

Ea\$tside

Trinidad James

[Hook]

Fuck 'em up

You don't like me nigga, then fight (Fuck 'em up) [x6]Y'all niggas can't do shit (bitch)

I said now, y'all niggas can't do shit [x8][Verse 1 - Trinidad James]

I'm in DC with them ?

Cali, call up Nipsey

In Philly, I know Meek

I know Meek and Omelly

I call a big ?

Nigga down in that ?

Shout out to them bad bitches

KOD Miami

Salute to them Haitian niggas

Hot down in Little Haiti

Salute to Jimmy nigga

Harlem going crazy

I'm good nigga, even in Texas

Better watch what you rap about

I call up the Prince boys

I know you heard about Rap-a-lot[Hook][Verse 2 - Gucci Mane]

Guwop or doo-wop

I'm a trap nigga, I'm not hip-hop

Jumping out a Phantom with the Louis flip-flops

My clip long like tube socks

If you say something, I'mma spray something

Wanna fuck some and I'mma pay something

Had a threesome with your BM

And my young niggas'll take some

Take money to make money

I'm a great ape with this AK

Banana clip for these monkey niggas

I'm a millionaire, but a country nigga

Half a mil on a dice game

Three mil on my ice game

Was all good 'til your wife came

It's Gucci Mane, you in my lane[Hook][Verse 3 - Young Scooter]

Quarter million dollar worth of jewelry ?

You haters sittin' plottin'

Y'all niggas ain't gonna do shit

My name ringing bells cause I done took a lot of bricks
Independent major label deal, I'm filthy rich
Little Mexico lingo
We got a home where we make kilos
You say you move kilos
But nigga, you still stuck on zeroes
Fake rappers, I don't like
All I rap is white
VVS my ice
Nigga, fuck your highest price[Hook][Verse 4 - Alley Boy]
Alley Boy don't play
Little Trouble don't play
Bitch ain't gonna play, Little Ricky don't play
Get you take, new face in the A
These young shooters gonna do what I say
New king of the south, they can't do shit
Atta boy, 2Pac in '96
But I ain't get shot, I'mma chill me a bitch
? Zone 6, I'mma wrap these bricks
? eye for an eye
War cry nigga, these bullets gonna fly
From 1 to 6 dare nigga to try
Pussy went black from all that fire
With my gold grill and my gold Bentley
? father ?
Y'all niggas can't do shit
Fuck 'em up, you better stay red[Hook][Verse 5 - Childish Gambino]
Pull up in an Audi, they don't know shit about me
These rappers are so inventive
Your Maserati is rented, my second house is in Venice
3rd in Kaua'i, I got a bird cause I'm fly, I don't wanna brag
These niggas wanna break my neck
They could, I'm a buck fifty when soaking wet
My hood got a clear port and an ocean deck
I made a hater eat words, watch him choke to death
Back for more, fuck it, I'mma rap some more
I got some white girls with me like I'm Macklemore
My back is sore, from whippin' in the Jaguar
I'm the goat like a motherfucking Capricorn
Yeah, I hate whack niggas, that's my fucking problem (Tru!)
I'm too turned up like like the fucking volume
These niggas get dropped like my fucking albums
Eastside, Stone Mountain[Hook]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>