

## Trace Adkins

### "Long Beach 2 Fillmoe"

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Uh uh (Geah, geah, geah, geah)  
Yeah yeah (Wha wha)  
Dogg Paw Records (Uh uh)  
G.L.P. Records (Geah, geah, geah, geah)  
Uh uh, check it out, check it out  
Tha Gamblaz (D-1-8) What?

[JT the Bigga Figga]  
We low-key - city streets, we on the under  
Bring thunder, bomb beats for hot summers  
We at this, in and out just like a robbery  
Break bread, lay down slow because ya bother me  
Stressed out, ghetto shots the metal hot  
When the cats get to buckin and shit, peep the pot  
Camoflauged in the buckets we ride, get up inside  
On the other side, now we collide, it's Westside  
Certified, I make it happen for my real folks  
Representin Fillmoe, we make them hits  
All the way to the L.B., cuz them niggaz tell me  
They be gettin they grits

[Chorus: JT] - 2X  
We put it down for the real folks  
L.B. to Fillmoe - you can't fuck with this!  
And when it come to the tips  
Westcoast represent y'all - all we make is hits!

[Daz Dillinger]  
I'm lookin ghetto fab, coordinated with some G shit to  
bang  
Twenty cents on the hang, ain't a fuckin thang  
The Bigga Figga Dilli ride the city gettin greedy  
Ohh what a pity, smokin sweets and switchin Philly's  
I get off the chain, get loose sip juice  
On my way get down 'fore I start to produce  
I need a valet my frame of mind is madly  
Ohh how can I be happy when the feds tryna jack me  
They try to get at me and they try to get me  
Nothin but G's is ridin with me, all the bullshit can miss  
me  
Westside, Eastside, we ride slide and die

For the cause baby girl, be fuckin her out of her  
drawers  
She know me from back in the days, I get the cabbage  
Dat Nigga Daz gots to have it, haha!  
I'm a motherfuckin hustler, busts on busters  
Fuck all y'all suckers and ride on motherfuckers

[Hook: JT] - 2X

[JT the Bigga Figga]

Man it's more like nuttin to lose, and a lot for me to  
gain on  
I stayed back waitin my turn and got my game on  
(Game on)  
We're not a spotlight, shine every rhyme  
Maybe only cuz that's how us niggaz came on  
I'm in the same zone of the twilight, livin the high life  
And I gotta rhyme tight, man cuz all my fuckin fans  
I'm puffin on grams, until a niggaz nearly can't see  
For tape three I can't come weak, I'm at my peak  
Do a hundred thou a week, through the streets  
Got us ready to start collectin 'fetti, swing cars like  
Andretti  
Heavy chips that Tha Gamblaz flip, when we hit  
Like the '89 quake, that shook the fuckin Bay  
Day to day is what I'm talkin 'bout, who the fuckin  
tightest?  
You know about Tha Gamblaz, G.L.P., Frisco's Finest  
Diamond cut records and beats, nuttin sweet  
When I speak, only represent for the elite  
We play for keeps, fast cars and jeeps, for all my  
peeps  
Clearin up the Billboard charts, on a single sweep  
No retreat, I keep the heat, waitin in my notebook  
50 bar rhymes with no hooks

[Killa Tay]

They say my mind's in the sky cuz I'm high as a kite  
I see the devils run for cover when my people unite  
Tryna get my thug life right, and change the way we all  
think  
Finally found the missing link (What is it?)  
God is real, I felt the touch  
No way to ignore that I recognize  
Ain't no money from the third eye, so why lie?  
Expectations sky high, then we all die, but the game  
won't change  
So many curses, so many hearses, stuck in my brain  
I know the way God works, took me 28 years  
To finally face all fears and see my real life clear  
I near thug heaven pledgin allegiance to my livin

And the feds can't hate, they know my talent's God-givin  
Never been to prison, I'm supernatural for real  
Remainin military minded, with a passion to kill  
So if the revolution pop off, I'm ready and deadly  
I dare any one of you peckerwoods to play with my 'fetti  
So feel the fury flow, the planet revolves around me  
And now I'm thuggin more than sucker-free  
I pray for strength to keep my mind right  
Eternal limelight, still in my sight  
But now I see straight, my B.G.'s can't re-late  
Cuz I'm high-powered...

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