

Sleepy Sun

"General"

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[Hook: Brian Angel]

I'm a bad muhfucka that's who I is
Bonafide hustler that's the way I live
I'm a get this money best way I know how
Sun up to sun down ain't no hanging around
General (so you, so you better salute me)
General (so you, so-so-so you better salute me)
General (so you, so you better salute me)
General (so you, so you, so you better salute me)

[Verse 1: Trae]

Tell em I been a soldier to the end on a mission
dedicated to get it
I never retreat nor did I quit I never run for cover tell
em forget it
I'm scared for one hole in the crime, highly respected
on this street shit
Better salute within my presents I'm amazing with this
G shit
They try to save the hood wouldn't needed I ask em
since when?
But came king of the city even undisputed since then
When I was broke I chose to get fixed in
Anythang either way gettin kicked in
I know these haters about to get mix in
In all the shit I'm bout to put a nigga wrist in
Don't count me out remember they left me alone I only
got stronger
Against my shoes and they ain't look back on the
money I ended up even got
Longer
Then a bunch of people waiting to see the day that I'm
ending
But you can tell em that it's just the beginning
So salute me

[Hook: Brian Angel]

[Verse 2: Trae]

They put tags on this ripped and I just copped out to
replace the roof

Instead I only removed it out the way and told them
face tha truth
The game ain't been the same without one of the best
But I'm back now tell em I ain't getting mood
I got sumthin to proof plus I'm the last hope that
anything real
Tell em I won't lose
Got the world looking at me like I won't win
Tell em get up out the car cause I'm getting in
Fake niggas try'na walk without walk know these shoes
made for the king
You ain't fitting in
Tell em I'm a survivor cause I survive everything that
they told me would
Kill me
Plus I came out of the bottom I'm bonafide
underground tell em they goin
Have to feel me
Ain't no way they denied me what was promised it was
already accepted
I'm the chosen one in this battle just tell em to send em
I'm nothing less than what was Houston and I'm
Houston still
Nothing less than Pimp if he was living bitch I'm
something trill

[Hook: Brian Angel]

[Verse 3: Trae]

I refuse to let em forget so I'm pushing it to the limit
The king of this muthafucka exposing em for his end it
They know I do it for the city I never pretend it
Somebody tell em I'm still the key into these streets
every section I tend
It
Just as soon as I'm getting out of whatever it ain't
nothin they can do
Bet tha Truth or can't nobody stop shit I was set to go
Going a long time waiting up hittin the show
But anytime either way I was set to slow
Taking out for my last role but I'm still on my last hope
I remember they shitted on my when we last spoke
So I'm leaving they ass smoke, so they hatin now
And I'm still in position to show em that nothin that they
can do ever can
Lose me
And I'm never goin sell out to kick it cause nothin that
they can do ever
Can use me
That's why I'm a general in these streets over soldiers
and troops

One of the realest livin when you see me my nigga
salute

[Hook: Brian Angel]

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