

Game "Born In The Trap"

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I was born in the crosshairs without a pot to piss in
Where niggas get smoked over their Jordans and their
Pippens
Welcome to California, nah, it ain't cold as New York
But life is a bitch out here: word to Too Short
Wack as a shooter so we called him Tony Kukoc
Gang banging had us addicted like it was Newports
Whoever thought that it would spread like petroleum
Now BP connect got us praying to them holy men
Just had a daughter homie, named her Katrina
If I raise her right, then maybe she can take over FEMA
Spike Lee in New Orleans shooting documentaries
And Game still in Cali eating off The Documentary
Take em to the symmetry I mean the cemetery
Where everybody boxed in: Refrigerator Perry

And everybody little fuck up, they blame it on Barack
Cause he's just like T.I.: Born in the Trap
And everybody little fuck up, they blame it on Barack
Cause he's just like Gucci: Born in the Trap
And everybody little fuck up, they blame it on Barack
Cause he's just like Jeezy: Born in the Trap
And every little fuck up, my gun she go "crack!"
Cause I'm just like Outkast, born in the Trap

So what's going on with you faggots?
And what you gonna do when your swag no longer
matters?
And your bitch ain't the baddest cause she in her mid-
40s
And your Phantom played out so you hating on the
shorties
Cause they running around like they was your age
Fucking bitches raw cause now the world ain't got no
AIDS
Yeah, 2050 on these niggas
Golddiggers sucked you dry left hickeys on you niggas
I used to run around like you, run the town like you
Walk my red nose and clown like you
But it got old like Betty White
This rap shit real deep like Barry White
Reminiscing on the days I used to carry white

Walking though them Crip hoods in the Cherry Nikes
Now I live a married life, walking in the house, to them
home-cooked meals
Joint American Express accounts and less dollar bills

Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack
Just like Goodie Mob, I was born in the Trap
Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack
But just like Luda, I was born in the Trap
Niggas still got their hands out, begging for a stack
But like Soulja Boy, I was born in the Trap
Broke ass niggas still got their hands out, begging for
a stack
Take 'em to Shawty Lo, nigga, learn how to Trap

Shit deeper than The Roots band
15's drumming, ?uestlove in the coupe fam
Riding through Pittsburgh, Wiz got the Steelers
Born by the jungle so I came with gorillas
Since niggas dropping more dimes than we fuckin'
We out the hood, tryna get money like (?)
Splitting backboards just to get our weed stuffed in
The crack we cookin, we don't need ovens
We need something to put in the mouth of our kids
Instead of copping chains, lets fly to Chile and dig
Go to Haiti and feed to the Bahamas and breathe
On the way back, to my nigga Sean from Belize, you
know
Sometimes I feel like this rap shit is heaven sent
Then I get a high, feel like it's irrelevant
So I'm about to pop the trunk like an elephant
And campaign with Wyclef while he run for president
I'm 'bout to pop the trunk like an elephant
And campaign with Wyclef while he run for president
Told you I was gonna kill this shit, Premo..

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