

# Shake Em Off

Trae

Yeah

Yeah (Solo, you goin' brazy)  
(Yeah, this a hit right here, Xave)

I had to shake 'em off, shake them haters off of me  
Diamonds in my smile, lil' bro, it cost to talk to me  
They know to keep it lit, but I ain't sippin' coffee  
These labels crazy as hell, shit, I got what they offer me  
My youngins wild as fuck, you move too quick, they might pop off  
They say they on my head, I came through there with my top off  
Forever on the meds, I told the doctor treat my cough  
These lil' niggas Plankton, I think they tryna steal my sauce

Yeah, Mr. Put You On

I'm head honcho, turned up for my fam, yeah, Michael Corleone  
Sip it 'til it's gone, jewelry on, used to Barry Bonds  
I put that on the guys, don't fear a soul, but I'm in Fear of God  
I find it odd she got a man, but wanna know my whereabouts  
My nigga Trae say he poppin' out with slabs, thought this was my yay spot  
Thick white bitch run up on me, shit feel like Baywatch  
My advice to you fake-ass niggas, don't quit your day job  
You a goofy, so I sell you out, these lil' niggas fake high  
Fugazi chain with the watch to match, I'm surprised you ain't break out  
Lil' cuz cookin' shit, turn the streets to a steakhouse  
It get tight, I get shiesty, cross a nigga like AI

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When it come to money, bitch, I'm out the door  
Talkin' chips without the store  
Guarantee you get sick with this motion how they stop and go  
Niggas I'm with known to clean  
Sweep or either mop the floor  
Pressure when I blow the game  
Bitch, I'm tryna odd the score  
You a lie, speakin' like I ain't fly  
'Stead it's out the sky  
No supply  
That was word to X, bitch, I'm ride or die  
If I die, bury me inside Dubai  
All my chains on, no tie  
Have my ice stacked up high  
All that fake shit be dry  
Niggas say they love me, but I know they be fakin' daily  
Probably hate me shinin', yeah, everything 'bout them be shady  
Know my nigga stupid, yeah, everything 'bout him go crazy  
Think they on Wockeisha how niggas sleepin' like they lazy  
Yeah, guess that money callin'  
Went and got me an eighteen-wheeler, that's just for money haulin'  
Any foreign I'm in turn killer, guaranteed that somethin' fallin'

Came with it, ain't shit gettin' realer, see me on somethin' crawlin'  
Focused, still, I'm tryna swerve  
Trappin' like I'm tryna serve  
Funny, niggas got the nerve  
Plug, I can send a surge  
Keep it fly without the birds  
Pick a spot and I can splurge  
Keep a mask like the purge  
Know my chopper got the urge

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