Drama

Trae

(talking)
Houston, Texas
It's time to stand up in this motherfucker!
(*blowing up*)
(crowd cheering)

[Hook-Billy Cook]

Father please forgive me for what I'm about to do
But the pressure lately takin'me out my cool
I tryed to chill but they keep on speakin my name
So now they bout to get interested to my pain
Momma please forgive me for what I'm about to do
If the Drama start I never meant to hurt you
But if everybody keep on fuckin with me
On everything I love I'm not gon'let 'em be

Drama keep calling me-Drama keep calling my phone I told them to let me be-it is what, it is so let's get it on Drama keep calling me-Drama keep calling my phone I told them to let me be-it is what, it is so let's get it on

[Verse 1-Trae]

Drama callin'I guess I gotta give it to 'em without stallin
Everybody want to know what I'm haulin
Inside of my chest-inside of my head but it ain't no phony
Godamn what you want to go and fuck with Trae fo'

Alittle bit of fame but it ain't gon' pay hoe
Now you gon'feel how the fuck I feel ain't nobody finna move till I say so
They say you want to know about Trae and Doug who is T-Ray? nigga it's the Maab
It's Trae ready from the S.U.C stay ridin his dick must be ya big job

It's Trae and Z-Ro we the kinfolk I think why'all require too much info
Niggaz say that I turned my back, that's falsified and him and I both know
Dinkie told me not to feed the fans and what's fam is fam and stick to the plan
But everywhere that I go niggaz say I cap-and they speak on shit they don't understand

Want every be no more Guerilla Maab if you step up to me I'll be solo maab Me and Ro underground for the ABN, Slow Loud And Bangin the rap game revolvin' What about T-Ray I ain't forgot speakin bout me like a nigga want to box After this here I'm a let you make it, if you still want to go I'm a raise the stocks

Right about now I'm about to blow and kick ass nigga I done had it So don't you come with no hoe ass shit this young asshole finna let you have it

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[Verse 2-Trae]

They say they know about Trae who the fuck lied to them
'Cause everyday that I breathe I'll be forced to live
And forcing no slugs to protect myself, I'm a asshole I ain't got nothin to give
I've got nothin to lose, get these blues

Some of these niggaz don't want to pay dues
I hope they buckle up they belt
'Cause it's finna get rough 1 of these niggaz finna get bruised
Why you start it if you ain't want the beef

You got plex you really don't want no teeth
These Silvaback girls come on dogg
You better get ya weight up before you fuck with me
'Cause I'll maab on a nigga-swung on a nigga

Hit ya block up to harm me a nigga
Put 'em in a figure 4 and get raw with a nigga
Put 'em in a box so they don't find that nigga
Everybody want to hate me like I changed

Said the hot block since I got fame
But I know one thing they better get they bitch ass
The fuck from round me cause I got aim

So I'm back again-I got a pack of men

I pull up in a black 'Lac with a back again
'Cause these cats don't know how to act again

Trae they attitude off track again

So what you niggaz hatin on if it's the crime you gon' be waiting long

'Cause day after day it's gonna be takin on, I put it on leak and the 4's I'm skatin on I promise you don't really want to take it there and I advise you for this

Ain't too many finna be too many finna be after this

Cause these bitch niggaz done got me pissed

[*bomb blowing up*, crowd cheering*]

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