

Slugs

Trae tha Truth

Young nigga takin' off on them percs
Young nigga puttin' in that work
Young nigga let that chopper do the murking
No Nowitzki but I leave him in the dirt
Young niggas throwin' up their sets
Us niggas running through these checks
Hundred jam I still no flex
Wearin' Nikes when I'm running through a check
I'm on that same thing, look at this change man
I'm just running through a mothafuckin' check dawg
Give me my change man
This ain't no game man, look how this chain hang
I'm just running through a mothafuckin' check dawg Chasing this check I'm not talking athletics
But I keep my money in lockers
If I make the call just know I got young shooters
Who ride like American choppers
They hustle for deal in that kitchen they cooking
A fool with the D like Ibaka
No medical dealer but for the right price
They prescribe Actavis like a doctor
Drop this wet, I call it rainy weather
Chopper's disconnected like it's not together
Mister Truth is fly and I am not a feather
I just hold these rocks up like I'm Roc-A-Fella
If your bitch is lame then I am not the seller
She can be with me it's what I'm not to tell her
Like to play it low like I'm a acapella
If she here for dick then I am not to fill her
Give me my check if not a minute later
Swangers I'm tippin', should've been waiter
Look like a swamp 'cause everything is Gator
You don't like me, then bitch you been a hater
I'm sick bitch, I'm sick I should've been a fever
Fuckin' with me, the trunk is where I leave ya
Gon' be a minute 'fore someone relieve yah
Got this bitch jumpin' like you had a seizure Young nigga takin' off on them percs
Young nigga puttin' in that work
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I'm just running through a mothafuckin' check dawg You not gettin' them racks, oh where they do that at?
My neck, my wrist, my ears, and my fingers are sittin' on wet
I told that lil bitch to hop into my coupe, treat her like a lil pet
Copped me a Vette then I wrecked it, then I copped a Bentley and wrecked it
I got real shooters
They pull up with woolas and all kind of TEC 9s and Uzis
We talk on the phone I just tell 'em stay reckless
My bitch she gon' shoot, she a buddha
Chinese and Japanese
Her eyes looking closed
She gon' chase 'til she capture me
These pigs are so after me
This ice on my neck is so wet like it baptize me
I get that dope from the Pope
While I get sex on the banana boat
I can't save her, she better stay afloat
I'll detain a baby for that dope
Whip it! Whip it! 'Til I have a stroke
Cook it, throw it, catch it, no Ebola
Treat my dogs like bacon no con-soda
Told you once I bang red, Coca Cola

Songwriters

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