

Sware Im

Trae

Uh

It's crazy when they ain't got no idea what you been through just to get to where you goin'

(Shook)

Fuck 'em

Day after day, tryna stay out the way, but I still gotta pray 'cause I feel like I'm fallin'

I reach out to God, tryna talk on the daily, I know I can't hear him, but still tryna call him

I need a blessin', I feel like I'm stressin', no point in me restin', I feel like it's stallin'

Still ain't give up with this pressure I'm haulin', they left me alone, I was watching them ballin'

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Know if I spot 'em, I feel like I got 'em, nowadays I been winning, them niggas been losin'

Mind on my business, I stay on they neck like a chiropractor, bitch, I know what I'm doin'

If it's money, bitch, I get to pursuin'

Niggas talkin', why the fuck is they suin'?

Havin' motion, yeah, I feel like I'm movin'

They painted pictures, but they shit done got ruined

On a mission, ain't nobody gon' stop him

You lyin', king, like Hakuna Matata

In my way, I gotta get 'em up out of

I'm rakin' through chips like I'm Erik Estrada

Bitch, I gotta 'cause I feel like a lot of

Niggas weak, they set you up for ciabatta

Never scared, but I gotta get bread, I feel like track the way I run up a dollar

I got the muscle, it's all in my hustle, you get a reaction, bitch, you gon' be famous

Look at this watch, you gon' run out your time, my clarity diamond, your shit probably stainless

They be a joke, if they really want smoke, I get dead on they throat, they just tryna get famous

Fuckin' with me, they get nameless

Bitch, I'ma kill 'em, this shit probably painless

Say I'm running blind, no cryin', head up

I ain't lyin', I swear I'm tryin', I'm fallin' down, head up

I pray, new day, get the devil out my way

I swear I feel like I'm falling down

Feel like I'm falling down

Feel like I'm falling down

Pardon the interruption, PTI

None of y'all niggas can see T.I.

Y'all pussy niggas fake like CGI
Don't make me laugh, nigga, hee-hee-ha-ha
LS6 in my Impala drop
Authentic like a follow documentary
Them ass-whoopings is à la carte
That pistol play is last resort
But you can get it if you askin' for it
But now they start shit, you retort, they take your ass to court
Huh, 'scuse me, your Honor, in the streets wouldn't be no honor
If consequences wasn't handed when principles were abandoned
Morals no longer part of the story, only the glory
That's why these youngins thinkin' this gangster shit so euphoric
Do the most, get caught with dope, then they sing like Trae in the chorus
Shee, swear they can't see the tree because of the forest
Damn, we tried to caution them, all they do is ignore us
'Til it all make sense when they sittin' in back of that Ford Taurus
Damn, the gavel slammin' and problems is avalanchin' and sentences handed down
Bet you wish you listened now, nigga, wow

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I swear I feel like I'm falling down