

Y'all Trippin'

Michael Christmas

[Verse 1] Call of Duty Ghosts, squad up, this the homeless section

Have my nigga OG through, it's a roasting session

Who the fuck brought these niggas, I say no to questions

Been losing since 94, so I know the lessons

Spend my money all on kicks, I don't know investments

That's what happen at 19, you get broke and reckless

Remember being 6 years old, niggas stole my necklace

If I see them niggas again, hope they broke and debted

I be in the cut just laughing, cuz I know the blessings

Cheat code flow go hard or go home, E-40 taught me don't love no ho

But I love all hoes that's just how the shit go

Let a 4 try to throw me box, I be at the door

Bet not tell your friends about it I got fans and shit ho

Causing rah rah, and hippy hoop lah

The super bars coming from the basement to rooftops. And y'all tripping [Hook] Ya'll Trippin (You slipping, you falling, you can't get up?) {2x} Cuz I'm finna go ham, like walakum Salam, fuck you to Uncle Sam, Aunt Sally getting blammed [Verse 2]

Least I never rode the bench, Coffee Black

And its all starting to make sense, check the stats

And it's me that the odds against, check the facts

And I almost paid the rent, but this hat. Nigga

Know I had to get it, standing with my white sonata need Xzibit

Ride get pimped nigga might get some bitches

Asian girl told me that she seen me on Pigeons

So shout to Jon Tanners, that's the John Stock assist

Use the Gary Payton fore you get the Magic on your shit

I'm the school PSA, messages from Michael Christmas

Put the guns away let's have some fun today, with drugs and drinking

The fried brain cells make you see colored pictures

Got my hair long I'm sitting on this stoop, mother sister

I do the right thing for my fam, but the mosh pitting alcohol spitting for the fans [Hook]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>