

## **Trae f/ Dougie D, Z-Ro**

### **"How Could You"**

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(\*talking\*)

The root of all evil, is every man's downfall  
Caught up in that street life, know I'm tal'n bout  
I remember that G shit, had a nigga doing crazy ass  
shit  
Can't forget that , I remember that shit like it was  
yesterday for real

[Trae]

Remember me, like I was FED time  
The only thing that I knew, to live my life was doing  
crime  
Even as a young nigga, all I ever wanted was to shine  
The root of evil, kept gorillas living like we was blind  
For the cash for the shine for the do', we was busting  
shots  
And doing 85 in the hood, running from the cops  
With Lil Shae and B.J., trying to bring the click to the top  
And deep inside, I knew the streets would never let us  
out  
I don't want no plex, but if you did then I would blast for  
mine  
I don't want no cell, but if I get caught up I'm gon do my  
time  
A real nigga forever for the good for the bad, never  
happy forever sad  
Pee-Wee doing twenty agg'd, so I'm on my pen and my  
pad  
Now look at everything that I've done, trying to live  
lavish  
I'm sick of living life broke on the edge, and trying to  
manage  
You got my brother in the Penn, for three with a L  
You happy thinking it was love, but a nigga could never  
tell for the money

[Hook - 8x]

How could you, do this to me

[Dougie D]

This is the situation, and everything is looking so crazy

And I can't even take it, baby mama blame can't handle  
my baby  
Tripping acting shady, when she the one that fucked up  
the family  
But since the fact I'm a playa, Dougie slide right  
through the plexing  
You know what it is, put this on everything I feel  
Everything that I love, and everything that I live  
Making my feddy want my money, and watching on  
whammies  
Can't be tripping with the bullshit, because the bullshit  
is petty  
I'm rocking this steady, and I deal what I do working  
jelly  
Always on my P's and Q's, watching out for the  
federalies  
Mash for my funds, Dougie D gotta try to get done  
If it's hell or the highway fuck it, I'm cooking then bud  
Constantly on my grind, busting my ass to feed my kid  
Since them things, that I g ive my baby mama ain't like  
a bitch  
It's enough I'm dealing with the laws, and it's enough  
I'm dealing with the niggaz  
Please don't create a mad man, fuck around and have  
all y'all singing

[Hook - 8x]

[Z-Ro]

I use to wonder how and why, my life was bad  
Wanted to be anything, except like my dad  
My apple fell far from the tree, straight out of the yard  
Raising myself among strangers, living on boulevards  
Gang related, nah just for fortune or fame  
Because they know me by the Z-Ro, plus they know me  
by my first name  
Picture me rolling, in my Dodge in traffic  
I got no love for these niggaz, so keep your groupie  
ass stepping  
I can determine the real and the fake, don't make me  
ball up a pause  
And punch a motherfucker's grill off his face  
Case after case but it ain't slowing me down  
See y'all ain't know me at first, I bet y'all knowing me  
now  
So when my trigga fly a nigga die, I ain't playing no  
games  
And fuck this North and South shit, cause I ain' t stating  
no claim  
I ain't bring it with me, and I can't take it when I go  
To the world, listen at what you did to me when I flow

[Hook - 16x]

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