

Motor City

Trae

Ever since a younging, I've been with the shit
Either made it to the news, or we made it rich
Bagging money til it couldn't fit
Now I got so many whips, don't know what to pick
Make a nigga tap til he call it quits
I make a nigga tap til he call it quits
I was taught keep the code, nigga, never switch
Now I'm having so much money, don't know what to get

Bought a thousand boes, gotta rap them up
We don't do no sneak dissing, finna rap him up
Still ain't touched a hundred, niggas
5000 off fent, gotta stack it up
Got a Carbin 15 with the beam on it
Met the plug outa town, put my team on it
You can smell it through the bag, 'cause the weed strong
Pop a fuck nigga like a seel, get your lean on
I want 40 for a show, 20 for a verse
Before we started selling dog, we was rolling syrup
Playing roles on the 'Gram, put him on a shirt
got the hood hot, we've been on alert
Playing yacht master too, got the face blue
Call Cutty if it's smoke, with the guys,
Chopper bring the through
Nigga

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Something foreign with the kit, when I play the car
Sending shots, got me feeling like I'm at the bar
It ain't no jumping down with me, if you ain't up to par
Bout the money, but positioned like I've been in war
If your wrist ain't over 50, you ain't worth the time
And why you trippin on that chick? She ain't worth a dime
If she ain't running up no bag, how she got the line?
You ain't finna get no bread, you ain't got the grind
Loading up the stick, I bet this bitch was clean
Got me feeling like I'm Scotty, hit him with the beam
Told him see me on the terf, I was running for green
have niggas feeling like they was a king
pressure, we gon' walk it out
to a box, we ain't gon' talk it out
You better not play with that location, I'ma stalk it out
Now look at come from Texas, what you talking 'bout?

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