money, get pussy, let my watch shine
Six figures for the show nigga, get fifty for the after party
And that's for the lil nigga
You better hold them to your hold nigga, fast money running rapping
Now she running with a dope nigga
Two-door Rolls Royce nigga, you man make it famous I just... boy
Still text your old lady boy, she hit back everytime you land up in your lazy boy
Strip club, back... pour it up, peep the weakness... I had to sew it up
Yeah, I had to sew it up
Get money, where you from nigga? Throw it up

Me against the world that's apparent to me
Okay my momma she ain't wanna be a parent to me
So I'm standing on the corner smoking marijuana
Tryna get the package out to Carolina
They ain't bout the dinosaurs in the dope game, looking for the doors to the room full of cocaine
All I ever dreamed, was a beamer and a girl of the cover of a magazine
Extended magazine, on a chopper and a Glock forty and a mini fourteen
Fully automatic, let the motherfucker have it
Bet they paralyze him if they missing no busting cabbage

I'm from Atlanta the real one, the place where you ain't gotta start a culture, steal one
Yeah, from where you can be the man til you kill one
And a bird ain't shit, until you deal one
Bankroll Mafia