Oh No

Trae

Oh no, there go them Texas boys banging in a fo' do'
Top fell out the drop, crawling on 84's
Think of taking my slab, baby I don't think so
My heat under my seat, and I don't love you hoes
Living it like a G, but still I gotta lay low
Five percent or ten, but still my screens gon glow
These haters be in my mix, and these boppers be on my dick
Everytime I come round the corner

I'm from the land of opportunity, in God we trust
But haters in my mix, got me paranoid and disgust
I'm scoping out my side mirrors, when my car's in park
It's after dark, and my slab is fresh meat to these sharks
Boys thinking I been drinking, so I'm off my note
But I got seventeen surprises, tucked inside of my coat
See me strut through the parking lot, on 22's plus
It's a must I make all haters, eat my dust
Them jump-out boys, waiting trying to catch me slipping
I ain't tripping, grain ain't the only thing that I'm gripping
Boys jacking with these tow trucks, thinking they slick
But take a trip to South Lee, and end up in a ditch
They got my purple people eater once, the next day
I bought a Range Rover cash, and a new set of fronts
I've been on feet for months, I'm taking haters to lunch
Paul Wall and Trae, hit em with that one-two punch

When I flip in my slab
I'm fin to beat they back off, like I was legs
Sitting low and tinted on chrome, gangstafied till I'm finished
I'm bout to diminish these haters, when my trunk start waving
Blue over gray, side of my drop with six T.V.'s I'm displaying
They hate that I'm shining, with the fifth wheel falling flying down the blo
ck
But if one of these haters, wanna jack me
Slugs gon be flying, out the glock
I click for no reason, this season my slab is staining they brain
And I be known for getting reckless in Texas, gripping on grain
Forever be pimping, 84 tipping all through the South
Grilling boppers all through my tint, with diamonds all in my mouth
They all in my mouth, looking stupid when I burn right past em
Cause some of these broads be living shife, and setting up for the jacking
But not today, cause Trae gon be flipping on top of his game
We guerillas I'm mobbing with, ain't no stopping me mayn
When I'm in my fo' do' solo, the slab is bound to get tossed
And if you trying to be competition, then you bound to be getting lost

Now look how your life stares, in a barrel and I swear
I wouldn't let a platinum ghost, jack me in a nightmare
I got that paranoia for you, trigga finger gon destroy you
And if that trigga finger don't get you, get the number to my lawyer
I hold court with Ben Franklin, I talk with my bread
Soon as I let him out that briefcase, it's off with your head
Can't negotiate with the heater either, talk to the lead
And talk to your head, when it's finished you'll walk with the dead
I call the police they'll probably get him, by the end of the week
I call the streets, they gon get him before the end of this treat
With the end of the heat, to set flame to the end of his suite

The end of his feet, will be poking out the end of a sheet
Hold up I'm just saying though, has this happened befo' naw
But no law, gon keep these hollows from entering your jaw
If it's my money or my family, or my woman or my car
I'm headed to that blood bank, I'm bout to make a withdrawl

When I'm coming round that corner
All you haters, better get up out of my range
Run up on me, if you wanna
I ain't gon play no games, at all when I'm taking my aim
Cause you're gonna be a goner
You thinking of taking mine, late night when the 84's swang
I know you niggaz in the game, gotta feel the same
Make a jacker feel the pain, and he can charge it to the game
When I'm coming round that corner
Hmmmm-mmmm-mmmm-mmm-hm-hm-hm
Run up on me, if you wanna
Hmmmm-mmmm-mmmm-mmm-hm-hm-hm
Cause you're gonna be a goner
Hmmmm-mmmm-mmmm-mmm-hm-hm-hm
I know you niggaz in the game, gotta feel the same
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