

Rappin' 4-Tay "New Trump"

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(feat. Lil Fly)

New trump...

I'ma kick a hole lot of doze wide open for my kin-folk
Just because we back a lot of people, think we're nin-
four
Maniac, rat attack, take a fat sac and that dope that
you're
snatch from the Rappin' 4-tay track
And lace it, chasing like it was the Master Glip
I had to switch upon all this gang
Cause suckers think that the battle
was an on still from the free-style fill
Where Im coming from, because the player life is so
real
Killers on the straw, from Frisco to the O'
Back to Sacramento from Lay-hoe and San-hoe
Say litts, have a party and parlay
Now we can do it you're way, let's do it my way
A place of O.G marve, and gay of in the background
Sipping on corniac, illiac, it's goin down
Flip more papper that the envy even touch
From the Hammer to Diaffers, that you franked,
that you chuked fucked up

[chorus]

New Trump, brand new funk

/]

Keep the pocket full of California skunk
That ninety five shit gon always bump
For ninety six we're gon flip the script
and break em of some new trump
New Trump, brand new funk
Keep the pocket full of California skunk
The moe' screw track gon always bump
For ninety six we're gon flip the script
and break em of some new trump

[Lil Fly:]

Trubows, go, Fila head to toe

Bossoliny brimmen come that player little fly hoe
Ooh, You did know I own the record label
Everytime I go to Vegas you can catch me at the crab
table
Where I be breaking em', shaking em', takeing em',
face em' taolin
Talking loud, drinking wild, Cali' style profiling
Me come on handeling all situations,
takeing edvanitch of my bidness' from my daughters
education
Kick back relax, counting ten thousands dollar stacks
Check my mail box, flip the script, here goes the most
scratch
Now peep my ladle moma, try to get her skies on
Bitch you're broke as hell, so you know you best to
speed on
Cause you get nuthin' less you push em' on the table
first
Drop your juicy thief or pay on fliesin' for the nine six
Giving it true, comeing new, the niggers black folks
Young players throw your hands in the air,
if you can feel this grove

[chorus]

New Trump, brand new funk
Keep the pocket full of California skunk
That ninety five shit gon always bump
For ninety six we're gon flip the script
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What you thought, I couldn't come again
With the mainy raw prosection
From the badder new jorke
To my folks out in Texas
Im countly talking about bread, they say money ain't
everything
And the hustlars supposted to be get
Ima flip, and trip, ill up in some profhet
Every player nation wide try to keep a fat pocket
On the first of fifteen, everybody try to come up
The fed and snitch and sucker dead for try to run up
A cumolate pappers kinda lock the dissies
Especially for a player to use, to flip and gees, and
keys
Sucker please, different chock for different folks
See, Im just one of them players who can't stand

beeing broke
Gots to come back quick like Mario and Dreddy
Tripling up the papper chase, try to keep it feddy
Five hundred thousand gold, one million platinum
Keep your plats and be check, and best believe Ima
keep raping

[chorus x2]

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