

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 audacity
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, yeeeah

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