

## Just A Week Ago

Trae

Ay Trae, I thought these niggaz wanted to see us make it mayn  
But I've been seeing otherwise mayn, but it's all hood though

I guess you niggaz forgot, it seems to me that all of my niggaz  
done lost they memories

We use to be so close, inside the same vecinity but shit done c  
hanged

It ain't too much clicking, we don't even see the same no mo'  
We don't even hit the block to crawl, chopping up game no mo'  
Where shit went wrong I really can't tell ya, but I can tell ya  
I sense it

On top of my game with a bird's eye view, ain't no way I'ma mis  
s it

But when it's told throughout the hood, they say this nigga don  
e changed

Cause I bought a car and bought a house, and got a few diamonds  
and thangs

But I'll be damned, if I don't get what the fuck I deserve  
But I ask my family who I'm rolling, what about what's the word  
About how we use to hit them shows, at about 60 deep  
And if they don't get in, it's gon be a situation based out of  
heat

I guess jealousy envy and greed, come with the turf  
You know realness is a given, nothing equals what it's worth  
But time's flying, I don't feel I wanna get it back  
Cause jealous motherfuckers, got me strapped for real

Damn it was all good, just a week ago  
I see them niggaz in the streets, we don't speak though  
But damn it was all good, just a week ago  
Jealousy got me focused, this some'ing you niggaz need to know

You can't ever, judge a book by it's cover  
I'm only one in a million that came from the gutter, still I pr  
ayed for another

Way to get paid, once this street shit played out  
A struggle for a hustle, is never a easy trade out  
If money, is the root of all evil

My love for these niggaz in the streets, runs deeper  
Next second you're broke, look how these niggaz treat ya  
Six feet underground, still I'm my brother's keeper  
I'm telling y'all, real talk haters get on your job  
Most of these rappers fraud, see they only for sars man  
They go for them niggaz, riding your co-tail  
Might as well throw in the towel, you're not gon sell  
It's hurting ya to your heart, see us niggaz prevail  
All's well and ends well, with some weight in the scale  
I'm here to cancel your plans, this one is for the fans

Yeah them fake ass niggaz, I ain't stealing my hand naw