

Traphik & Young Deuce

"Extra Dope"

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Intro

Flow: Da da daaa...

Traphik: Traphik, Young Duece!

Flow: I like this. It's feels good, don't it?

Traphik: Yea man

Flow: Elbee Thrie on it

Verse 1 (Flow)

Now let me hear you say hey, then say ho,
Shortie get busy, make it dip low,
It's Flow, yea it's Kidd Flow but
Now we're all grown up,
So let's get poed up,
We can get throwed, but you gotta sip slow,
I ain't tryna see you throw up, unless it's your hands,
Or it's your deuce, Or it's your fist,
Or it's your 6(S) yea you we're in the b*tch (fresh)
Now lemme see you just bounce, don't it feel good?
Don't it got class? Yet it's still hood,
You gotta represent (represent) where you're from
right?
I'm from the Gem City, so I'm dumb fly,
And I got the funk, I got the rythm,
I got the blues, all in my system,
I feel so alive, cause I got the soul,
So I gotta shine, with or without the gold,
Peace (to the east, to the west coast...)

Chorus

From the east, to the west coast,
They all agree, we're extra dope (4x)

Verse 2 (PJ)

I give peace to the World,
Let me flow, time to grow,
Be successful and hope the World hopes,
Working towards better things, so I have those things
better,
So those better things make things a little better,

Okay represent what you stand for,
A lot of undefined dummies don't know what they
stand for,
I keep it real, uh yup, tell you how I feel... I'm
Eating artists on the low... happy meal, Yeayaa,
Feeling clever? I'm feeling good,
I was born in the jungle, make it if you could,
Because we seem so close but we're not near,
I bet you felt the same, but I never fear,
I make this music sound clearer for you bad ears,
So come on, come and stand up,
Hands up, keep it moving, no dance stuff,
And from the east to the west coast, demand us.

Chorus

Verse 3 (Traphik)

Now extend your hand to the fam and dap me,
You know we go way back, like Grams and Pappi,
Back when that redbone was winking at me,
Before she did her hair and her strands was nappy,
I know my roots and they're so deep seeded,
Ice cold soul, but it's so reheated,
Kicks got stolen, feeling so defeated,
But I try to spread love because I know we need it,
Coast to coast, LA to Manhattan,
Clean on the scene, I don't need no napkin,
Pour me a coke and mix it with captain,
No time to wish, I just make it happen,
F*ck mistakes and my bad decisions,
Carry no hate, you dicks are all forgiven,
I just make music and hope that you listen,
Life is too short, I'm just trying to live it...

Chorus

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