

# Earthquake

## Trae tha Truth

Im in this 2011 still screwed up  
Trunk flexin like its bout to beat a dude up  
Fu-k the world I swear they fu-kin my mood up  
And the recession the people f-cking my food up  
I hear bleed and tell him to put his dogs on it  
Or hit j dog and tell him to put his hogs on it  
No dreams of NBA but I play the game  
I play the D you mother fu-kers know the name  
Im talking all night sittin on white bricks  
I chipped a couple diamonds I need these lights fixed  
Bitches trying to see I tell them to look harder  
Either fu-k or leave you'll never be a starter  
I only love money that's why the nigger hustle  
Million dollar crib yeah bitch I really hustle  
1000% real I don't know how to fake  
F-ck with me and catch a earthquakeIm moving slow getting fast money  
Move wrong and I'll put you on your ass dummy  
Im a G if its drama ill take it wherever  
Let the 90 hit the block and heat up the weather  
Have these haters tripping like they lost balance  
Money machine broke I done lost balance  
F-ck it all I know is that I am getting doe  
I am blowing slow back door and go hunting for more  
You can find me in the H riding paper plates  
Blow underneath tryin to move it thru a couple states  
At benihana trying to eat a couple steaks  
At the rate I'm going ima need a couple breaks  
Then again f-ck it I don't plan to stop  
Till the end till i end up in the sand or drop  
tell em recognize I'm the realest living  
And this pain is what I'm givenEarthquake breaking here i come to save ya  
life still a bitch find me headed to Jamaica  
Might not make it back but I'm trying to get this paper  
100 miles per hour like a NASCAR racer, chaser  
Get in the way an ill erase ya  
Unload the clip and guarantee the bullets face ya, dig that  
I'm feeling like they wanna see me fallin off  
They better chill fore I get lil bam to haul em off  
Have them 2s working like they fresh out of a gym

Throw em in the lake body and label a swim  
gorilla sh-t what you niggas know about it  
Kill em in silence only way to go bout it  
The perfect definition of g sh-t  
Ya talk beef but I bet it wont be sh-t  
And if it was ill show ya what it is  
have ya missing from ya wife and ya kids

Lyrics provided by  
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