

Wanna See Me Gone

Trae

I know a lot of haters, wanna see me gone
But I think, you better move on
If you wanna plex, then let's get it on
But I think, you better move on

Now that I'm grinding, I know a lot of hatas wanna see me gone
But I know they need to be moving on, somebody done told em wrong
About this Dirty 3rd block bleeder, who on the block full time
And now he got out of lock down, from coming out of hard times
A hundred percent with raw rhymes, never ever will I let them fade me
You better come with another raw plan, cause grinding in my blood baby
And it ain't no switching up the game, either way I'm gon get mine
Somebody, better get up out the throne
Cause that seat right there, finna be mine
I'm coming for the crown, so y'all better lay it down
I've been here from the jump, and when y'all leave I'ma still be around
Y'all ain't messing with Trae, I'm too hard to play with you cats
Coming at me sideways, I will run back and lean on you cats
You don't wanna take it to that other place, in these streets I'm forever safe
It's my turn so you better wait, all you niggaz get up out my space
'Fore I get to tripping, I don't trust none of you haters
And fuck a friend I throw the deuce, ain't no seeing you later

I know the key to the city make it
And knowing you could never take it
Better get out the way, when Trae come out
And get a hell of a Guerilla, under-rated
Never operated, now I'm coming with it
When I spit, you know ain't no fucking with it
If you want it, I'm telling you come and get it
Everytime I come out, you fin to feel it
Ain't no way, that I'm fin to give up what I got
It's been a long time, to get on top
Knowing my pain, it's never gon stop
It really don't matter, because it got me hot
And that's how I take it, my foot on the gas full speed
Myself is all I need, I gotta provide to feed my seed
And if you think of stopping that
I'm letting you know, I ain't having that
I'm running right through you, to leave you flat
I gotta get paid, and that be that
Cause I'm a gladiator, renegator out the gutter
And living it, made me tougher
Hard times, done made me rougher
I guess that's what it is, that turned me out to be a man
I guess my hustle had me, keeping cash off in my hand
My older brother showed me, how to be everything that I am
And now I'm grinding everyday, I gotta ride for the fam

It's on the real, these niggaz don't want no drama with Trae
They wanna bump in they place, so I stepped up in the game
Now they running away, if they wanted to see me
They wouldn't stop till they find me, I can handle my bidness
One on one, and now I'm leaving not one of my niggaz behind me
Cause I can hold my own, the belt I'm fin to be taking home
Undisputed and known, to make a nigga wanna going on

And find another occupation, the rap game ain't for fake
A few of the real niggaz still free, that don't give a damn about your hate

Everyday seems like they try
To stop my grind, everyday they sit and pray
Everyday, go away