Shut Up

Don Trip

Down the highway in the rented Acura, bricks in the trunk, pretty bitch on the passenger. Tryna get paid for each day on my calendar. Duckin' speed radars and traffic light cameras. Seat belt, speed limit, oh no I'm no amateur. Signal lights and no phones, but still got the hammer tucked. There's a state trooper right behind us tryna jam us up. Hope we good, cause if they search this Sedan, we fucked. Just my luck while they passin'us;she rolled down the window and tossed out a plastic cup. Stupid bit 'bouta get us both slammed in cuffs, it's all over if she panic. Damn it, fuck. And I'ma kill this bitch literally. She 'bout ta get me twenty years just for litterin'. Well today musta been my lucky day cause he just shook his head at her and drove away. Now bitch shut up and let me drive. Shut ya mouth once ya hop inside. Bitch shut up and let me drive. Said you'll know where we goin' once we arrive. Bitch shut up and let me drive. How many times I gotta tell you be quiet? Bitch shut up and let me drive. I'm 'bouta put yo ass out this ride. Bitch shut up and let me drive. On my way to drop the word off, I called the sir for havin' my sack on the first call. After that I'm 'bouta slap this bitch skirt off, fat pussy, ass softer than a nerf ball. But she talk too much, and that's a problem. She strikin' conversations with niggas while they shoppin'. Now I don't wanna slap her, but I will if she don't stop it. If she make this nigga nervous, I might have to pop 'em. She could make 'em feel like them niggas tryna rob 'em, so i really gotta watch 'em while they reachin' in they pocket. I'm reachin' for my rocket, just in case he try to get stupid and weigh his options; I have to leave 'em rottin'. I'm strapped like I'm huntin' Bin Laden. I make too much motherfuckin' money to robbin'. I really hope this nigga don't make me have to offer, cause I'ma have to do too, cause she just sat there and watched me. Bitch shut up and let me drive. Shut ya mouth once ya hop inside. Bitch shut up and let me drive. You'll know where we goin' once we arrive. Would you shut up and let me drive? How many times I gotta tell you be quiet? Bitch shut up and let me drive. I'm 'bouta kick yo ass out this ride. Bitch shut up and let me drive. Now it's time to pay my tab. Hop back in the whip, and head back up the slab. I'm in the hole, I'm tryna pay it off fast. Then I'm finished with the birds like Westbrook and McNabb. I'm all about my cut, like a scab. Ballin' with the green like the Bucks and the Mavs. And i will pay my plug every buck that I have. Then handle what i owe, and maybe step back. School of Hard Knox, it really isn't school. And I'm really fuckin' up, cause I'm bendin' rules. I gotta bit wit me, so I been a fool, cause I'm just thankin' 'bout drivin' while gettin' chewed. Nosy bit, and I let her pick my every move; just so i can get head like a hair dew. I musta been out my fuckin' mind, so i pull the whip over to the side, put her out, and said goodbye. And now i finally get to get some peace and quiet. Bitch shut up and let me drive. I said I finally get to get some peace and quiet. Bitch shut up and let me drive. She shut up and let me drive. Trae 118 bitch. She shut up and let me drive.

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