

Losing Composure

Trae

I just can't take, this shit no more
I feel I'm losing my mind, but still I can't let go
The pain inside of my chest, about to make me blow
So run inside of my range, and I'll be forced to let go

I can't take it, I feel I'm losing composure
My attitude done got me clicking, but fuck it cause I'm a soldier
Lately I've been on that other shit, like a mad dude
Stressing over my brother, living in penitentiary blues
Never shed both tears, but I'm keeping a clip for them haters
With any reason opening fire, on a bitch made traitor
I've been falling off in my zone lately, and if one of these nigga
Run up on me, then I'm letting em have it baby
And it ain't no if and maybe's, so shady with the way they living
If willing I'm drilling, dealing with bitches that got me sinning
I'm trying to cope, but I feel like they really wanna bring it out me
When how many niggas out here, say they down and I know they doubt me
It's fucked up, but I'ma pull a maneuver
Bobbing and weaving, and run it to you
Hard times, got me mentally ready to bring it to you
Cause I'm young black and broke, with hopes of getting paid
You better disperse, cause I feel like I wanna spray bitch

You can't assassinate my character, whispering words of war
But I'm fed up with you son of a bitches, you've gone too far
Making a mockery out of my name, ain't cool
So I'm straight to the horse's mouth, me and my motherfucking tool
I love nothing and slug something, every twenty minutes
Fuck with me and the murder scene, just can't be prevented
I'm hell bound, will I be punished for thinking this way
A problem child of reason, I'm smoking and drinking today
Jokes of Douglas and Fraiser, we the niggas who made you
Fuck us over, and can't nobody save you
I'm the truth, mark ass niggas get a loosening in they tooth
Get murdered in the streets, the way to get murdered in the booth
I'll ride for my niggas, and I'll die for my niggas
It ain't shit to let my 45, fly for my niggas
Take a ride for my niggas, to the swamps and back
So bear a witness, to the motherfucking pumps I pack bitch

I can't stand the pain, I can't stand the rain
Taking penitentiary chances, moving grams of caine
I snatch your chain, run in your house and grab them thangs
Hit the block like Ro and Trae, with them slabs of bang
Stay on the grind, twenty-fo' sev'
Don't make me turn this 211, to a 1-8-7 one in your head
Street sweeper, 2-2-3's to capitate your legs
Break your legs, like Kujo to shake the FED's
I break bread with my goons, cause the streets gotta eat
And if it ain't no food on the streets, a dog show his teeth
I'm a beast, fuck a freak go to sleep with my heat
Creep stay on my feet, ain't no mercy for the weak
Fuck you geeks, I'm trying to stress this dope like yeast
Fuck the police, I go to court smoking a sweet
Talk shit, like 50 Cent I'll put a hole in your cheek
I roll deep with the Guerilla Maab, I'm down for the beef nigga

Deep inside, I see they got a nigga spitting these verses
I got to get, but still it seem like I was blessed with the curses
And deep inside, I know nobody give a fuck about me
So stay the fuck from round me, cause bitch you tend to bring it out me
I heard some niggas looking for me, on the other side
And if they come, I bet they run into a homicide
Sending them slugs, and they won't stop until they get inside
Animosity in my chest, done got me spitting wide and I ain't lying

Friends turn into foes, and foes turn into memories
No mask when I ride, to make sure a nigga remember me
My name bring pain, to the soul of a busta
Cause it's more than a concussion, when I touch a motherfucker
(forever Guerilla Maab), and it's gon be for life
And it be retaliation, then it's gon be tonight
I wish a nigga would, run up and be laying it down
Locate his neighborhood, high ball and I'm spraying it down