

# Fighting Words

Trae

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What you talking 'bout hoe?  
Who you talking to, nigga?  
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You're an old nigga in a old school  
I got new money and an old tube  
OG's look when I roll through  
Fuck niggas ain't beef, they tofu  
I'm so cool, got a crew of hoes  
And no booze and sushi roll,  
Right after that, we hit it back  
To the condo where, eat coochie hoe  
I'm stupid hoe, run through the hoe  
You dream about it, I do it hoe  
Ass fat, they beautiful  
Throwing my stack 20's they good to go  
Niggas don't fear me, they shoot it though  
And they can't hear me, they would though  
If they was up on my plateau  
But I'm whacko, beat that hoe  
All they claiming my set  
I ain't claiming no seat  
All I be needing my rep  
Hoe what you know about that  
These niggas steady be capping  
Meanwhile I flips  
Chasing after that check  
Ho if you ain't talkin' 'bout that

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Got a rocket in the club and ain't afraid to pop it  
Nigga run your lip I put that barrel to your sockets  
Haters out here hating cause that flexing never stopping  
Keep that blue dream in my bong and that hash for the toppings  
That niggas all stay on me, so homie don't play with me  
I keep them bills, I keep that lean, I keep a AK with me  
A real street nigga, catch me in the streets nigga  
Got something to hit your chest hard  
And I ain't talking liquor  
Don't diss no nigga fuck rapping  
Nigga talk that shit I'm blasting  
That .44 to your face bitch, it's gonna be a closed casket  
Your whole life is a storyline  
You ain't gangsters, you niggas lie  
Make nice 'cause you like the violent type  
Turn this club into the columbine

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Get the fuck out in this building  
Ass hole, fuck what you feeling  
Feel the 48 my wrist cause I'm killing  
Petty nigga run they mouth and I'm stealing  
Then I hurry a couple of niggas feel it  
When I jump out the sofa but no ceiling  
With a bitch in the back on that fuck shit  
I beat it up you can tell it wouldn't heal it  
You don't like me, what the fuck is you talking  
You can tell I'm a problem bitch it's whatever  
You and your people, anybody you care  
I don't give a fuck you won't get it together  
I lean on a motherfucker like I was sipping  
All on a nigga ass like a nigga who tripping  
When you walk up out the head you will be leaking or dripping  
You the T's get movin' now you're somewhere flippin'  
You wanna take it down then you get this cake  
Get the whole pocket knock the fuck out my way  
Any nigga don't like it you can tell him it's Trae  
So my dick bitch gon say that's spray  
Nigga you's a bitch and everything about you

Point your ass out but the fuck they spite you  
Got a couple niggas that would knock the life up out you  
If you lookin' for a fight then and worse bitch I gotcha

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