

Drama

Trae

(talking)

Houston, Texas

It's time to stand up in this motherfucker!

(*blowing up*)

(crowd cheering)

[Hook-Billy Cook]

Father please forgive me for what I'm about to do

But the pressure lately takin' me out my cool

I tried to chill but they keep on speakin my name

So now they bout to get interested to my pain

Momma please forgive me for what I'm about to do

If the Drama start I never meant to hurt you

But if everybody keep on fuckin with me

On everything I love I'm not gon' let 'em be

Drama keep calling me-Drama keep calling my phone

I told them to let me be-it is what, it is so let's get it on

Drama keep calling me-Drama keep calling my phone

I told them to let me be-it is what, it is so let's get it on

[Verse 1-Trae]

Drama callin' I guess I gotta give it to 'em without stallin

Everybody want to know what I'm haulin

Inside of my chest-inside of my head but it ain't no phony

Godamn what you want to go and fuck with Trae fo'

A little bit of fame but it ain't gon' pay hoe

Now you gon' feel how the fuck I feel ain't nobody finna move till I say so

They say you want to know about Trae and Doug who is T-Ray? nigga it's the Maab

It's Trae ready from the S.U.C stay ridin his dick must be ya big job

It's Trae and Z-Ro we the kinfolk I think why'all require too much info

Niggaz say that I turned my back, that's falsified and him and I both know

Dinkie told me not to feed the fans and what's fam is fam and stick to the plan

But everywhere that I go niggaz say I cap-and they speak on shit they don't understand

Want every be no more Guerilla Maab if you step up to me I'll be solo maab

Me and Ro underground for the ABN, Slow Loud And Bangin the rap game revolvin'

What about T-Ray I ain't forgot speakin bout me like a nigga want to box

After this here I'm a let you make it, if you still want to go I'm a raise the stocks

Right about now I'm about to blow and kick ass nigga I done had it
So don't you come with no hoe ass shit this young asshole finna let you have it

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[Verse 2-Trae]

They say they know about Trae who the fuck lied to them
'Cause everyday that I breathe I'll be forced to live
And forcing no slugs to protect myself, I'm a asshole I ain't got nothin to give
I've got nothin to lose, get these blues

Some of these niggaz don't want to pay dues
I hope they buckle up they belt
'Cause it's finna get rough 1 of these niggaz finna get bruised
Why you start it if you ain't want the beef

You got plex you really don't want no teeth
These Silvaback girls come on dogg
You better get ya weight up before you fuck with me
'Cause I'll maab on a nigga-swung on a nigga

Hit ya block up to harm me a nigga
Put 'em in a figure 4 and get raw with a nigga
Put 'em in a box so they don't find that nigga
Everybody want to hate me like I changed

Said the hot block since I got fame
But I know one thing they better get they bitch ass
The fuck from round me cause I got aim

So I'm back again-I got a pack of men

I pull up in a black 'Lac with a back again
'Cause these cats don't know how to act again
Trae they attitude off track again

So what you niggaz hatin on if it's the crime you gon' be waiting long

'Cause day after day it's gonna be takin on, I put it on leak and the 4's I'm skatin on
I promise you don't really want to take it there and I advise you for this
Ain't too many finna be too many finna be after this
Cause these bitch niggaz done got me pissed
[*bomb blowing up*, crowd cheering*]

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