

Ultra Nat

"Laid Back"

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I'm picturing John Torrio and Al Capone
Riding around in that 1922 Cadillac
Wanging that Yung Trak

My city, Chi-city where it's at
Realest city on the motherfucking map, yeah, yeah
My city, Chi-city where it's at
Realest city on the motherfucking map, yeah,

Ok, it's Yung Trak back up in this bitch again
Another day, another vega getting lit again
Sox on my fitted in whatever spot I'm chilling in
Putting in for my city, you ain't with it switch it then
You can ask your lady friend, she'll say I'm steaming
People hear me then they see me and they don't
believe it
Got some potent product stashed that I ain't releasing
Until the day that I believe that wack is out of season
I got some substance but I cannot be controlled
I'm spitting what you spitting 'bout you whipping on a
stove
Don't understand taking L's, tell me what are those
You sense a little arrogance, you hit it on the nose
It's Yung TrakBoss, baby, I'ma double threat
I'm hotter than that boiling point but I ain't bubbled yet
Shawty say she wanna ring, I reply good luck with that
Trak the hottest on the scene, tell that DJ run it back

I'm Laid back with my seat way
And my blunt way fat, know them haters hate that
When you know you looking good and them ladies
wave back
Tell them haters face fact, what you thought? It's Yung
Trak
And I'm Laid back with my seat way
And my blunt way fat, know them haters hate that
When you know you looking good and them ladies
wave back
What you thought, boy? I'm from the realest city on the
map, yeah

My city, Chi-city where it's at
Realest city on the motherfucking map, yeah, yeah
My city, Chi-city where it's at
Realest city on the motherfucking map, yeah

Reporting live from the jungle that I call the Chi
You can read about a different body dropping every
night
I wake up in the morning, take a look up in the sky
Thanking God that I call it home and I'm still alive
Celebrating with that granddaddy, come and take a
flight
I invite you to participate if you ain't scared of heights
Sipping on a beverage that'll have you leaning to the
side
In a daze, got my shades so you can't see my eyes
I'm the type to keep it 100 from the beginning
I'm too indulged in my work to be catching feelings
I tell that lady you are not my baby, we just chilling
A relationship is something I ain't interested in building
And currently I'm feeling like that money is more
appealing
When your paper looking looking pleasant that feeling
so fulfilling
And my flow is fulfilling though them haters keep on
grilling
Like they something out the gremlins but I'm chilling, I
ain't tripping

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