

Couple Grand

Trae

A couple grand, price tag on your head - leave you layin where you stand
A couple grand, price tag on your head - on your head, on your head
A couple grand, price tag on your head - price tag on your head
A couple grand, price tag on your head - leave you layin where you stand

Watch him die slow, then his eyes roll (uhh)
in the back of his head, now his body cold (uhh)
a couple grand, a couple shots
couple drip drops, now your leakin won't stop
bitch I'm the man just ask Block
shots rang out, you could hear 'em for a couple blocks (*gun firing*)
bitch what's my name, call me Yung Joc
I got a great aim all I need is one shot
everybody talkin in my nieghborhood (maaan)
I got great lawyers cause my paper good (yeah)
leave your body riddled, wheezin and coughin
here your body lye, box five in monica coffin
you fuck with mine, I'll cross ya life line
I'm a graffiti artist, paint chalk outlines
and the worst part (what it is) - is I'm not a coward
visit your wait and give your momma dead flowers

Yeah Joc I got this one for ya homie
let me get at this bitch, Assholes By Nature

I been sittin a second, but now I'm back for the drama
so tell that pussy nigga, he headed for trauma
you'd rather slap ya momma, 'fore you come fuckin with Trae
homie I'm 'Tha Truth' and I get in that ass with no delay
penitentaries, to cities, and ghettos I got it locked
I'm ABN go check the trunk (*schreeching tires*) I bet I'm fully stocked
I'm so deep in the streets - I started and ain't never gon'stop
and fuck a bitch, ya'll make sure ya'll rotate in the box
it ain't no greetin through the lines, I spitt it clear as day
niggas gay, plus it's understood you get it - how you play
I call the shots around my way, I'm that nigga in charge
and fuck the talk, you better see me with an entourage

This is not a movie (cut) - no re runs
all sells final, no refunds
once I make the payment, the hits out
I'm not Jeezy - I ain't swappin shit out (that's right)
first I tell 'em (what you tell 'em?) - where I want it done (where you want
it?)
in the back yard, right in front of his son (*screaming*)
then I tell 'em (what you tell 'em) - where to drop him off
in the Chattahoochie with his dick chopped off (damn)
yeah it sounds harsh, but it's well deserved
feed his ass to the sharks, for Our'dueuvres
no remorse, no pity
this could happen to you in New Joc City

Before the day I want this bitch knocked the fuck off the globe
while I'm posted inside my crib, in a Hoover blue robe
it's Lil'Boss, I send my villans to seek an elobe
dumpin a few, makin these niggas hop fences like toads
better practice what they be preechin when fuckin with me

I introduce yo'ass to hell when fuckin with me
I got some niggas that'll go do the job for free
you lose yo'life when tryna mob in the streets like me
any action you niggas takin need to discipline
you bangin with a Hoover gang criminal, bitch you listenin (ya heard me)
price tag on your head, rice bag for the lead
bitch niggas gon'get it the right way, cause it's a code red

I gotta couple grand for any nigga that want it
you shouldn't have started, now you done got me up on it
see I got niggas from the West, all the way to fifth ward
I'm Hoover crippin, I got Blood's and B.D's in my squad
it's Jay'Ton nigga and now I'm set trippin
it's A.B.N you better chill before you come up missin
they call me Tarzan bitch cause I run with guerillas
I'm certified my older brother Dinkie was a killer
I'm Slow Loud to the Bang, and I bang to the left
you violate me and I swear I'm gon'bang to the death (BOW)
and it's a damn shame, but I'm playin it dirty
I'm barely twenty, fuck nigga you damn near out ya thirties

I gotta couple killers, down in pre - trial
put glass in your food, you shit - your guts leak out
the sheriff call your mother and she freak out (*crying*)
got her hittin member up, got him on speed dial
ooh it ain't nothin, but a call away
come home find, your baby sister in the hallway
9 - 1 - 1, but it's too late
she lookin like a maxi pad, bleedin through the duct tape