

Str8 Out

Trouble

I got it straight out the street
Whatever you find you keep
Hundreds of pounds a week
How could you down a G?
How could you foul on me?
How could you hound a freak?
How could your rounds be weak?
How is you down my G?
How is you down my G?
You ain't got a pound at least?
You must ain't did right by your folks
You must ain't real as you believe
I turn this shit up for the streets
I keep shit a buck when I speak
I ain't tryna find me no good girl
I'd rather bust down with a freak

Hundred grand in one week
Switch it up, we got freaks
Hit Sosa, you want to eat
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I'ma tell you where we gon' meet
Hope you ain't the police
Keep a bad bitch, all times nigga
All my hoes on fleek

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How could your rounds be weak?
You raised them boys to be some hoes
You raised them boys to be some pussys
Bet you look surprised when niggas fold
I can't even be there for an hour
I swear to you I hate to lose shit
I don't give a fuck who came before me
To me, my nigga, that's a new bitch
I came through the bricks, that's on my new shit
Niggas hate but don't know what to do with me
Niggas tried, they all get to shooting with me
I say women 'cause I get to shooting first
[?] nigga come out of that red dirt
Ain't a baller street, young nigga go headfirst

I was sipping in the trap spot
Now I'm in the sky with dumb knots, nigga

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