

## 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  
penitentiaries, 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