

# Inkredible

## Young Ace

[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

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