

Had Enough

Trae

I been repping and running the block, since the age of my youth
A gangsta guerilla go-getter, certified as a troop
I done had it with niggaz, the only thing that I'm bringing is plex
Got me feeling like Kobe Bryant, dumping off eight repping the West
Get off of me homie, cause I've been known to click on the cool
I'm a damn fool, and ain't no games fin to be played with the tool
I'm sick, and I bet you niggaz just don't want it with Trae
Cause if I pull it I'ma spray, and put a slug in your vertebrae
Maabing you bitch niggaz, better get out the zone
Or else you fin to see me make my slugs, get out the chrome
When that Mack get to spitting, you gon get out your home
I'm sick of telling you bitch niggaz, to get the fuck on
I mean it, you motherfuckers better play your positions
Respect the code of the streets, before your bitch ass be missing
Or slid up under some'ing swoll up, and blacked out
Better give me fifty feet, 'fore I make your lights out

I done had enough, of you niggaz
Eyes wide open, I ain't trusting you niggaz
Me and Lil' Trae, bout to bust on you niggaz
Prepare for the worst of the worst, when I'm rushing you niggaz
(I done had enough, of you niggaz
Eyes wide open, never trusting you niggaz
Me and Mack Biggers, bout to bust on you niggaz
Load the clip finna trip when I'm rushing you niggaz, had enough of you
niggaz)

I done had enough of you fake cats, faking the Maab
Now I plan on taking your job, or breaking you off
Taking the chips and breaking your jaw, flaming your car
With cop killers, when invading your yard
That's just a taste of the Maab, Mack Biggers was shot but I saved the bomb
And when I squeeze, only Jesus can save you boy
Now what y'all know, about banging and rob
Or going state to state, slanging it raw
See me I play no games, and say no names
And I'm sick and tired of you niggaz, that play hoe games
Y'all so close to being dames, so if I say your name
Best believed it's a bullet aiming, at your brain
From the streets to the Penn, nigga respect my gangsta
Even when I'm draped in flames, with the best of the bangers
And only cop killers, rest in the chamber
I done had enough of you niggaz, see y'all messing with danger

I'm sick of you niggaz, you bout to get me back in the stage
Of whipping a nigga ass to the flo', and dumping slugs out the gauge
Why these niggaz don't understand, that it be real in the field
Disrespecting my gangsta ways, will be enough to get you killed
I got killas on every corner, guerillas ready to mob
If you try me thinking I'm playing, I bet I'll get to the job
You walking a thin line, old cake ass nigga
Plus I had it up to here, with all you fake ass niggaz

What y'all know about Mack Biggers, and Trae the Guerilla Maab
And the Planet of the Apes, invading the planet of the fakes
Bout to test a nigga stamina, with a K
Bound to catch a slug dog, if you standing in the way

We could do it for my nigga Charge, or we can do it for Dinkie
Regardless of the fact, we gon leave you nigga stinking
And if you survive the ride, we gon leave you niggaz thinking
Whenever we around dog, it's best you stop blinking