

Born In the Trap

The Game

I was born in the cross hairs without a pot to piss in
Where niggas get smoked over Jordans and their Pippens
Welcome to California, nah, it ain't cold as New York
But life is a bitch out here, word to Too Short
Whack was a shooter so we called him Tony Kukoc
Gang banging had us addicted like it was new ports
Whoever thought that it would spread like petroleum
Now BP connect got us praying to them holy men
Just had a daughter homie, named her Katrina
If I raise her right, then maybe she can take over FEMA
Spike Lee in New Orleans shooting documentaries
And Game still in Cali eating off the documentary
Take em to the symmetry I mean the cemetery
Where everybody boxed in, refrigerator Perry

And everybody little fuck up, they blame it on Barack
'Cause he's just like T.I. born in the trap
And everybody little fuck up, they blame it on Barack
'Cause he's just like Gucci, born in the trap
And everybody little fuck up, they blame it on Barack
'Cause he's just like Jeezy, born in the trap
And every little fuck up, my gun she go, "crack"
'Cause I'm just like Outkast, born in the trap

So what's going on with you faggots?
And what you gonna do when your swagger no longer matters?
And your bitch ain't the baddest 'cause she in her mid-40s
And your phantom played out so you hating on the shorties
'Cause they running around like they was your age and you was your age
Fucking bitches raw 'cause now the world ain't got no AIDS
Yeah, 2050 all you niggas gold diggers
Sucked you dry left them hickeys on you niggas
I used to run around like you, run the town like you
Walk my red nose and clown like you, but it got old like Betty White
This rap shit real deep like Barry White
Reminiscing on the days I used to carry white
Walking though them Crip hoods in the Cherry Nikes
Now I lead a married life, walking in the house, to them home-cooked meals

Joint American Express accounts and less dollar bills

Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack
Just like Goodie Mob, I was born in the trap
Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack
But just like Luda, I was born in the trap
Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack
But like Soulja Boy, I was born in the trap
Broke ass niggas still begging for a stack
Take 'em to Shawty Lo, nigga, learn how to trap

Shit deeper than The Roots band
Fifteens drumming, questlove in the coupe fam
Riding through Pittsburgh, Wiz got the Steelers
Born by the jungle so I came with gorillas
Since niggas dropping more dimes than we fuckin'
We out the hood, tryna get money like Pete Touchin
Splitting backboards just to get our weed stuffed in
The crack we cookin, we don't need ovens
We need something to put in the mouth of our kids
Instead of copping chains, lets fly to Chile and dig
Go to Haiti and feed to the Bahamas and breathe
On the way back, to my nigga Sean from Belize, you know
Sometimes I feel like this rap shit is heaven sent
Then I get a high, feel like it's irrelevant
So I'm about to pop the trunk like an elephant
And campaign with Wyclef while he run for president
I'm 'bout to pop the trunk like an elephant
And campaign with Wyclef while he run for president
Told you I was gonna kill this shit, Primo

You know rockin' with the best

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