

Representin

Trae

Ooooooh-oooooh-oooh-oooooh

Yeah the nigga okay but I feel he ain't pimping
flipping 4-4's but I bet he ain't tipping
Dick riding the slab from the grain that I'm gripping
hollow tips in the clip might leave a nigga limping
Flag on the right so I know he ain't Crippin'
I roll with five deuce so I know he ain't tripping
Unless he acting a ass and he ready for the whipping
I'll lean on a bitch Fat Joe edition
Back and I'm all about unlimited paper stacks
in a Lac with the swangas dipped in black
Fuck fly bitch I'm bringing the thugging back
I know my niggaz in the hood be loving that
Wanna raise on the block that I'm hugging that
see that bitch with that ass I'm rubbing that
Mouthpiece garunteed I'm hauling that
niggaz say they got ice I'm dubbing that
Asshole with a hell of a attitude
niggaz coming up bumping then I'm leaving 'em latitude
I bet they bitch ass know bout that there
got my money right don't doubt that there
Unless you wanna see what I bring out
twenty thee plus so they know I bling out
Hoes be on dick so the cell phone ring out
representing till they let King D out

Call me what you wanna, playing with a pimp persona
Said that I get it from the corner, struggling no longer
I'm getting younger it makes you wonder, far thing from being under
Let the truth be told, I'm tired of the same ass game
Niggaz bullshit ways, step it up for a change
Cause I really just can't see, my self settling for no anybody
That be fucking with me, claiming that he got game but the big face seen
Just keep it real like a G, cause eventually you'll try to sell a dream
About getting money, so come correct with me

No Mr. wanna-be playas, I'm not feeling your ways
In my hand I see the grands, on my finger no ring
But it seems that you bout that change, not coming up to my mind frame
Got to be about your paper chase, 'stead of trying to run lame ass game
Just keep it playa, let me see you hold it down keep your weight up
But I know ya who thugging thangs up, keep it fly cocked for his paper
Rolling big bodies no sweepers, talking nigga ain't no need to creep up
Creep up, I'm the one on my team real niggaz just say just what they mean

They don't wanna see me act bad, like the young Trae
That attack the track, and hit it for the one way matter fact
I pack the Mac, for the gun play
Let it be known, guerilla niggaz do it one way
Any one day, in the drop fuck a Hondai
Loc's on my face, top dropped for the sun rays
Fucking with the Boss, three wheeling in a six tre
With a bitch on a nigga dick, down west state
Fo' do's up to the sky, with the hood falling
And I might sit cocked, for the boppers calling
Truck was crawling, slow from the weight I was hauling

Paint was glossing, so I'm with the fuck I'm flossing
Still I'm tossing game, from the H to Austin
Put it up on threes, like Bird in Boston
For the athletes, spit it till a nigga exhausted
Wanna hear the mouthpiece, but it might just cost 'em
I stunt, on a hater
Might not shine now, but I bet I shine later
Feeling like Pokey, half dog half gator
Bonafied thug, with a little bit of playa
Back on note for the pimp that I am, and the G that I be
With a game full of Loc's, representing for the C
In a click full of real, representing for the B
I'm a Asshole nigga, out the S.U.C.