

Oh No Reloaded

Trae

Oh no, there go them Texas boys swanging in a fo' do'
Top still of the drop, but I moved to 24's
Think of taking my slab, haters I don't think so
Cause if you run up on me, I'll be forced to let go
Doing it like a G, and that's all that I'ma show
My trunk done popped up, and I suicided my do's
These haters be in my mix, and these boppers still on my dick
When I'm coming, around they corner

I'm from the City of Syrup, and the land of the fry
Where boys water out they brain, and make they confidence rise
When I wake up in the morning, and the sun in the sky
Another day another chance, to get my piece of the pie
But robbing season come around, whenever the drought kick in
It's guaranteed they coming for me, but I don't know when
I gotta stay up on my note, or I'm paying a cost
Get caught slipping in the turning lane, I'm taking a loss
Boys be plotting on my riches, trying to get what I got
But if you run up on me at the light, you gon get shot
You gotta watch out for these females, cause they out there too
You think they flirting with you, but you really ain't got a clue
Cause boys be stunting in the parking lot, thinking they cool
But when they make out the police report, they feel like a fool
It's Paul Wall I'm in this, for counting stacks
Evading the car jack, but Trae got my back so haters back-back

In a 4-4 I still be swanging in a drop, trying to miss these haters
24/7 like I'm a G, that for cheddar after my paper
Boppers riding me on the daily, like I'm unable to peep out they law
Try to take me up out of my slab, and watch how fast I clear the block out
Diamonds all in my grill, I hit the lot and my slab topless
And I'm something like a profit, when they see the 24's moving stopless
Turning heads on a daily basis, with a trunk that'll beat your back
If you want it come get it, hollow tips and my clip ain't having that
Paul Wall what they talking bout, I've been ready for them hating jackers
They got Trae wrong, I'ma show em the definition of a busting backer
They've been waiting to catch me slipping, they tripping I'm from the gutter
With a semi-automatic, make joning be making em stutter
In Houston we bout that drama, where roaches be on the creep
Everything we ride on be chrome, with at least 20 inches of feet
Oh no, there go them boys and they pulling out in that line
With a nine strapped to they spine, for whatever be going down

I'm trying to shine, everyday on the grind
I'm feeling like it's my time, since haters be out of line
It's time to reload, and put it all in they face
For hopping out of they place, gorillas never been safe
When they bout to explode, everyday on the grind
I'm feeling like it's my time, since haters be out of line
It's time to reloooooad, it's time to reloooooad