

On The Southside

Trae

(*talking*)

Screwzoo, what's the deal baby
Lil' Trae up in here, putting it down
Trying to hold it down, know I'm saying
Everybody out here, still representing to the fullest
You know I'ma hold it down fa sho
Aint no mo' being sad, we gon put it in they face
Again and again, just like you say know I'm saying
We gon smile fa sho
[Trae]Sitting low behind tints, swanging to Southwest
I got a tech to the chest, penetrating the plex
And if a nigga don't know, we Down South thugs
In the Dirty Third, that's going off like slugs
Beating the boulevard, and swanging in throwed cars
And talking on cellualars, three plus two broads
With a bad broad, shotgun up in the frame
You know Guerilla Maab thugs, be down to pull stunts
On the first of the month, popped up like trunks
And when a nigga showing off, we pump up punks
Fin to dump, showing a nigga Lil' Trae don't play
Blue over grey with a K, fin to make your day
Breaking the mic, since my reputwa
Like niggas at Cornbread's, sipping the bar
Like Roy Jones, when he be breaking a jaw
Like two dykes, in a menage tois
Lyrically, I can't be stopped
Niggas can't see me, even if I was 3-D
I told you once, and I'ma say it out again
S-L-A-B, be raw pimping a pen
In the wind for the divid-ends, and a big body Benz
With the bubble lens, moving it down I-10
Taking a spin, a Cardier with the blue lens
On my grind, steady stacking all of my ends
I'm moving slow, turning everybody head
So you know I'm thoed, I'm fin to pop my do's
On glass 4's fin to pop my trunk, with a lot of glow
I got a lot of flow, and a lot of thugs
From the Southeast side to the block, I put
All of my ghetto motherfuckers, steady showing love

Throwing a deuce in the air, when they feeling us

I know you feeling us

[Hook - 2x]On the Southside

Candy sprayed, looking so live

84's and vogues, we glide

Screwzoo, you know we holding it down

[Trae]Niggas ain't ready, for what we do

When I'm in my drop, or in the hoodo

Pull up on the block, with grey on the blue

With four 18's, and banging Screw

I don't give a damn, if y'all hate me

When it come to rap, y'all can't fade me

A lot of y'all niggas, know who we be

I'ma tell you once, you better let me be

In the zone, cause I'm thoed off

Niggas wanna think, that I fell off

But I gotta stay four steps, ahead of y'all

So when I feel plex, I'ma haul em off

3-65, I gotta watch my back

Every song that I'm on, I bring hats

Gotta hell of a stop, making niggas squash the chat

I done proved my points, so you better back back

From Guerilla Maab 3D-2

Paid my dues, I'm in a store near you

Staying true, when I'm thinking about Screw

Everyday, I'ma always loving you

Mayn, I know it just don't stop

84's and tipping slow, on chops

Lose the cops, I got a trunk on knock

Please believe, Trae headed to the top

[Hook - 2x][Trae]Living down in H-Town, I gotta do my thang

I'm on the grind full time, holding down my name

S.U.C. affiliated, niggas hate it

And I'm still on point, when I'm gripping the grain

I put it all in your face, when I stay on the paper chase

And niggas wanna plex, cause I'm ahead of the race

Better hold that down, cause I'm a real nigga

Educated in the streets, so I'm clicked up with killas

Dougo, Rocko, Jay'Ton and By-Bo

In the air like hydro, they know

We so toed, kicking down the do'

And like the Z-Ro say, I'm thinking you better let it go

Pulling up in the wide body fo' do', with the missing top

So the hoes'll bop, roll stop and drop, you know I cock the glock

And for the P-A-T, you know we still body rock
In the Coupe or foreign car, slabbed out
Screens on glow, coming out the stash spot
Soldiers that's united for the cash, a lot
And for the love of Screw you, I'm riding on knot
That's everyday, and I'm loving it mayn
Ain't shit changed, I gotta go get it
Come back with it, and I won't quit
Sideways on a switch, representing for the click bitch
[Hook - 2x]

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