

# Trap Or Die

## Young Jeezy

Jeezy, I know you ain't gon' let this shit go down like this nigga  
I'm hearin' these niggaz in the club, niggaz soundin' like you nigga  
Bitin' your motherfuckin' ad-libs, bitin' your motherfuckin' style nigga

What the fuck goin' on nigga?

You better check these motherfuckin' niggaz, mayne

Real fuck wit real nigga and these niggaz

Ain't real out here on these motherfuckin' streets nigga

Especially these fuck ass industry niggaz mayne

Nigga we been doin' this shit since ninety-five

Last time I checked I was the man on these streets

They call me residue, I leave blow in these beats

Got diarrhea flow , now I shit on niggaz, geah

Even when I'm constipated I still shit on niggaz, let's get it

Got some Super Friends in the Legion of Doom

Stay blowin' purple shit that keep me high like the moon

Yeah, I'm an affiliate, I'm no hitman

I'm a hater like you, fuck my wristband

Nigga sneak this and that ain't how we play

Fuck with mind, get ya drama like the DJ, that's right

Now tell me I ain't real, this AR that I'm holdin' got a gangsta grill

Went from old school Chevys to Beamer coupes

Got a hundred niggaz with me and everybody gon' shoot, yeah

Try me nigga, that's your first mistake

Eat your lil' ass up like a chanterelle plate

The whole pie like Domino's, yes indeed

I'm tryna stack my bacon up, I need extra cheese, hey

You can try dawg but it ain't easy, nope

Mix the flake with the soul, you got Young Jeezy, damn

You still wanna talk blow man?

Soft white like Alaska, call me snowman

Smoke purp' by the pound, O's by the fifth

Re-up on the first then again on the fifth, yeah

We trap or die nigga, geah, oh, we trap or die nigga

And these hoes love a nigga 'cause they know that we the truth

Got the Chevy same color Tropicana orange juice, yeah

We trap or die nigga, geah, oh, we trap or die nigga

Post on the block, rain, sleet, snow, sunny

Slow motion, don't nothin' move but the money, geah

Trap all day, day, with no lunch breaks, nope

It's dinner time but a gangsta cookin' pancakes  
Rubberbands when we wrap them stacks  
Time to ship it outta town, you know Saran's the wrap, yeah  
Think ahead in case the K-9's get loose, geah  
In the tubes like the ties on my Mongoose, hey  
Smoke purp' by the pound, O's by the fifth  
Re-up on the first then again on the fifth, yeah  
We trap or die nigga, geah, oh, we trap or die nigga  
And these hoes love a nigga 'cause they know that we the truth  
Got the Chevy same color Tropicana orange juice, yeah  
We trap or die nigga, geah, oh, we trap or die nigga  
Yeah, back up in the hood again, where it's all good again  
Ridin' candy slab, grippin' on the wood again  
Outta line niggaz get back in place where you should've been  
In case you don't understand, I'ma make it understood again  
King of the underground, my gangsta will never fail  
You 'bout to make me go postal for fuckin' with my mail  
You got the connect but you ain't got the clientele  
You the hoax and niggaz know it, that shit ain't hard to tell  
Rat bitch, recognize that your cheese ain't been to sales  
I'm finna break some bread with the feds? You dumb as hell  
I been around the block before, sold it all from rock to blow  
And I don't fuck around when the feds in town I got to go  
Respect my mind 'cause I'm a trill old schooler  
Summer time get too hot, I wait for winter when it's cooler  
U.G.K. for life, free the Pimp, you know the deal  
In P.A.T. it's trap or die and we ain't down for gettin' killed  
Smoke purp' by the pound, O's by the fifth  
Re-up on the first then again on the fifth, yeah  
We trap or die nigga, geah, oh, we trap or die nigga  
And these hoes love a nigga 'cause they know that we the truth  
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