

# earthquake

## Trae the Truth

Speak to them Jazze  
Yea fly guy  
I, I'm way more fly than you  
(That's right)  
I'll take your dime from you  
(That's right)  
Now she wanna spend all night with me  
(She wanna wake up with Weezy F, baby)  
Let me be the one that you roll into  
(Throw it back ma, throw it back, throw it back, throw it back ma)  
Baby, I'd like to spend the rest of my night with you  
(So how 'bout you? So how 'bout you?)  
I'll take your bitch give her back, take your bitch again  
That's because you throw a 5, I pitch a 10  
Now she wanna get inside of my '66  
She see that my wrist is blue and yellow like Michigan  
She say she love her man, she misses him  
But nobody do it better than her distant dick, me  
I'm her long distance pimp  
When I land my bitches wait for me on the strip, yup  
And I don't lie, I confess  
I'm the one who turn that orange vest to a dress dough  
Gotta dress to impress though, gotta stay clean  
Plus momma in a Lex 4  
She with me, what you expect? I live to be fly to death  
It's the Bird Man junior, sincerely yours  
When it rains it pours, when it rain it whores  
Jazze, c'mon  
I, I'm way more fly than you  
(That's right)  
I'll take your dime from you  
(That's right)  
Now she wanna spend all night with me  
(She wanna wake up with Weezy F, baby)  
Let me be the one that you roll with too  
(Throw it back ma, throw it back, throw it back, throw it back ma)  
Baby, I'd like to spend the rest of my night with you, baby  
(So how 'bout you? So how 'bout you?)  
Now why you wanna go do that?

I can see through that  
Tattoo right there, like I can't view that  
Girl, what that? Say wait, who that?  
Bet he was lame, bet he not Lil' Wayne, no  
'Coz I'm way more flyer  
Have you hangin' 'round a bunch of yayo buyers, nope  
And not a day go by us  
We don't get higher than the telephone wires  
Cut your telephone off, we ridin' where phones don't roam  
They don't even come on  
You're far from home so leave it alone  
You creepin' with the king of the throne  
You sleepin' in a tee and a thong, with your hair in a pony  
I ain't got no blinds, we can stare at the morning, yup  
But I can't be there all mornin'  
I'm a pimp baby, I'm going, going, gone  
I, I'm way more fly than you  
(That's right)  
I'll take your dime from you  
(That's right)  
Now she wanna spend all night with me  
(She wanna wake up with Weezy F, baby)  
Let me be the one that you roll with too  
(Throw it back ma, throw it back, throw it back, throw it back ma)  
Baby, I'd like to spend the rest of my night with you  
(So how 'bout you? So how 'bout you?)  
I'm sorry I was groovin'  
Gotta love that laid back mannie fresh music  
But let's get back to what we was doing  
Laid back in that black on plat Ewing's  
That's 33 weak tires, he fire  
These streets ain't papaya ma  
You gotta keep heat on your side 2 must  
So I'm a get 3 more and cop you one, wait  
Naw hun 'coz you ain't exempt  
If your ass ever trip, I'll give you a clip, yea  
But I love the way your jeans suck in your hip  
And you walk kinda mean how you strut with a dip  
And you talk kinda clean and you lick your lips  
But I can't fall for you 'coz I stick to the script, yup  
I said "I stick to my grip, I stick to my money, that's life to me  
Sorry honey, Jazze"  
I, I'm way more fly than you  
(That's right)  
I'll take your dime from you

(That's right)  
Now she wanna spend all night with me  
(She wanna wake up with Weezy F, baby, damn)  
Let me be the one that you roll with too  
(Throw it back ma, throw it back, throw it back, throw it back ma)  
Baby, I'd like to spend the rest of my night with you  
(So how 'bout you? So how 'bout you?)  
So how 'bout you?  
So how 'bout you?  
See what I'm talking bout sweet heart  
You ain't even gotta have John Madden  
You ain't gotta have Dick Vitale, you ain't gotta Lee Carsole  
You ain't gotta have Stuart Scott, you ain't gotta have Linda Cohn  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
You ain't gotta have the staff of ESPN  
You ain't gotta have the ABC staff just to speak sports baby  
'Coz I got game sweetheart  
Just fuck with your boy and I'll get you a jersey  
What you want me to put on the bag?  
Daddy's little girl, that's right  
Know what I'm talking 'bout?  
See I can't give you the game but I can show you the game  
And you can see what you see and peek how you peek  
And see what you get  
Know what I'm talking 'bout?  
Weezy

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>