

# Bitch I'm From Texas

Trae

Yeah,  
Kno' I'm talkin 'bout  
You ain't shit if you ain't screwed up, for real

Houston, Texas home of DJ screw  
You say kno' I'm saying and what it do  
And if a nigga don't like it tell them bitches I rep Texas  
Topless in this SLAB I come through  
Elbows and Vouges, and expensive clothes  
Candy paint our cars, big booties on our hoes  
Got dollars in our mouth, still representing the south  
With the trunk up bitch, I'm swanging fo's  
I sip codeine out the Styrofoam  
20-17 is the kind of grind I'm on  
I ain't never love a bitch, so I ride alone  
Probably why them niggas ain't on the kinda shine I'm on  
Big duty trucks with the big grills  
And the Cadillacs with the fifth wheel  
We from the hood and we keep steel  
If you try to jack you gonna get killed

I don't wear my britches tight I wear them loose  
Adjuventantly for all my footwear homie I got too many shoes  
I'm the man in my city tell them niggas I won't lose  
For Fat Pat and my nigga HAWK we still gone chunk the deuce

Find me in the hood in the city that I claim  
Moving slow like the music that I best screw screwed up  
Bitch I'm from Texas, yeah bitch I'm from Texas  
Bitch I'm from Texas, yeah bitch I'm from Texas  
Glass glass underneath beat beat my blunt  
Pop pop my jewel, chain chain full of rocks  
Bitch I'm from Texas, yeah bitch I'm from Texas  
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You can find me in HOUSTON, riding in  
Candy dream on pocket rim with a team and her friends  
Traw Tha Truth ridin' right behind  
Two cups full and I'm on my grind  
Talking dime respect my mind  
I saw you boys how Texas get down  
Rolex time, top let back  
All my nuts 'cause I got that sack  
Papered up to the roof is stack  
Hoes when I hate but I don't need jack  
Wear this money that's what I meant  
That Texas grind is all I know  
Bang and screw and drinking big mow  
And space and getting that dough bro

Outside where the boss ride  
Every day I go play outside  
Leaving them haters my wide  
Can't beat em now when they see me slide  
Through the hood like I live there  
Shit I got a few cribs there  
I'm a G still cheer there

We barbecue and 'em ribs there  
Smoke blunts and sip punch like it's lunch  
Every day we do it listening to never Texas music  
Heard that match for that good fluent  
Find me in the hood in the city I claim  
Everybody down in H Town know who we main  
It ain't the choice I can't change  
I'm a rip it out like I gang bang

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I got a bad ass bitch parked outside  
Yellow diamond my wrist if it's dark outside  
Put a little bitch then I catch ghosts  
Just a little kid from the ghetto  
Never had shit but I got a little bit  
When I got a couple hits under his belt  
So the H truck, nigga I ain't tryna belchin' in  
Ain't got a whole lot of money but I rob the money  
I sip a whole lot of drink but I thug that money  
Daddy was cool but it can't tell me nothing, no  
Everybody take a nigga locked up  
Done curko done he blew up  
From the H Town worldwide nigga what's up

I'm from holdout the Texas let's get that straight off the top  
That's where the hustling and the grindin and the hatin don't stop  
On west side to the east we are hit ducking the cop  
Hey coming down candy painted on their motherfuckin chops  
It's the land of the trill that's where the whole thing came from  
And it ain't just a word of where the rapper get his name from  
It's a way of life and we live it to the fullest  
4 years we represented and with blood sweat and bullets  
Bitch, I'm from Texas

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