

Grey Cassette

Trae

Pop In Your Grey Cassette
Turn Up Your Fuckin' Deck
Lend Me Your Ear Because The Southside Finna Wreck
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Pop in your Grey Cassette
Turn up your fuckin' deck
Lend me yo ear cause Trae Tha Truth is on the way to win
Now what'cha know about that if you don't know much I guarentee you finna know about the?
So ya see me pulling up in a betty ol' slut, head down with a swag that'll fuck up the whole world
I'm back again, fresh out of beating a dude up (Mike Jones)
Too many wanna be gangsta, fuckin' my mood up
I probably wanna clique that's red black and blued up
If it's going down, I bet'cha get screwed up
Ya to dead to the King Of The Streets lil homie slow it down, I ain't really try'na move fast
My old school got me looking like a OG, everybody looking at me like they never seen glass
I'm the leader of the A.B.N. representers
And a gutta when these rappin' niggas never inna
Ya better get up out the game if you a beginner
Somebody finna get robbed if I ain't a winner
First bitch caught slippin' a running a binner
I wanna win it like I'm here finna get back
Trunk up by the fist will sit back
Leaving through the hood like I'm going off a six pack
Real talk I am the H
And tell them niggas I'm a fan of hatred
Probably hate mo ways you see a bitch with a classic shape
Trunk beatin' like it masturbate
I got a couple niggas mad, tell them I ain't finna pass the plate
I finna know that they ass is fake
So tell them goin' give it up, I ain't finna pass the mic for shit
And I ain't leaving till this bastard pray

It's Bun B the Trill G
Downsouth we still be bangin' Robert Davis on the regular
Ya feel me, I pop my trunk then pop it in (pop it in)
My top I droppin' in (droppin' in)
I'm a sit sideways, then ride my blazers chop it in
I pull up in yo hood, I roll up on your set
You know my dows is butterfly, my candy paint is wet
My leather seats are stitch and tuck and this for my lady
She sitting chromy on the grill so everything is gravy
P.A.T. I'm reppin' it, Air Jordans I'm steppin' for warfare
I been prepping so know that I gots my weapon
I'm ready for regulating, steady you boys been hating
It's our time to shine, we on the grind and we been waiting
To do this for the pimp and the rest of the fallen
Soliders we goin hold you down wheter we ballin'
Or we poor pimpin' it's never no sippin'
And if you reppin' southside then it will be no trippin'
When ya

Pop it in, nigga
It's the legend
Don Ke
In ya Grey Cassette
Representin' southside
Hustle U.S.A., 713

Pop in ya Grey Cassette
S.U.C., known to wreck
Underground street legend never seen a?
Four-fifteens, liquid screens, bangin' out my music deck
Tilt the grain, change the lane, homie I ain't finished yet
Houston, Texas pourin' on, shining like the morning sun
Fuck these niggas talking bout, it's Trae Tha Truth and Ke Da Don
Automatic rise nothing semi all fully
I get'cha good and keep it hood just ride and listen to me
Representin' southside
Tell em keep they mouth wide
Leather it's cassette grey
Navy on the outside
Losers out here never win
Tell me who they better than
Slidin' up the slab got a screw tape, nigga pop it in
Money coming through this way
Hustle Town U.S.A.
South Park, Sunnyside, Southwest all day
Do it all that last year
Fuck another bad year
My whole swag full grown
Lend me ya strong ear