

Trap Or Die (feat. Bun B & Slick Pulla)

Young Jeezy

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 niggas
Even when I'm constipated I still shit on niggas (let's get it on)
Got some Super Friends in the Legion of Doom
They blowin purple shit that keep me high like the moon
Yea, I'm an affiliate, I'm no hit man
Yea, I'm an affiliate, I'm no hit man
Yea, I'm an affiliate, I'm no hit man
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, dramatic nigga)
Now tell me I ain't real, this are that I'm holdin got a gangsta grill (that's right)
Now tell me I ain't real, this are that I'm holdin got a gangsta grill
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Went from old school Chevy's
To beamer coupes
Got a 100 niggas with me and everybody gon shoot (yea)
Try me nigga, that's your first mistake
Eat your lil' ass up like a chanterelle plate
The whole pie like Dominoes, yes indeed
I'm tryna stack my bacon up, I need extra cheese
You can try dog, but it ain't easy
Mix the flake with the soul and carry Young Jeezy (damn)
You still want to talk flow man?
Soft white Alaska call me Snowman
Smoke purp by the pound, ounce by the fifth
Re-up on the first then again on the fifth (yea)
We trap or die nigga, we trap or die nigga
Ya know these hoes love a nigga cause they know that we the truth

Got the Chevy same color Tropicana orange juice (yea)
We trap or die nigga, we trap or die nigga)Yea, back up in the hood again, where it's all good again
Ridin' candy slab, grippin' on the wood again
Outta line niggas get back in place where you shoulda been
In case you don't understand, we'll 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 niggas know it, that shit ain't hard to tell
Rat bitch, recognize that your cheese ain't been to sales
I'm fina break some bread with the feds, you dumb as hell
I been around the block before, sold it all for 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
Summertime get too hot I wait for winter when its cooler
U-G-K for life, free the pimp, you know the deal
In PAT it's Trap Or Die and we ain't down for gettin killedSmoke purp by the pound, ounce by the fifth
Re-up on the first then again on the fifth (yea)
We trap or die nigga, we trap or die nigga
Ya know these hoes love a nigga cause they know that we the truth
Got the chevy same color Tropicana orange juice (yea)
We trap or die nigga, we trap or die niggaWe think like mathematicians, move like mobsters
It's bout to be a grizzly winter nigga straight monster (real nigga)
I'm posted up with my big schlapps, big snakes, big straps
You don't want to feel that
Street addicts get a buzz from the hustlin'
Fuck the government, we got our own, the Track-Publicans
Chillin' pimp niggas don't know the first thing about the block
I'm 279 grams of straight drop out the pot
Real street niggas, all the ghetto hoes on our jock
When I hit the strip, all my troops listen while I talk
This what I tell em, "Take these yams lil' man
Break it down, get back, see a couple grams"
And don't talk to square niggas, you know, Spongebobs
Kanye West niggas, talking through the wire dog
Watch for goonies when you got it, niggas want to rob
And pull a staff and quarterback 'em like Brett FavreSmoke purp by the pound, ounce by the fifth
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Songwriters

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