

## Lonzo

### "Beware"

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[Trae]

I know you haters better run, I'm coming for you  
And everyday a nigga repping, and riding for Screw  
I was keeping it in my chest, now I'm getting it out  
I know you spectators in the game, better close your  
mouth

I got a lot of my time invested, up in this game  
It's S.U.C. till I'm dead, ain't no need to explain  
I'm in the Maab with guerillas, and we coming in packs  
The only friends we got deep, and coming with black  
gats

So niggaz'd back back, I'm a man dude with a attitude  
And I'm too quick to click, Lil' Trae is a damn fool  
In my zone leave me alone, I ain't trying to be fucked  
with

Everything that I got, is everything that I wanna roll with  
Me and me and myself, you niggaz bad for my health  
Now I'm pumped up like Superman, with a uppercut to  
be felt

I ain't playing with what I'm saying, you cats better start  
praying

For Deebo commits to spraying, and everybody be  
staying

[Hook]

Why, these fellas talking down  
Don't they know, why we'll ride  
And make somebody slide, beware  
Why, these fellas talking down  
Don't they know, why we'll ride  
And make these bustsas hot, beware

[Bun B]

I'm chilling in my 1's, chopping game on my celly  
My iced out cross, hanging down to my belly  
Got your lil mama, butt naked shake her jelly  
I'ma put her on a tape, and play it back on the telly  
Boys hate to love the street show, when we showing up  
I give me back the same middle finger, they be  
throwing up  
They can't afford the pints, by the case that we po'ing

up  
Young in the game, it's time to start growing up  
Get you some hustle, get you some grind  
Show me some muscle, show me some shine  
Fuck trying to crime, off another nigga name  
It's just a matter of time, 'fore I run you out the game  
Because I can't believe the nerve, of these hoes  
Trying to use my nigga Pimp name, for benefit shows  
Fin to start kicking in do's, with the macks  
Trying to let that shit pass, now I'm coming for your ass  
fool

[Hook]

[Trae]

It's the return of the mad rapper, industry nigga  
subtractor  
That be greed up in the fists, that be clinched like a  
black panther  
I'm sick and tired of you fakers, that try to twist up the  
game  
So now you gotta see me, like the 84's that I swang  
My glock I cock and I aim, my name you fin to respect it  
You let me off in your world, then I swear to God I'ma  
wreck it  
You must of thought I forgot about you, acting sue a  
crowd'll watch you  
I gotta get that up out you, your people gon be without  
you  
On top of that, niggaz be using my homie name  
Saying the Screwed Up Click, so they can get them a  
little change  
Hopping from dick to dick, and I ain't even gon say no  
name  
I feel like I wanna click, so now you gon feel my pain  
I'm Trae, and I ain't bar nan nigga in this drama  
Or mama, I weave and I swang sending em through a  
trauma  
They tell me to let em make it, but really I ain't the one  
Them bitches did it, so now they gotta see me when I  
come

[Z-Ro]

Where the real niggaz at, cause I can't find none  
Everybody be talking shit, when they be packing they  
guns  
Quick to shoot a motherfucker, to keep they face from  
sweating  
But when the laws come to bang one, snitching and  
telling  
Be these ol' buster ass niggaz, killing all in they music

Showing a four pound around town, but never gon use  
it  
I'm registered by my gangsta, you barely touching me  
G  
Now feel you got the edasity, to come and see me  
Fuck it whoever wanna get some, can come and get  
dropped  
I'm a grown man I don't get people sued, I get people  
shot  
If you ain't shot, I wonder who gon be standing behind  
the trigga  
Z-Ro the Crooked, cause ain't no love for none of these  
niggaz  
Straight Profit to Presidential, trying to scandalize my  
name  
They can't sell records without me, that's a god damn  
shame  
I ain't to blame, why these niggaz ain't selling and  
losing weight  
But I'm to blame, when I go off and get the bruising  
they face

[Hook]

(Z-Ro)  
Make a nigga hot, yeeeah  
Why you wanna hate me, S.U.C.  
You niggaz can't be meeee  
My nigga T-R-A-E  
And that's the way it's gonna be  
Until a motherfucker take me  
Me, and the M double A-B  
We gon be thugging  
Until we see you niggaz to see

(\*talking\*)  
Straight up, it's my cousin Trae nigga  
These bitch ass niggaz can't fuck with you

[Hook]

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