

# Restless

Trae

I feel it everytime that I hit the corner, bitch niggaz be hating me  
Been G since '93, and ain't no way they fin to be fading me  
I roll with gorillas, and plus the hood is my habitat  
All the real gon ride with Trae, and anything else see we ain't having that  
I put this motherfucker on vibe, before I be going out like a part  
They know my wheels, made displays out of my scars  
So I'm real with it, they can just might get you killed with it  
So I'm all alone inside my Chevrolet, plotting to get a mill ticket  
And I'm cool, but I don't know who to trust  
Even my lady flipped the script, for roach ass niggaz with lust  
Wish I was stress free, but since I ain't I gotta kick it where the rest be  
Keeping it real to make it where the best be, test me  
That ain't a good idea, cause some say I'm a asshole  
Whether they like it or not, I'm gon get to see my grass grow  
And I'm gon fight for it, until they see me breathless  
A A.B.N. soldier, cause I was restless

From East Oakland to the H-Town, they know my name  
Still nobody, still don't know my pain  
Growing up in the game, I feel restless young but a old nigga  
Seen too much too fast, it's fucking with my soul nigga  
Born to be a outlaw, traveled down the road  
Most of y'all never been, hope you don't wanna go  
I tell em young nigga, don't try to be like me  
Be better than me, be the best you can be  
They feel the good die young, soldier you ain't done  
Ninety percent of us, don't even get to make it out the slum  
A.B.N., I use to cop the fat dime from Sabian  
Come back to the hood and get blown, I was a baby then  
Baby when I was younger, somebody should of told me  
To slow down youngster, I know it's some'ing better for you  
Then hugging this glock, and ducking these cops  
Then sent me the angel, in the form of pop

Everyday, it's like I'm back in the zone  
Real life, got a nigga feeling like it's on  
God can you help me, cause it's lonely on my own  
My people use to be right, but now I'm feeling like they wrong  
My roll dog, trying to tell me that I need to chill  
But he don't understand, cause he ain't feeling how I feel  
And how the fuck, do they got love for me if they ain't real  
Lord knows, I don't wanna end up getting killed I'm restless

The streets can feel me, cause I'm in my zone and watching out for these nig  
gaz telling  
Closer than my dame done came, to see convicted felons  
And my state of mind just ain't right, jealousy in the air  
How these niggaz act I swear, they had the devil up in they swear  
But I don't trip I throw my loc's on, when I fall into the night  
And only acknowledge the real niggaz, while the rest can't get it right  
I'm on my note homie can't you tell, watching me doing my thang  
I'm the real if you don't know, just watch me when I'm holding my name  
Only less and less, moving at a pace they never seen  
Ducking laws and crooked niggaz, trying to get close to my green  
Two heaters sitting on my hip, cause some of these niggaz'll never lace up  
And if they do, then I'm gon be the first to swell they face up  
And that's gon stay the same, whether I'm broke or I'm balling out

Losing these dirty bitches, but I still hear em calling out  
My life is on another level, squabbing at it's best  
And everyday, I'm thanking God to keep my blessed