Real Talk

Alterbeats

[Trae]Yeah, real talk for my niggaz on the block
I been wrecking for a second, but I promised that I wouldn't stop
I been in it with my niggaz, for a long time
But they gotta give it to me, cause they know I wouldn't drop
Same nigga, with the flow
Same nigga that'll spin a nigga's ass up, throw his ass in the trunk
I'm a representative, for the Assholes
Try to run up on me, I'll teach a nigga how to stunt
Southwest, you better get your hands up
'Fore I send a wave of niggaz, that'll hit your man's up
While you wanna-be thugs, better pull your pants up
Then the shit, hit the fan
Then I fuck, your fans up
These niggaz, really got a nigga fucked up
Hating motherfuckers, I'll show you what the beef is
Show you niggaz how to lose teeth, keep running off at the mouth
And I can show you niggaz, what the sleep is
Better give it up, when you hear the name Trae
When I hit the block in black, your ass better pray
Tell the five in the hood, I don't play
And I got more niggaz, in the slugs
In the tip, of a K
And I run with the C's, and the B's on the block
And the G's, and few B.D.'s on the block
And I kept it real, so I got the keys to the block
I'm a gangsta, they don't make these on the block
I'll put it on the pack, and I'll ride for it first
Nigga jump, gonna be the first nigga that'll slide for it
They don't wanna see me in a zone, when I try for it
Any real nigga, stand up and get an eye for it
Cause I'm oh so real, though homie
And I'm next in the line, finna show the world what it was
H-Town, till the death

Intuition of a nigga named Pac, finna let it rain for the thugs
[Trae]Somebody better give me the crown, these niggaz out of line
And I see, I gotta put 'em in they place
Everyday it be the same old shit, I gotta click on a bitch
I don't really, wanna pay another case

Whey they niggaz wanna try a nigga, like a nigga soft than a bitch
I'll lean on a nigga, like Boss on a switch
Better chill, 'fore I get to going off on a bitch
Lace the Nike's, and break a nigga jaw in this bitch
Everybody, wanna know about the South
But I promise, you niggaz'll wanna take another route
A.B.N., fin to hit a nigga's ass in the drought
In the town right now, (no doubt)
If you got a problem with Trae, let's get it on
Iggy on lock, so I'm back in a zone still packing the chrome
I was late for the hood, so I'm bad to the bone
Since I roll on the block, it's half of the bone
Shit just got wrong, you can hear it in my tone
(I'm pissed), but I'm still moving along
Yeah Jay?Ton, still grooving along
So the niggaz in the blue, got love for the Home
For the H, and the West state
I''ll put it on a nigga, in the worst way
That'll be your worst day, and I put it on Trae
Motherfuckers better get in a line, or the dirt where you gon lay
This right here, for my nigga named Nick
In a hospital bed, half gone
I'll run up on a bitch nigga, who that out that shout out
Feel I gotta hit his ass, with the chrome
Nothing less, R-E-S-T-L-E double S
Stress, got a nigga on amp
So I got mob for life, like 24/7
And I promise, I'm about to be the champ

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/