

## Smoke

### "I Ain't Hidin"

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Ou can catch me in the hood or you can catch me on  
the block  
Where ever I'm at I'm good best believe I got my glock  
No I ain't hidin  
No pussy nigga I ain't hidin'  
It ain't hard to find me

You can catch me in the hood or you can catch me in  
the trap  
Don't get it misunderstood overstand I got my strap  
No I ain't hidin'  
No pussy nigga I ain't hidin'  
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Chevy

(Chevy)

I'm from a small city where everybody know everybody  
Where the projects literally ten minutes away from the  
next projects  
But you'd rather twitter beef and text me on my celly  
fussin  
You cowards yelling you sweet like honey mustard

Like Chinese you better duck sauce  
When the AR's and SK's clap  
Like ya snatchin' out a dread lock  
Imma make ya take a nap

I ain't gone let you whoop me  
I ain't a killer but don't push me  
If your strapped it's a dildo like lesbian porn you pussy

And I don't condone in killing my own Africans  
But in my hood I do tote three K's  
Imma come klu klux ya klan  
And no I don't do pork but eat up a heard of beef  
Try me like I'm a chicken  
I'll fry you like turkey meat

(Hook) (T-Pain)

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(Verse 2) (Trae tha Truth)

I got my lights off I'm in all black  
If any nigga take it their  
I promise imma put him on his ass  
If I hop out the whip somebody gon' get flipped  
From the clip of a K  
Get ya whole click crashed

I'm employed for niggas who want beef  
Open up a nigga trunk and I'll get ya what ya looking  
for  
Anything different imma put you in the back of a black  
van  
Point blank go to hittin him wit a couple mo

I still got four clips and a couple to go  
Bomb on a nigga like I got a cup of the blow  
I hate to say it ain't gone be no way to cover yo door  
Everybody finna get it get the fuck on the floor

You say you looking for me tell em I was here to stand  
out  
Try to beat the fuck up out you till I throw my hand outs  
Then hit you with the heat like a nigga hands hot  
Sideline thick ridin' finna get ya man shot

I ain't never been a track I aint finna run shit  
Run up on a nigga I can show you what that shit get  
If you wanna play the game I'll make a nigga quit  
In a six foot grave I'll make a nigga fit  
Anybody who want this tell em to come get it  
If they coming for the throne tell em they won't get it  
Only thing they'll get is a ass full of lead  
Or a couple of bullets I will send

(Hook) (T-Pain)

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(Verse 2) (Chevy)

My glock nine is connect to my hip bone  
My tech nine is connected to my thigh bone  
It's best you let bygones be bygones before I bust and  
leave the scene like bygone  
Fourty days fourty nights 40 cal long

Aint finna run from me I got my gun on me  
The ambulance takes him away like calgone  
In case they come for me I got bond money

Leave him full of holes like a clothes basket  
Like a dj email Imma blast him  
Shoot him in the nose I'm so ratchet  
Nicholas Cage face off close casket

Like black and decker I got my tool  
You seek me you'll find me fool  
And no I don't eat dog meat  
But I eat pussy cats Chinese food

Ain't gotta Easter egg hunt me  
Cuz jack rabbit ain't hiding from ya  
You can even go google me bitch  
Or in the streets you can find my number  
Like a dead beat daddy ion even much see you  
bastards  
Got a rash on my trigger finger I'm itching to scratch

(Hook) (T-Pain)

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Find Me (x11)

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