Slow & Tip Toe

Trae

Yeah
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
Screwed up click
H-Town

Hoes be on my zipper
I'm bald fade with the clippers
I'm a- I'm a hit the boulevard slow and tip
Hoes be on my- hoes be on my zipper zipper
I'm bald fade with the clippers clippers
I'm a hit the boulevard slow and tip toe

Tryna take a nigga's trunk off mane
June 27th nigga, come on

Coming down the boule' moving slow
I was draped to drip right out the door
Everything was clean like what you know
You ain't down with Screw you got to go
Riding glass, me I call it fours
I'm the shit, you sense it through your nose
Bang all through your body like it's blowers
Pop the door, you feel it through your toes
Rack for rack, I guess I got to count it
After that, it's racks I got to count it
When I'm done, I package, out of town it
I done lost my mind and never found it
Keep a light like I'm Coors
Brand new house, I'm pissed, too many doors
I guess my shit way better than yours
I was getting platinum, steel, getting awards
I'm gon' go tonight, I'll show you rif'
You not tryna win, I'm not your type
Fresh out Texas, might just take a flight
Hit your bitch and greet her with the pipe
From the back or in the throat I might
Beat it up, you think I'm tryna fight
Something foreign, skin she got was bright
Chain was black, the diamonds on it white

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I rep the hood, bottom of it
From the West, therefore you gotta love it

Foreign classy but I gotta thug it
Fuck the crib, I'm tryna shine in public
Nigga I ain't finna play with 'em
I'm a swing any day with 'em
I'll trip and the K get 'em
Jump line, you'll stay with 'em
I used to be creased up, jeans creased down
Down 16, going south, east bound
I was caught up in the game, no rebound
You ain't sounding like Truth, can't be 'round
I was slow, loud, and banging
You don't know that nigga, what was you dranking?
I rep the city from Collin to Rankin
I went to business with Benjamin Franklin

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