

# Inkredible

Trae

Trae I see ya, Rose  
You know what it is  
My attitude is fuck it, house big as publics?  
Shoppin is a pleasure, pinky ring a nugget  
Niggaz like the ride, sip lean out the bucket  
I lean to the side, white whip Michael Douglass  
Hard times call for drastic measures  
I call my dog, he bought a mac 11  
40 rounds hollerin where are ya'll at?  
Nigga dead serious, chopper with a shoulder strap  
Microphone, Michael? on I know I'm wrong  
The man up above love for me to sing them poems  
So sing along, you know the song I sing  
Bring them things along, I gotta feed the team  
It's ROSE, I need 100 bottles  
Yellow bitches, all of them swallow  
H town, nigga 305  
I can move them packs, each and every night

Ughh, chyea  
Triple black panamara? phantom of the streets  
Quarterbackin bricks on top of these glass cleats  
All these stones on my my neck and wrist part of the streets  
Used to... and danger that was part of my?  
I'm in the hood under surveillance buncha haters watchin  
Couple choppers out for dinner, failin ain't an option  
Reclinable seats, invisible ceilings  
Competition is murder, haters I'm killin  
Fuck a money machine, I don't count it I blow it  
Bitch my money conceited, it look good when I throw it  
I'm a asshole, therefore my temper is reckless  
I'm the city of Houston, you can tell them it's Texas  
The king of the streets, somewhere deep with gorillas  
Behind something that's tinted, bitch you see the gorillas  
These other dudes yellin truth, they only imitation  
And when I see them it's fuck 'em minus the penetration

Uhuh, yea, uh  
Were gettin situated, I know you bitches hate it  
I'm in a new Aston, the one Swiss created  
I can't give you a dime, but I can get you faded  
Before you become a member you get initiated  
A lot of racks, big ice, heavy weapon  
The hood still love me cause I never left them  
I distribute it, I get rid of it  
It's all comin back, every bit of it  
I'm territorial, it's your memorial  
But don't feel bad, I'm talkin to all of you  
This is real shit, and that's nonsense  
I got AKs, I got Thompsons  
I got investors, I get sponsors  
They scared of the crew, I'm with monsters  
It ain't nothin forsure but we touchin the raw  
And they gotta let us in or we rushin the door