

I'm On 3.0

Trae

They say three times the charm, huh? I got ya

Yeah, all gas, fast, livin' like somethin' was speedin'
Ashy to classy, now I bless 'em like someone who sneezin'
I'm only here to give 'em pressure, bitch, picture me squeezin'
Against the world like I was Pac, wasn't nobody believin'
Nothin' deceivin', know the truth, what the fuck you was needin'?
Gather this evenin' for the one, reputation was steamin'
Vision me gleamin' from the mud, ain't no point in you cleanin'
I'm motivation for the ones who nobody was feedin'
Automatic still give 'em the same kick
Started the sideline, now I'm starrin' in game 6
Spit and make 'em replay it like they're stuck on the same disc
Work, I give 'em new, never stretchin' the same brick
Never the same chick, yeah I'm still on that same shit
Cop me a new spot, tryna see where the plane fits
Picture me with a crown, next to that where my name sits
Galaxy in the ceilin' just to show 'em what fame gets

In the heart of the jungle walkin' through the fire
You beat the charge if you show up with an alibi
Runnin' wild in the city, no direction
All we know is get that dough, run up the checks and
I'm self-made, wasn't made for the military
Get paid, dodge jail and the cemetery
You better reach for the stars, take your best shot
You let them haters kill your dream, your ass be assed out, forreal

Fill a Backwood with three nicks
V6, cut the coke, remix
Squeeze clips if ever we hear that he snitched
I'm allergic to broke niggas in the precinct
Found out my man was hatin' and we ain't speak since
Barney's, Nord's can't add up the paper we spent
Tryna get drunk, I'm tokin', I got a P bent
I touched a million, ain't sleep since, on defense

Freedom got me feelin' like I flown up
Out of prison, I ain't think that I was blowin' up
Bunch of young rich niggas home, Rollies up
Run up on us, watch how quick I'll lift the toaster up
Money got me feelin' like you can't control us
Servin', watchin' out for the patrollers
We used to play the game, play on your controllers
Seen niggas get killed, heart froze up
Picked up them choppas, got to go and duck
Shootin' everything up, it ain't no ho in us
Shit ain't even last, free bro and them
In Chicago I'm home, that's on foe and them
Now I'm thinkin' right 'cause I see I can make it
Started, fam strugglin', I couldn't take it
You got it out the mud, I got it out the pavement
I used to miss payments, got the title, dare you try to take it

Triple OG
Never without vision or livin' goal-free
Never writ it though

I've been out gettin' this since '03
Every little red cent and every dividend
Has been counted and acquired
Been legit, legal and been with the code
I'm colder than December in the winter cold
Look, I've been out givin' canned goods and clothes
To the children on 34th, real nigga, ugh

I could put you on like socks
Put you on like my watch
Put you on the block, you can get that off
Put you on the right lot, you can get that coke
Put you on like a fitted
Put you on in my city
Got the stars in the ceilin', that's the Wraith
Got the top in the trunk, that's a don
I could give it to a nigga either way 'cause I'm on, L

I'm on, I'm on
I'm on, I'm on
I'm on, I'm on
I'm on, yeah

Wakin' up, feelin' good, rollin' through the neighborhood
Do or die, every day, I lead 'em in a different way
I don't take no mess, get it off of my chest
I'ma be dressed to impress, no stress, fresh
Off the east side, Trae called me up and said
"Unc I'ma need you on the b-side"
So I came through, ah, mic checked, one-two, uh
Gettin' real funky, kinda smell like manure
Eight cars, eight stars
Return of the mack with these hot eight bars
Flip through it, dip through it
This is the shit that'll make you get to it
Break down, give it up, pour it up
Now drink it up, roll it up
Light it up, how you feel, y'all?
See you in high definition with a mothafuckin' real Dogg

And every day I'm on
And if I wasn't, then why would I say I'm on?
Get an M and get low, that's the Dre I'm on
Get a B in blue, that's the Jay I'm on
They on sidelines watchin' what play I'm on
I call a audible, that's what a baller do
They keep askin' me, is there more to do?
Well ain't water wet? Well then it's more to get
To my shorty's set, and his shorty's set
This game ain't over, it's more quarters left
I gotta rep my city, do it for the set
I gotta talk my shit until I'm short of breath
'Cause the world is full of niggas tryna off your on switch
Tryna find a place that your coffin gon' fit
Me and my niggas on some confidente shit
And we ain't really feelin' that off and on shit, I'm on

Maybach Music
Chasin' paper, starin' out the casket
Was a stunna 'til they froze all the assets
Killers at your neck 'til you cut a check
You talkin' 'bout the money, nigga, where it's at?
Cars for my dogs, do it for the cause

Right back here tomorrow, nigga, inshallah
Prayin' on my knees, do it for the keep
Do it for the team, or I'ma let it be

Chamilitary mane
They thought I was done, but really I ain't even stress it
Just look at all the dough I got invested
Two years and two billion dollar exits
And now your relevance ain't lookin' that impressive (it ain't)
So glad we ain't gotta chase relevance
And I would like to thank the dead presidents
For not livin' forever-ever, forever-ever
For all of them that passed, I've been gettin' paid ever since
Be okay, still paid, still stackin' it
We gon' stay, courtside, that's accurate
We gon' take the White House and get back in it
They tried to turn us in to the villains like Colin Kaepernick
But it's okay, Gotham City needs savin'
You'll fight back but I'ma shock 'em like Raiden
I don't fold, I don't quit and don't cave in
Your worst nightmare, Freddy Krueger, Wes Craven

I'm on, I'm on
I'm on, I'm on
I'm on, I'm on
I'm on, yeah

And I don't think he really needs any coachin'
The weather's gettin' hot, Eazy Season approachin'
Came up and everybody sees the devotion
I put the work in, I cause a commotion
Whenever I'm in public, modern-day Elvis
Hoes at my shows wanted selfies
Made it here and ain't nobody helped us
Now I'm on a path to be great
So they say, that's what everybody tells us

Raised knee-deep in the dope game
If I had two guns up then they was both aimed
Saturday mornin', I'm watchin' Soul Train
Eatin' leftover food, lo-mein
Now I'm plant-based, couple juice bars
I'm on now, I don't care if the stamp straight
Told Trae I'm the truth like his name is
Can show you what pain is, I'll tell you what game is, ghost

I'm on, I'm on
I'm on, I'm on

Ayy Trae, let the councilor speak
E-40! The best that ever did it and got away with it
Let the councilor speak
Not a septic tank, but I'm with the shit
On my coast, I'm the topic and the subject
Where I'm from it's hella squeeze and heathens' guns bust
I wish that TD Jakes would come and pray for us
They pimpin', they flockin', they like to steal and rob
Backdoor their loved ones, inside job
That's why I stay with a stapler, a baby tomahawk

Life or death situations in case I gotta pop
I made a promise to the lord that I'ma keep it funky
Never switched, never sell my soul for money
I always been for right, maybe that's what's wrong
Now I'm on like the most requested song
Since a teen, I was doin' my thing, magazine
On the 1300 block, we had a machine
I had a quarter mil' at the age of 19
In the kitchin' cookin' birdies with no wings
The best rappers come from the gravel, the slums
Empty rack with spaghetti sauce jars rockin' up crumbs
It ain't easy bein' on for 30 years to see the glitter and glamour
But not the blood, sweat and tears
I'm an old ass youngsta, bruh, I'm a vet
Sick Wid It Records, sellin' cassettes before the internet
I never made a mixtape in my life
But one day I'ma do it for my fans, the people that saved my life
I'm on

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I'm on, I'm on
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I'm on, yeah