

# Yeah Hoe

Trae

Aye ho, errday a nigga wake up I get dough  
When I get that, next day get more  
Go and ask if a nigga on, if ye ain't sure  
Everyday I be like yea ho, yeah ho  
They gon' be like yea ho, yea ho  
They gon' be like yea ho, yea ho

Look I hustle, I'm talkin' like the gang of T.I. I rep for  
On that gangsta shit, like I was Pac when he was Deathrow  
King off in these streets, I got it locked cause I won't let go  
When they come to Houston, it's understood it's the West ho  
All I knew is get money, flippin' stash and I flip the safe  
Takin' just a cue bender to find me a plug and put in place  
They told me it wouldn't say, P90, same color race  
If that bitch next to my waist, I cosmetic construct your face  
Have you looking like a coupe with the top blown  
Super Bowl like Janet with the top gone  
Try to go against the Truth, get your shot blown  
Fuck nigga just fly and get yo block gone  
Been hot, like the kitchen with the pots on  
Two door Maybach with the knock on  
So many stoves over the watch, you think the clock gone  
I been the shit, haters tryna get their block on

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Offed 1800, skeet it all  
Compton up chockin' out off the weed I blow  
Straight lit like a match top  
High servin' all day like a trap spot  
Six shots, yeah, the gas hot  
Yeah, yo badge hot  
Young Mac, got 'er opened like a laptop  
No deal, but I like that apple  
2pac with the juice, OG no snap 'em  
Bitch, you won that raffle, you done got with a winner  
Compton nigga that love pussy fo' dinner  
Zig-zag, 2 grams, yeah, cookies is in 'em  
Ben Rocks in the , got racks in the denim  
Yeah, I'm rackin' on hangers, rovin' in Rangers  
Bustin' em danger, plus I stay with 'em bangers  
Diamond in lane, you know the gang, fool  
Haters hotter than ice, still I remain cool

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Boss, all gas and the fast life

Saggin' in my trues, pay my dudes, I'm a spazz out  
Smokin' on some shit outta, I just copped it  
Bust a cigar other then lick it, seal it and lock it  
I'm all across the table like a corner pocket  
I was raised on the corner with a holster rocket  
You talkin' bout shows, I'm supposed to rock it  
Muthafuck go to court and their fuck  
Catch me runnin' through a red light, roof all open  
Right candy slab but the coupe all pokin'  
Arm on my hammer, I can't even much light it yeah  
Nigga 'll pull up and serve yo ass yo  
Nigga, where the weed at? I'm headed to the drank house  
Patch it with a couple of homies and have a drank out  
Diggin' in my pocket for my dice, pullin' my bank out  
Since hoes eat dick, I'm mobbin' with my Frank out

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