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## **Trey Songz** "Jackin For Beats"

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[Intro:]

[DJ Drama:] Aye Trigga

[Trey Songz:] What up Dram?

[DJ Drama:] I know you been on this rap thing for a

minute right?

[Trey Songz:] Right

[DJ Drama:] Can we show 'em the lyrics? [Trey Songz:] You think they ready?

[D] Drama:] Can we show 'em the greatness?

[Trey Songz:] yeah...

[D] Drama:] I'll handle the beats

[Trey Songz:] Niggas ain't ready man

[DI Drama:] Holla at 'em [Verse 1: Trey Songz]

Ungh, A nigga never been as dope as me Like my veins and my brain run on coca leafs

I say they fly well they fly, well these niggas popery

Mind capacity as wide as the open sea

Put these niggas in they place where they 'spose to be

Plus I get these bitches buck like gopher teeth

So respect it or check it, fuck your hypothesis

I'm a write the play no Socrates, pardon me, nobody alarmin' me

They all rap commonly as if they hold drugs like a pharmacy

[Verse 2: Trey Songz]

Watch came up, what you 'wan see?

I made the time change up, yeah quantum leap

And I'm still tryna figure where I 'wan be

So many fish in the sea, life is vagina beach

I don't sleep much, paper thoughts waking me

Talkin' to a nigga like, trigga keep makin' me

They can't see me when they do I'm what they hate to see

I eat good, they just 'wan salt shaker me

Bread on the rise, I ain't talkin' 'bout a bakery

Devils in disguise everywhere, yeah pray for me

Know you niggas pussy but get off my dick

And don't quote me boy cause I ain't said shit

I ain't said nuttin', I'm too busy frontin, ungh

[Verse 3: Trey Songz]

Cruisin' down the street in my benzo, couple of freaks

Couple of hoes, I only met 'em all like a couple ago Still I treat 'em like stacks, got a couple to blow Nobody takin' nothin' from Songz except a loss Nobody puttin' fear in my heart except for god Competitors R.I.P, dead as a bitch, lyrics spit one hell of a clip

A.R. say that they hard, leave 'em in graveyards One big diamond, call a nigga basegod, get it? baseball

Don't know if they draw or they just trey stall Number one to get the number two and then erase y'all Grass cut fool, never lose where the snakes are Motherfuck school, nigga never had a day job [Verse 4: Trey Songz]

Shout to all the niggas faced off with the jacob Fuck pool, on the corner pocket full of 8 balls And fuck you nigga, I be droppin' napalm And it's cool nigga gon' get yo hate on Got a big dick and she gon' put her face on Ass so big and the shit is like her waist, gone Swingin' from a pole, pussy poppin' in the Bronx Then I made it rain like the Cartegena Don Do it so big they should call a nigga Pun All I do is win, they should call a nigga won, ungh Hol' up chula, I'm all about that loot But I'll knock that boot, drop top that coup Swoop, hoop (swish), miss that booth [Verse 5: Trey Songz]

If I don't R.I.P that booth, then I don't know who do I don't know, who you? Different city errday and I don't know you beau

I don't owe you beau, prolly know my crew Get around like I came to the bar with a group to get

Respect the hoes that don't oppose to let me hold they necks in sex

And she sittin' right next to me

So I don't know why the girl keep textin' me Talkin' bout she love me, forever thinkin' of me Trust me, just come in the bathroom and fuck me Wake up in the mornin' and my eyes all crusty ungh She will and she still wan' touch me But we gotta catch a flight, enough, show tonight Say it gotta be wrong cause it felt so right when she bust it

Now she got a problem sayin' bye-bye Tryna ask a nigga 'bout the wi-fi She just wanna skype, and I just wanna pipe Was only one night, baby go back to ya life Life, it's a gamble, we just roll dice That shit'll be in shambles if you don't roll right And you know how I get, couple side bets
Fuck is a entrée if yain't got a side dish
Then dessert is what they serving
Treating rappers like a server
Leave 'em murdered then deserted
You watchin', are you observing?
Nigga I'm a get mine and you know that I deserve that
Lemme hol' dat, lemme hol' dat
Yeah, lemme hol' dat, lemme hol' dat... 2 WOOP

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