

Trap or Die (feat. Bun B)

Young Jeezy

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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, heySmoke 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 niggaYeah, 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 againKing 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 tellRat 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 goRespect 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' killedSmoke 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
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