

Trae, Coming Around Tha Corner

(Hook)

When I'm coming, round that corner
All you haters, better get up out of my range
Run up on me, if you wanna
I ain't gon play no games, at all when I'm taking my aim
Cause you gonna be, a goner
You thinking of taking my mine, late night when the 84's swang
I know you niggz in the game, gotta feel the same
Make a jacker feel the pain, and he can charge it to the game

(Jim Jones)

I'm doing a buck on the loop, in the Porsche clean
I'm trying to cut in the coupe, with this tall thing
But fuck a bitch, trying to get a buck all means
I'm on my shit, get a whiff of New York scene
If I meet the right mexican, get it for fourteen
And he got them bricks, I could get it across clean
And for the city, and fix 'em like morphine
Cop 'em when we rock the dice, and we get it like broad steam
They know, I'm willing to risk it
On trial for possessions, still concealing the biscuit
Shouts to Trae, and my Dub's Southwest
And my far Eastside, and all my Blood's out West
But my shorties down South, ain't got forty for a house
But they ride old schools, and put forty in they mouth
Mix Sprite with a deuce, sip the all from the cup
All night we gon cruise, with big toys in the trucks
And we got our music Screwed, like we crawling in a truck
Strip clubs make it rain, thunderstorm over bucks

(*talking*)

You know, it's your boy Jones
For my nigga Trae, (Capo)

(Hook)

(Trae)

I stay strapped with the automatic, living the best of my situation
I come around the corner busting, and empty the clip with no hesitation
The shit that I be on, is what us niggaz be living
Ain't nobody finna take up off mine, I give a fuck what these haters feeling
Out the Southwest, my reputation known to exceed itself
And 84's commits to turn, amongst the blocks that I bleed to death
They watching me, but my nature gotta be taking it's time
Cause I got a set of hands, similar to Roy Jones in his prime
And if needed, I got the Crips and Bloods and BD's
That'll click on pussy niggaz, like I'm forced to click on c.d.'s
Don't think if it's a problem, bitch ass nigga you can see these
It's A.B.N., and if I rush the game it's gon be TD's
So be easy homie, I don't think you really wanna see me call that play out
Cause if I do, somebody ass get layed out
And either way I'ma ride for mine and lie for mine, fuck it I'll die for mine
I keep it gangsta to the end, it ain't getting by with mine

(Hook)

(*talking*)

Shouts to the Dub-Southwest, ha
Shouts to the bloody 5th, R.I.P. my nigga D-Ray
E.T. I see you mo'fucker, ha-ha
You know, this some straight G'd up shit nigga
I'm in my second home, Houston nigga
It's hot here and we don't play fair, you know the rule
Come in peace or leave in pieces, fall back or fall back

We about that nigga, New York's rider man
One Eye Willie, Capo Status, Goonies
All over the world nigga, fifty state rebel
Ride with me and die with me, ghetto stand up
Rap version Shake and Verel, but I'm realer than that
Get your ass capped, peeled back