

# Trae, On The Southside

(\*talking\*)

Screwzoo, what's the deal baby

Lil' Trae up in here, putting it down

Trying to hold it down, know I'm saying

Everybody out here, still representing to the fullest

You know I'ma hold it down fa sho

Aint no mo' being sad, we gon put it in they face

Again and again, just like you say know I'm saying

We gon smile fa sho

(Trae)

Sitting low behind tints, swanging to Southwest

I got a tech to the chest, penetrating the plex

And if a nigga don't know, we Down South thugs

In the Dirty Third, that's going off like slugs

Beating the boulevard, and swanging in throwed cars

And talking on cellulars, three plus two broads

With a bad broad, shotgun up in the frame

You know Guerilla Maab thugs, be down to pull stunts

On the first of the month, popped up like trunks

And when a nigga showing off, we pump up punks

Fin to dump, showing a nigga Lil' Trae don't play

Blue over grey with a K, fin to make your day

Breaking the mic, since my reputwa

Like niggas at Cornbread's, sipping the bar

Like Roy Jones, when he be breaking a jaw

Like two dykes, in a menage tois

Lyricaly, I can't be stopped

Niggas can't see me, even if I was 3-D

I told you once, and I'ma say it out again

S-L-A-B, be raw pimping a pen

In the wind for the divid-ends, and a big body Benz

With the bubble lens, moving it down I-10

Taking a spin, a Cardier with the blue lens  
On my grind, steady stacking all of my ends  
I'm moving slow, turning everybody head  
So you know I'm thoed, I'm fin to pop my do's  
On glass 4's fin to pop my trunk, with a lot of glow  
I got a lot of flow, and a lot of thugs  
From the Southeast side to the block, I put  
All of my ghetto motherf\*\*kers, steady showing love  
Throwing a deuce in the air, when they feeling us  
I know you feeling us

(Hook - 2x)

On the Southside  
Candy sprayed, looking so live  
84's and vogues, we glide  
Screwzoo, you know we holding it down

(Trae)

Niggas ain't ready, for what we do

When I'm in my drop, or in the hoodo  
Pull up on the block, with grey on the blue  
With four 18's, and banging Screw  
I don't give a damn, if y'all hate me  
When it come to rap, y'all can't fade me  
A lot of y'all niggas, know who we be  
I'ma tell you once, you better let me be  
In the zone, cause I'm thoed off  
Niggas wanna think, that I fell off  
But I gotta stay four steps, ahead of y'all  
So when I feel plex, I'ma haul em off  
3-65, I gotta watch my back  
Every song that I'm on, I bring hats  
Gotta hell of a stop, making niggas squash the chat  
I done proved my points, so you better back back

From Guerilla Maab 3D-2

Paid my dues, I'm in a store near you

Staying true, when I'm thinking about Screw

Everyday, I'ma always loving you

Mayn, I know it just don't stop

84's and tipping slow, on chops

Lose the cops, I got a trunk on knock

Please believe, Trae headed to the top

(Hook - 2x)

(Trae)

Living down in H-Town, I gotta do my thang

I'm on the grind full time, holding down my name

S.U.C. affiliated, niggas hate it

And I'm still on point, when I'm gripping the grain

I put it all in your face, when I stay on the paper chase

And niggas wanna plex, cause I'm ahead of the race

Better hold that down, cause I'm a real nigga

Educated in the streets, so I'm clicked up with killas

Dougo, Rocko, Jay'Ton and By-Bo

In the air like hydro, they know

We so toed, kicking down the do'

And like the Z-Ro say, I'm thinking you better let it go

Pulling up in the wide body fo' do', with the missing top

So the hoes'll bop, roll stop and drop, you know I cock the glock

And for the P-A-T, you know we still body rock

In the Coupe or foreign car, slabbed out

Screens on glow, coming out the stash spot

Soldiers that's united for the cash, a lot

And for the love of Screw you, I'm riding on knot

That's everyday, and I'm loving it mayn

Ain't shit changed, I gotta go get it

Come back with it, and I won't quit

Sideways on a switch, representing for the click bitch

(Hook - 2x)