

Jackin For Beats

Trey Songz

[Intro:][DJ Drama:] Aye Trigga
[Trey Songz:] What up Dram?
[DJ Drama:] I know you been on this rap thing for a minute right?
[Trey Songz:] Right
[DJ Drama:] Can we show 'em the lyrics?
[Trey Songz:] You think they ready?
[DJ Drama:] Can we show 'em the greatness?
[Trey Songz:] yeah...
[DJ Drama:] I'll handle the beats
[Trey Songz:] Niggas ain't ready man
[DJ Drama:] Holla at 'em
[Verse 1: Trey Songz]Ungh, A nigga never been as dope as me
Like my veins and my brain run on coca leafs
I say they fly well they fly, well these niggas popery
Mind capacity as wide as the open sea
Put these niggas in they place where they 'spose to be
Plus I get these bitches buck like gopher teeth
So respect it or check it, fuck your hypothesis
I'm a write the play no Socrates, pardon me, nobody alarmin' me
They all rap commonly as if they hold drugs like a pharmacy
[Verse 2: Trey Songz]Watch came up, what you 'wan see?
I made the time change up, yeah quantum leap
And I'm still tryna figure where I 'wan be
So many fish in the sea, life is vagina beach
I don't sleep much, paper thoughts waking me
Talkin' to a nigga like, trigga keep makin' me
They can't see me when they do I'm what they hate to see
I eat good, they just 'wan salt shaker me
Bread on the rise, I ain't talkin' 'bout a bakery
Devils in disguise everywhere, yeah pray for me
Know you niggas pussy but get off my dick
And don't quote me boy cause I ain't said shit
I ain't said nuttin', I'm too busy frontin, ungh
[Verse 3: Trey Songz]Cruisin' down the street in my benzo, couple of freaks
Couple of hoes, I only met 'em all like a couple ago
Still I treat 'em like stacks, got a couple to blow
Nobody takin' nothin' from Songz except a loss
Nobody puttin' fear in my heart except for god
Competitors R.I.P, dead as a bitch, lyrics spit one hell of a clip

A.R. say that they hard, leave 'em in graveyards
One big diamond, call a nigga basegod, get it? baseball
Don't know if they draw or they just trey stall

Number one to get the number two and then erase y'all
Grass cut fool, never lose where the snakes are
Motherfuck school, nigga never had a day job
[Verse 4: Trey Songz]Shout to all the niggas faced off with the jacob
Fuck pool, on the corner pocket full of 8 balls
And fuck you nigga, I be droppin' napalm
And it's cool nigga gon' get yo hate on
Got a big dick and she gon' put her face on
Ass so big and the shit is like her waist, gone
Swingin' from a pole, pussy poppin' in the Bronx
Then I made it rain like the Cartagena Don
Do it so big they should call a nigga Pun
All I do is win, they should call a nigga won, ungh
Hol' up chula, I'm all about that loot
But I'll knock that boot, drop top that coup
Swoop, hoop (swish), miss that booth

[Verse 5: Trey Songz]If I don't R.I.P that booth, then I don't know who do
I don't know, who you? Different city errday and I don't know you beau
I don't owe you beau, prolly know my crew
Get around like I came to the bar with a group to get wet
Respect the hoes that don't oppose to let me hold they necks in sex
And she sittin' right next to me
So I don't know why the girl keep textin' me
Talkin' bout she love me, forever thinkin' of me
Trust me, just come in the bathroom and fuck me
Wake up in the mornin' and my eyes all crusty ungh
She will and she still wan' touch me
But we gotta catch a flight, enough, show tonight
Say it gotta be wrong cause it felt so right when she bust it
Now she got a problem sayin' bye-bye
Tryna ask a nigga 'bout the wi-fi
She just wanna skype, and I just wanna pipe
Was only one night, baby go back to ya life
Life, it's a gamble, we just roll dice
That shit'll be in shambles if you don't roll right
And you know how I get, couple side bets
Fuck is a entr

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