

# Down on Me

Trae

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Looking for the sun, I was stuck in the rain (Rain)  
People hangin' with me tryna run up the fame  
Devil too close, tryna run up the pain (Pain)  
Sick of these niggas tryna fuck up the name  
Lookin' for the GOAT, I'm one of the names (Names)  
It been a long ride, I'd run up the frame  
No tellin' where I'm headed next, I'm in my lane (Lane)  
Thinking it was love probably what got me strained (Strained)  
Every time I make it out, I pray I make it back (Make it back)  
On defense, felt like I was playing Shaq  
Hell of a life, I'm wishin' I could play it back  
I'm in the hood, I was hoppin' out Maybach  
Couple day ones switched up, day two  
Bad moves, swear to God, wish they knew  
They need to take time, let it play through  
They can kick rocks, we ain't gotta play it cool  
I be doing me, thinkin' was realer, nigga, who it be?  
Yeah, you can say whatever, you ain't fooling me  
Lookin' at the way you play it, it was new to me  
Everybody go to switchin' when it come to bread  
Why they in the same spot? Can't get ahead  
I ain't never been a follower, they ever lead?  
Did it all from the heart, but they never see it (Never see it)

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Oh-oh (Gotta get better, though)  
That's all I'm really tryna do, you know?  
Day to day shit  
Gotta get better, though

When I think of Pac, I see Bishop  
Got it out the pot, now the socks is Givenchy  
This for civil rights, day the public tried to lynch me  
Only when I'm gone will they miss me, quickly (Quick)  
I'm out of niggas faces (Faces)  
On a chase on a day to day basis (Every day)  
When they foul, it be flagrant  
I'm achin' enough to make 'em question if I'm down with a mason (Oh no)  
I feel amazin' (Amazin')  
'98 Lincoln, it was all blue (All blue)  
Beige leather seats with the dice in it (Dice in the middle)  
Cuzzo cookin' with his mama, dinner pot (Uh)  
Not surprised if a little bit of rice in it (Rah)  
Young nigga with a G.I. Joe, that's D.I. blow, I felt it when the heat got c  
lose (Yeah)  
King, I smoke the best, that's on E Dot coast  
Read our oath, he crossed it, then he got loaded (Crossed)  
Chicas know, often wanna see my growth

He ain't learnin' on his own, nigga, he got coached (Coached)  
We got paid, spent it, then we got broke (Broke)  
We got smoke, Biggie song, we got coke  
Is somebody really watchin' everything I post? (Everything)  
He got shows, he handsome, so he got hoes  
That's what he think, tell 'em work it out like Blink (Work it out)  
I get chills when I think 'bout Chinx (Uh)  
I get mad when I think 'bout Nip  
I got bags with the Goyard print, a hundred bags in my auntie's sink  
Broke 'em down and supply it, designer from the ground to the sky  
Kings with the crown usually die (Usually)  
Eleven years old, I seen a grown man cry  
Couldn't understand it, I ain't really know why  
Teddy bears and candles on the pavement  
Knockin' Trae shit, hustle on the day shift (Every day)  
To the graveyard, it don't really make sense (At all)  
Last week, you had a dime, but like eight spent (Eight)  
You done forgot that you gotta pay rent (Forgot)  
Waking up to a bottle, you getting wasted  
Forty-six, playing Grand Theft Auto all day 'til you wasted, you always comp  
lainin' (Always)  
How you not a rap nigga, but you wanna rap? (You a rapper)  
I don't wanna give you dap, I don't wanna chat  
Most niggas sayin' "facts," it be all cap (Lyin')  
And you too, but your gat, but it's all rap  
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Niggas be lyin', probably only sick of my time (Time)  
Been on my grind, why the fuck you watchin' for mine? (Mine)  
They out of line, I know they only hatin' my shine (Shine)  
They out they mind, they know I back it up like a spine (Spine)  
Niggas secure, so please don't make me jump out of mine (Mine)  
Fuck is they tryin'? They ain't got no hustle, they cryin' (Cryin')  
Get hit with the bell, finna go the fuck up the rhyme (Rhyme)  
Everything on, we really give a fuck 'bout a sign (Sign)  
We don't stop, if this shit get to poppin', I'm in the field (In the field)  
I get to aimin', I'm goin' in for the kill  
I get to steppin' on somethin' like it's a scale (Scale)  
A thousand with it, I'm tryna make it a mil'  
Come to trippin', I'ma put 'em in a light (Light)  
Nigga, real life, we don't do it for the likes (Likes)  
Rule number one, never get caught up in hype (Hype)  
Don't compare me to none of these niggas, we nothin' alike (No)  
I'ma keep it ten toes 'til they put me in the casket  
Life got me heated, probably finna blow a gasket  
Went and got the torch, knowin' nobody would pass  
Made it through the struggle, but they prayin' I don't last it

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