

Sleepy Sun

"What It Is"

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[Talking: Trae]

Naw

What'chu mean nigga?

I ain't in to giving no muthafuckin pass

I done been quiet too muthafuckin long

Shit nigga how the fuck I let'chu out here

And I ain't told an ass what really go on

Naw nigga you got me fucked up

And if you with they ass you need to get the fuck up
outta here

Fuck ass

[Verse 1:]

King of the year back yeah I'm something to feel

This here I'm gone with rapping bitch I'm back on the
field

I'm bout to kick it with the realest why they gave me the
shield

I never worry bout drama cause I'm a come with the
steel

I feel it's me against the world I'm so sick of looking at
rap

... they pussy that's why I kick it with the trap

Niggas check a nigga resume I beat it up and stack

Now it's only time they see me if I'm coming out the
slap

Niggaz call me what'chu want it's goin be hell when I
break through

If I hit up with the truth I bet they goin be hade you

I bet'chu niggas know what the fuck I'm a take it too

King of the streets ain't a place you couldn't make it too

Pac show me I'm a take the work and get

Get with me I'm a make em run to quit

Whenever I go to war I get it done quick

In the hood radio don't run shit

... in my city got the dope close

I'm goin hard for these niggas goin low blows

I guess I gotta barb and weave the sho-hos

I'm the king it ain't only in my logos

I'm on they first step tell em it's a shakedown

Front on me bitch I'm doing it for H-town

On top you can bet'cha on your way down
Yeah you get a chance but I'm bout to put'cha brace
down
Cheeah!

[Talking:]

Like I don't know what the fuck they really thinking
Like I ain't goin get out there and do what I do best
And that's expose a bitch
I giva fuck about a motherfucker feelings
When nobody ask out here when I was on my own
Only motherfuckers who kept me living was the streets
So if you ever think you can deceit what I got going on
Kill yourself, dumbass

[Verse 2:]

Ay
Fuck em fuck em you can tell em that I said so
They ain't never seen the type of shit that I done play it
fo'
Tell em I represent for all my niggas who was dead tho
I keep my head high in any weather why you head low
You never seen convicted I'm a permanent pain on em
2010 I'm the permanent stain on it
It ain't go out the gate I put a permanent claim on it
Put the clicky out the trunk and put that permanent rain
on em
The king in this bitch all niggas better head home
I'm the certified shit get it plenty with the smell
This is dedicated to all that said I wouldn't sell
Tell they ass kill theyself I wanna see em go to hell
Niggas talk about they nick gimme the square and I'm
a lean on em
Put it on em ass even if they got a team on em
If they want beef tell em I can put the steam on it
Or hit em with the scope or even leave it with a beam on
em
Yeah, I can't lie my flave nick
You can try to put it out but I bet'cha I can't quit
Had these other nick-ters talk too make me sick
Go and get'cha favorite rapper I tell em he ain't shit
Anger thrower I can do it I ain't even gotta flex
First wave for the H goin bitch I got next
So everythang I love I guarantee a Trae wrecks
Rain the studio on set they don't even want plex

[Talking:]

I guess real niggas just need to give up
Timid ass niggas
You know I finally came to the conclusion
I guess I'm probably ain't nothing like you muthafucker

That's why I ain't accepting so easy
You know half these muthafuckers out here rapping
Really ain't what that is
And one thang I know I remember
"Birds of a feather flock together"
Read between the lines nigga
But I'm a tell you one thang
Fuck with me, and I'm a show you how it go down foreal
(They breaking the code)
I giva fuck who turn they back on me
(Where they do that at?)
It could be radio, it could be fans
(It ain't no loyalty homie)
It could be gay ass niggas that got a muthafuckin
problem cause I'm out
Here foreal
Tell them see me when they see me nigga
You can't ban me

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