

# Young Jeezy, Trap Or Die

(feat. Bun B)

[Young Jeezy]

Last time I checked I was the man on these streets  
They call me residue, I leave blow in these beats  
Got diareah flow, now I shit on niggaz  
Even when I'm constipated I still shit on niggaz (let's get it on)  
Got some Super Friends in the Legion of Doom  
They blowin purple shit that keep me high like the moon  
Yeaaaa, I'm an affiliate, I know hitman  
Yeaaaa, I'm an affiliate, I know hitman  
Yeaaaa, I'm an affiliate, I know hitman  
I'm a hater like you, fuck my wristband  
Nigga sneak this, and that ain't how we play  
Fuck with mind, get ya drama like the DJ (that's right, dramatic nigga)  
Now tell me I ain't real, this AR that I'm holdin got a gangsta grill (that's right)  
Now tell me I ain't real, this AR that I'm holdin got a gangsta grill

[Young Jeezy]

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Now tell me I ain't real, this AR that I'm holdin got a gangsta grill  
Went from old school chevys  
To beamer coupes  
Got a 100 niggaz with me and everybody gon shoot (yeaaaa)  
Try me nigga, that's your first mistake  
Eat your lil ass up like a chanterelle plate  
The whole pie like Dominoes, yes indeed  
I'm tryna stack my bacon up, I need extra cheese  
You can try dog, but it ain't easy  
Mix the flake with the soda, got Young Jeezy (damnnn)  
You still wanna talk Blow man?  
Soft White like Alaska, call me Snowman

[Chorus: Young Jeezy]

Smoke purp by the pound, Goose by the fifth  
Re-up on the first then again on the fifth (yeaaaa)  
We trap or die nigga, we trap or die nigga  
Ya know these hoes love a nigga cause they know that we the truth  
Got the chevy same color Tropicana orange juice (yeaaaa)  
We trap or die nigga, we trap or die nigga)

[Bun B]

Yea, back up in the hood again, where it's all good again  
Ridin candy slab, grippin on the wood again  
Outta line niggaz get back in place where you shoulda been  
In case you don't understand, we'll make it understood again  
King of the underground, my gangsta will never fail  
You bout to make me go postal for fuckin with my mail  
You got the connect, but you ain't got the clientele  
You the hoax and niggaz know it, that shit ain't hard to tell  
Rat bitch, recognize that your cheese ain't been to sales  
I'm fina break some bread with the feds, you dumb as hell  
I been around the block before, sold it all for rock to blow  
And I don't fuck around, when the feds in town I got to go  
Respect my mind cause I'm a trill old schooler

Summertime get too hot I wait for winter when its cooler  
UGK for life, free the pimp, you know the deal  
In PAT it's Trap Or Die and we ain't down for gettin killed

[Chorus: Young Jeezy]

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[Slick Pulla]

We think like mathematicians, move like mobsters  
It's bout to be a grizzly winter nigga straight monster (real nigga)  
I'm posted up with my big schlapps, big snakes, big straps  
You don't wanna feel that  
Street addicts get a buzz from the hustlin  
Fuck the government, we got our own, the Track-Publicans  
Chillin pimp niggaz don't know the first thing about the block  
I'm 279 grams of straight drop out the pot  
Real street niggaz, all the ghetto hoes on our jock  
When I hit the strip, all my troops listen while I talk  
This what I tell em, "Take these yams lil man  
break it down, get back, see a couple grams"  
And don't talk to square niggaz, you know, spongebobs  
Kanye West niggaz, talking through the wire dawg  
Watch for goonies when you got it, niggaz wanna rob  
And pull a staff and quarterback 'em like Brett Favre

[Chorus: Young Jeezy]

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