

# 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 tought 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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