

# Inkredible

## [unknown]

[Verse 1 - Trae] Tha Truth back, lets get to bidness  
It's something unfamiliar  
Call it a foreign image  
Paint heavily leaking  
I guess it wasn't finished  
Riding with something freaky  
They tell me she the business  
The chain clear, stones never cloudy  
Sixty 'rats or better, nigga ask about me  
Certified gangsta, please don't ever doubt me  
Welcome to the streets  
You can't get in without me  
I'm presidential, Obama painted the Vogues black  
Toping in the Chevy, top rolling back  
My life a motion picture, bitch I ain't gotta act  
I send 'em to your section, nigga hold that  
It's raining scattered bullets  
Too late to run for cover, I drain 'em like Kobe  
Then I evacuate to the gutter  
On something that's pokey with looks  
And a trunk they'd like to stutter  
I rank as the king of the city  
It ain't gon' be another

[Verse 2 - Lil Wayne] I'm sending shots, it's happy hour  
I shoot from close range, I'ma need a shower  
Brains in the sink, body on the counter  
Women and the kids, leave 'em how I found 'em  
I'm a real nigga, stand still nigga  
I cut ya face, have ya looking like Seal nigga  
Then I pull ya card, then I deal wit'cha  
Gamble wit'cha life, is this your lucky night?  
My bitch so fucking right, every night I fuck her twice

Big boy money bitch, pockets on Charlie Wise  
Tatted up, I'm scarred for life  
Tell the cops I know all my rights  
Got choppas I don't mean Harley bikes  
Drop 'em like a bag of ice  
Shades dark, flag bright

Wallet chain, chrome horse  
    Hair to the fucking back, call that shit Rosa Parks  
    Dr. Carter man I gave hip-hop open heart  
    Young Money baby aka Noah's Ark  
        Ahaha  
        And I'm Noah!  
        YOUNG MOULA BABY  
[Verse 3 - Rick Ross]My money long, my temper short  
    My car's foreign, my dick a boss  
        The guns new, the beef old  
    It's time to come through, like never before  
        Liquid C4, look at me hoe  
    Look into my eyes, do you see a C.O.?  
        I'm talking kilos, time to reload  
    Map fout ou deyo - "Shut the fuck up" in Creole  
        Bitch I'm paid up, get ya weight up  
        Pillow top back, realest shade up  
    I got them automatics so you know I'm automatic  
    All my auto's automatic, you know that's automatic  
        What you niggas wanna see?  
        Don't get caught in the street  
    I got G's that'll wait for a quarter ki', nigga  
        I'm living nigga  
        Fuck the critics nigga (Fuck 'em)  
        Shit is serious nigga  
        You hear the lyrics nigga (Yep!)  
        Its Ricky nigga

    Lyrics provided by  
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