

Reckless

Trae

We ain't burning, liquor pour, bitches calling me daddy
I'm a thug, 357 straight out the caddy
New York about my shoe, just flew in from...
A hood bitch, slimmy but her ass is fatty
I'm hot right now, my balls got a tin top on
I'm a movie and you missing some fresh popcorn
Levi's...with a fresh clock on
Reasonable doubt, I was young getting my rocks on
Now I'm out in Texas, you traitor
Or either back home in the studio with Styles and Jada
Life's a gamble, cards is dealt
I put the medal in your bitch face like Raymond Felt, motherfucker

Fuck your mother if her son is a bitch
Fly from the barrel, one in the head, 16 in the clip
D block niggas steaming the spliff
Promethazine, gun, lean, and a whip
I expect you to not fuck with me
All the shooters, they throw it up for me
This life's murdering luxury
Talking to the gun in the car like it's my company
12 rounds, no boxing, no glove
From the hood, no option, no love
Gangsters don't die, mobsters don't buzz
When niggas do time niggas draw blood
Feel me

King, I'm on this hustle like I'm searching for keys
I'm on this block in position to whip a whole nigga's ass
Damn right, I got a fucked up thinker
Run your mouth pertaining Trae
I'm dropping 4 in your blinkers
One in your stinker
Over stand up till I'm jamming my finger
I hit the spot and shake it down
And have it big like singers
I let this choppers go decrepit till it sound like arenas
Back up with 745s like I was shooting with beamers
Black twin, thick as hell, call...
30 niggas, about that business like he fresh out the cleaners
My nigga say he wanna work I ship him off with the pay
Get on my set, whipping the bet
Our city in black, they fresh out the shack
Smelling like crack, get a moustache...pussy nigga
Trip with me, nigga, I barely react
It ain't gonna be no nine lives, know that, cat for real

Black strap, black ski mask, black flannel, standard
The rules of life but not manual
Go ahead, keep waiting for America to tan you
Discussing your life over shots of Jack Daniels
I-95, got to working in back panels
50/50, a slim chance, a fat gamble
Some niggas like to stay in the pocket, some scramble
Go through the progression, hit the target, blame you
Light something up with a freak and watch Scandal
They can't even get on they feet but can't stand you

Believe every chance they get they remand you
Allah would never give you nothing you can't handle