

## I'm On 2.0

Trae

Return of the mack  
You know that I'll be back  
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Today is the day I get out on my feet  
Remove them chains, they shackled on me  
Press my luck, stop fucking with them hoe in the club  
Cause the same motherfuckers are the ones that got me stuck  
Tryna use me up 'til my tank on E  
Then leave me stranded, scrambling in these streets  
For a dollar a day until my pockets is straight  
Soon as you move out the hood them niggas holla ya fake  
Make 'em swallow the base from the sugar  
I'd rather be a dead man than a nigga  
I'd rather roam chrome rims than swisha  
I gotta make moves, I can't hang with ya  
They used to be the fly shit back in '95  
But now I want a crib and a car I can drive  
And ain't nobody out there help me cause I'm grown  
Gotta leave them childish games alone  
Nigga I'm on

I'm in the hood still praying for a piece of fate  
I know he on his way I'm hoping he don't make it late  
I'm up the bat, I just hope I make it to the plate  
I'm Babe Truth you can tell 'em I'm one of the greats  
Used to shoot for the stars now my aim lie  
I'm the truth nigga something that your name not  
A thousand watts ain't a thing that I can't shine  
It ain't a wrist or a chain that I can rock  
Tell 'em I'm on something like city lights  
I used to be out they sights, tinted like city nights  
Now a nigga be city to city on plenty flights  
You can tell 'em I put on for my city in plenty fights  
Tell 'em I ain't gon lose they heated like I'm a  
I'm bout to throw 'em in this drop with no ceilings  
So I can fail 'em?  
Pull up on the bike same colour as the Phantom  
And jump out on haters just to tell 'em I couldn't stand 'em

I'm on top of my game yo, the OG  
Grand daddy kush, cocaine flow  
I'm about that Cash not that Tango  
Head shots, dump a whole clip in ya Kangol  
Claim to be a real nigga we know you ain't though  
I be in the hood, all the places you can't go  
Visuals, you can see the pictures I paint yo  
Residuals, I just put it all in the bank yo, it's pitiful  
Hoes only after your bankroll  
Stay off the phone, watch out for the plain clothes  
Yeah I rep my set, I ain't in the gang though  
I protect my neck I carry the thing yo  
I'm on the same shit that the boss is on  
Do it for those in the feds, up north or gone  
I'm on a winning streak. I done got my losses on  
It's ironic cause even when I'm off I'm on

Yeha I'm on

I'm on

I'm on

I'm on

I'm 'bout to cop the Porsche  
Eternally grateful for the support  
Made the cover of The Source  
Flashback to the ports the city of no remorse  
Where they shooting back and forth like they playing horse  
May the force be with you, bullet hit you  
You bleed and I bleed with you  
Mama please when you greave damn I greave with you  
This a preview I see you in the summer  
My new shit dumber, I'm on

Life at the bottom is devastating  
You're hardly ever debated  
The party is obligated  
By suckers that wanna be you  
And never live with in matrix  
And never ever related to struggle and dedication  
Your hustle is nominated  
Anonymous then you faded  
The promises that a victory lap you surely awaited  
They vomited everytime that a rapper's annihilated  
Just wish them happy belated  
Fuck you I made it, I'm on

Tokyo, Amsterdam, Denver to LA  
Minutes turn to hours and hours to pay  
The days turn to nights but the nights never change  
It's funny how "time is money" used to be a turn of phrase  
But now it's company policy  
I'm no spokesperson, no tricks, no gimmicks, no coercing?  
And they say Bob man it's good to have you back  
But I say, I've been here, where the fuck have yall been at?

Thinking how Pac lived at 22 thats '93  
I was four now I'm 22 on tour  
One two shots of my life, barely hold on  
But I'm drawn to this feeling of adrenaline  
With mic's on, lights on, And they gon' applaud  
Young nigga, Versace, young nigga they never seen before  
And they gon watch me, wanna copy shit that I got on  
I'm too fly, I ain't got a flaw  
Tell the law we above the law  
God bless Amen, every lost soul  
And the group so good went solo  
Globe trotting, now I'm blowing up like an afro  
Nigga thought you knew what I do  
Rolling through ya area, double RR coupe  
Penthouse level, now we only party on the roof  
Bitch I'm a rebel so I move how I wanna move  
Last King YMCMB

Used to run around the hood picking honeys up  
Now I'm doing shows around the world picking money up  
Used to be slept on like a pillow  
Went from trapping in a rental to rapping on instrumentals  
Now its money in my mental  
And women get sentimental huh

It's cause the flow is sweet as a pack of skittles nah  
Yellow, gold, yellow diamonds in the middle nah  
Stand up nigga, I was never known to sit down

When the world spins around and around on its axis  
Boys flip from town to town with the package  
Stuffing bills and pounds and browns in a mattress  
Sending clowns underground for practice  
The fact is everybody wanna be the king with the crown  
But never in the battle when the drama goes down  
Easy to be the boss from behind the wall  
But be gon see who really goes down when it's time to brawl  
Cause you gotta be careful of the image you portraying  
You gotta show love to where you from all day  
And when the going gets rough  
Don't get to going, get to staying  
Put it down for your people  
Know the land know what I'm saying

I'm on  
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