

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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