

# I'm Good

Trae

G'eah, ha ha hey real shit let's go  
J-O-D-Y, AKA the Young Gunner, Gunner  
AKA the Best Kept Secret though, what it do  
Ha ha yeah, A-Town to H-Town real shit  
Real life Trae haha, Asshole By Nature nigga  
Listen, talk to em from the hood nigga

I know they hating on us, but the streets is anxious  
They waiting on us, we really gangstas  
Niggaz wanna eat, but they don't know the basics  
Keep getting caught, with the fed cases  
Fuck rap stay strapped, stacks in the mattresses  
Fuck hoes stay strapped, these hoes actresses  
I don't see, how some of you niggaz have the audasity  
To play hard, when you sweet as a dacquorie  
I hop's off in the rapping, already mastered it  
But I'm no rapper though, my aim is accurate  
I'm from a trap, where they turn coke into crack mayn  
I'm from a block where they riding through, it's black lanes  
We could face off, blow your face off  
Two of the realest, Jody Breeze and Trae dog  
We too breezy for the gutter, niggaz in the struggle  
Trying to make a living, try not to kill eachother

Lord knows, it's hard out here  
Niggaz is fraud, out here  
These streets is scarred, out here  
I know, but see I'm good dog

I promise I never would change, these niggaz turn shady  
Just as quick as they slipping up out your range, and play like it's gravy  
Lately they egos fit in with they pride, cause I been on my mission  
They know that I'm well on my way and they would of been too, but fuck em th  
ey ass is missing  
Why they want me right back in the zone, nigga this shit ain't done for play  
But this a lesson learned, you get damaged fucking with Trae  
Snitches talking like it's a reason, that I'm never understanding  
I guess cause some of these niggaz out here, never grew up to be a man  
But see it's good now, I made my position to help the hood now  
Get rid of fuck ass niggaz, oh yeah I'm up on how I should now  
Homies I use to love hate me, but swear that it's all good now  
They envy got me strapped, just in case I misunderstood now  
Me and Breeze at ease, hoe niggaz don't get too close to us  
We provided by the streets, so the ghetto gon' have a toast to us  
And this is how it sounds, when them niggaz we know be out of line  
Homie I'm the truth, and I ain't hard to find

Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah, I'm good  
Uh I'm good-good uh, you niggaz try to snitch on me  
But I'm good uh, you thought you had me down yeah  
I'm good uh, yeeeeah

I know (I know), they fraud (they fraud)  
It's ok (it's ok), cause bitch I'm good -