

## Slugs

Trae

Young nigga takin' off on them percs  
Young nigga puttin' in that work  
Young nigga let that chopper do the murking  
No Nowitzki but I leave him in the dirt  
Young nigga throwin' up their sets  
Us niggas running through these checks  
Hundred jam I still no flex  
Wearin' Nikes when I'm running through a check  
I'm on that same thing, look at this change man  
I'm just running through a mothafuckin' check dawg  
Give me my change man  
This ain't no game man, look how this chain hang  
I'm just running through a mothafuckin' check dawg

Chasing this check I'm not talking athletics  
But I keep my money in lockers  
If I make the call just know I got young shooters  
Who ride like American choppers  
They hustle for deal in that kitchen they cooking  
A fool with the D like Ibaka  
No medical dealer but for the right price  
They prescribe Actavis like a doctor  
Drop this wet, I call it rainy weather  
Chopper's disconnected like it's not together  
Mister Truth is fly and I am not a feather  
I just hold these rocks up like I'm Roc-A-Fella  
If your bitch is lame then I am not the seller  
She can be with me it's what I'm not to tell her  
Like to play it low like I'm a acapella  
If she here for dick then I am not to fill her  
Give me my check if not a minute later  
Swangers I'm tippin', should've been waiter  
Look like a swamp cause everything is Gator  
You don't like me, then bitch you been a hater  
I'm sick bitch, I'm sick I should've been a fever  
Fuckin' with me, the trunk is where I leave ya  
Gon' be a minute 'fore someone relieve yah  
Got this bitch jumpin' like you had a seizure

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You not gettin' them racks, oh where they do that at?  
My neck, my wrist, my ears, and my fingers are sittin' on wet  
I told that lil bitch to hop into my coupe, treat her like a lil pet  
Copped me a Vette then I wrecked it, then I copped a Bentley and wrecked it

I got real shooters  
They pull up with woolas and all kind of TEC 9s and Uzis  
We talk on the phone I just tell 'em stay reckless  
My bitch she gon' shoot, she a buddha  
Chinese and Japanese  
Her eyes looking closed  
She gon' chase till she capture me  
These pigs are so after me  
This ice on my neck is so wet like it baptize me  
I get that dope from the pope  
While I get sex on the banana boat  
I can't save her, she better stay afloat  
I'll contain a baby for that dope  
Whip it! Whip it! 'Til I have a stroke  
Cook it, throw it, catch it, no Ebola  
Treat my dogs like bacon no con-soda  
Told you once I bang red, Coca Cola

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