

Trae f/ Fat Pat

"Pop Trunk Wave"

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(*talking*)

Yeah, they finna have a problem on this one mayn
H-Town representing, Screwed Up Click
You in here, with Trae the Truth mayn
I had to take em back, on this one
We gon throw this back for P-A-T, and DJ Screw
Mafio and Gator, it's finna go down round here
You know we just getting started, Asshole By Nature

[Trae]

They know I'm here to bring it gangsta, when I'm sitting
on something glass
I'm original Screwed Up Click, I don't believe in moving
fast
Catch me tipping on fo' 4's, with my trunk open and
close
Them haters gon kill theyself, when I pull up in suicide
do's
400 dollar loc's on my face, with diamonds in my
mouth
And I'm well acquainted with Johnny, bitch I'm shining
in the South
No need to watch out for jackers, say homie I'm to the
good
Not only because I'm strapped, but I kept it real with the
hood
So it's understood, when I pull out that block in the line
You see me rolling, with the top down
Thinking how I just got paid, pop trunk wave
Like I'm fresh out of Jack, in a drop that got sprayed

[Hook: Fat Pat - 4x]

Just-just, got paid
Pop-pop, trunk wave

[Trae]

It ain't no explaining off top, Trae fin to shine on em
If you ain't holding, move out the way while I recline on
em
I tend to get reckless, whenever my trunk get to
rocking

I rearrange the neighborhood, when I'm pulling up
knocking
I know these haters watching, but they bet not cross the
line
D-Boy two cars behind, fin to put something across
your mind
We might just swang em down, and show em how we
rep in Tex'
A '94 version of Pat, now who the next to plex
They ain't gon like it, when they get a taste of A.B.N.
Bubble lights, alligator insides yeah they gon hate me
then
And I'm the truth, if you don't like it come and see me
homie
And if you doubt it, I can make you where you believe
me homie

[Hook - 4x]

[Trae]

In a wide body, and I'm sitting so thoed
Fresh set of glass, so I'm hogging up the road
Diamonds on the wood, definition of gripping grain
So I threw in a throwback Screw, and let that
motherfucker bang
I'm in a zone I boss when I floss, riding for the set
And this paint that you see on this whip, is classified as
wet
And I bet that you gon respect it, 'fore it damage ya
mayn
Cause running off at the mouth, will get your car ran
dead out the lane
And that's the bidness mayn, better respect a G 'fore
he click
And I dropped the top the same time, I dropped the kit
And for the hate, I still swang and I swang and I swang
to the left
Pop my trunk, yep-yep-yep-yeep

[Hook - 16x]

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