

I Got 'em

Trae

Headshot a fuck nigga off the reel
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If it's drama I got it I got it I got it
I he want it I got it I got it I got it
Tell that nigga I got it I got it I got it
If he trippin' I got it I got it I got it

I ball, shot fire, Klaiko been down
Hundred rounds, stand down
This the G south, we don't play around
Come around I don't say shit
Mormon signs of that case speak
This Rolls Royce got a pink slip
It's 15 on that G shit
It's 16 on that G shit
17 on that murk shit
My young nigga on big shit
Them 4-5'rs my sidekick
Klaiko's my capital
Big rims, gold teeth
That country boy attitude
Don't make us to dodge moves after you
Caught 'em caught 'em caught 'em slippin' at the red light
Run that chain, run that ice before you lose your life
Car jackings, home invasions and some more cells
Loyalty of the royalty in this part I trust

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I pull up holding this choppa, bitch
If you at your place, you better get back in it
Cause the way I'm feelin' I might drop your bitch
If you wanna be pussy I'm gonna jump up it
In the black Phantom tinted and I fuck 'em
If a nigga run up on me better hang on duck 'em
Better have a bunch of niggas with a hell of a jaw
I'm a beat 'em the fuck up then bitch I'm bustin'
Gotta FM loaded up inside these jacket
The round 10 clips, only way I pack it
If I let them hoes fly you better be actin'
Get throw'd motherfucker I ain't shootin' for practice
They got drug money by the book or the mattress
If their heads wanted beef I'm a sell out my package
I'm the king of the streets, in the hood I'm a saint
I'm a send another nigga, fuck a nigga with them
I'm just lookin' for the right, I'm that nigga

You 'bout that life, how the fuck you figured?
Yea bitch who strapped up? My shit bigger
This message directed let no Twitter
I've never seen shots like a bitch who domin'
All black on a motherfucker and I roll it
Shout out to them navy seals with the shit I'm on
It all too work out, yea bitch I'm tonin'

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