

# Trap or Die

## Young Jeezy

Last time I checked I was the man on these streets  
They call me residue, I leave blow in these beats  
Got diarrhea flow, now I shit on niggas  
Even when I'm constipated I still shit on niggas (let's get it on)  
Got some Super Friends in the Legion of Doom  
They blowin purple shit that keep me high like the moon  
Yea, I'm an affiliate, I'm no hit man  
Yea, I'm an affiliate, I'm no hit man  
Yea, I'm an affiliate, I'm no hit man  
I'm a hater like you, fuck my wristband  
Nigga sneak this, and that ain't how we play  
Fuck with mind, get ya drama like the DJ (that's right, dramatic nigga)  
Now tell me I ain't real, this are that I'm holdin got a gangsta grill (that's right)  
Now tell me I ain't real, this are that I'm holdin got a gangsta grill  
Last time I checked I was the man on these streets  
They call me residue, I leave blow in these beats  
Got diarrhea flow, now I shit on niggas  
Even when I'm constipated I still shit on niggas (let's get it on)  
Got some Super Friends in the Legion of Doom  
They blowin' purple shit that keep me high like the moon  
Yea, I'm an affiliate, I'm no hitman  
I'm a hater like you, fuck my wristband  
Nigga sneak this, and that ain't how we play  
Fuck with mind, get ya drama like the DJ (that's right)  
Now tell me I ain't real, this are that I'm holdin' got a gangsta grill  
Went from old school Chevy's  
To beamer coupes  
Got a 100 niggas with me and everybody gon shoot (yea)  
Try me nigga, that's your first mistake  
Eat your lil' ass up like a chanterelle plate  
The whole pie like Dominoes, yes indeed  
I'm tryna stack my bacon up, I need extra cheese  
You can try dog, but it ain't easy  
Mix the flake with the soul and carry Young Jeezy (damn)  
You still want to talk flow man?  
Soft white Alaska call me Snowman  
Smoke purp by the pound, ounce by the fifth  
Re-up on the first then again on the fifth (yea)  
We trap or die nigga, we trap or die nigga  
Ya know these hoes love a nigga cause they know that we the truth

Got the Chevy same color Tropicana orange juice (yea)  
 We trap or die nigga, we trap or die nigga)Yea, back up in the hood again, where it's all good again  
 Ridin' candy slab, grippin' on the wood again  
 Outta line niggas get back in place where you shoulda been  
 In case you don't understand, we'll make it understood again  
 King of the underground, my gangsta will never fail  
 You bout to make me go postal for fuckin' with my mail  
 You got the connect, but you ain't got the clientele  
 You the hoax and niggas know it, that shit ain't hard to tell  
 Rat bitch, recognize that your cheese ain't been to sales  
 I'm fina break some bread with the feds, you dumb as hell  
 I been around the block before, sold it all for rock to blow  
 And I don't fuck around, when the feds in town I got to go  
 Respect my mind cause I'm a trill old schooler  
 Summertime get too hot I wait for winter when its cooler  
 U-G-K for life, free the pimp, you know the deal  
 In PAT it's Trap Or Die and we ain't down for gettin killedSmoke purp by the pound, ounce by the fifth  
 Re-up on the first then again on the fifth (yea)  
 We trap or die nigga, we trap or die nigga  
 Ya know these hoes love a nigga cause they know that we the truth  
 Got the chevy same color Tropicana orange juice (yea)  
 We trap or die nigga, we trap or die niggaWe think like mathematicians, move like mobsters  
 It's bout to be a grizzly winter nigga straight monster (real nigga)  
 I'm posted up with my big schlapps, big snakes, big straps  
 You don't want to feel that  
 Street addicts get a buzz from the hustlin'  
 Fuck the government, we got our own, the Track-Publicans  
 Chillin' pimp niggas don't know the first thing about the block  
 I'm 279 grams of straight drop out the pot  
 Real street niggas, all the ghetto hoes on our jock  
 When I hit the strip, all my troops listen while I talk  
 This what I tell em, "Take these yams lil' man  
 Break it down, get back, see a couple grams"  
 And don't talk to square niggas, you know, Spongebobs  
 Kanye West niggas, talking through the wire dog  
 Watch for goonies when you got it, niggas want to rob  
 And pull a staff and quarterback 'em like Brett FavreSmoke purp by the pound, ounce by the fifth  
 Re-up on the first then again on the fifth (yea)  
 We trap or die nigga, we trap or die nigga  
 Ya know these hoes love a nigga cause they know that we the truth  
 Got the Chevy same color Tropicana orange juice (yea)  
 We trap or die nigga, we trap or die nigga

Songwriters

Jenkins, Jay / Stewart, Demetrius / Bun, B.Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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