

Trae The Truth "I'm On 2.0"

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Today is the day I get out on my feet
Remove them chains, they shackled on me
Press my love, stop f-cking with them...
Cause the same mother f-ckers are the ones that got
me stuck
Tryna... me up 'til my tank gon' eat
Then leave me stranded, scrambling in these streets
For a dollar a day until my pockets is straight
Soon as you move out the hood them niggas highly
fake
Make 'em swallow the base from the...
I rather be a dead man than a nigga
I rather roam chrome rims than the swisha
I gotta make moves, I can't hang with ya
They used to be the fly shit back in '95
But now I own a crib and a car I can drive
And ain't nobody out to... cause I'm grown
Gotta leave them childish games alone
Nigga I'm on

I'm 'bout to cop the porsche
Eternally grateful for the support
Made the cover of the source
Flashback to the... the city of no remorse
Where they shooting back and forth like they playing
horse
May the force be with you
Bullet hit you
You bleed and I bleed with you
Mama please when you grieve damn I grieve with you
It's a preview I see you in the summer
My new shit dumber, I'm on

Life at the bottom is devastating
You're hardly ever debated
The party is obligated
By suckers that wanna be you
And never live with the matrix
And never ever related to struggle and dedication
Your hustle is nominated
Anonymous then you faded
The promises that a victory left you surely awaited

They vomited everytime that a rapper's annihilated
Just wish them happy belated
F-ck you I made it, I'm on

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