

Trae

"I'm From Texas"

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Yeaa,
Naw'm Talkin bout
You ain't shit if you ain't screwed up, FORREAL.

[Ro & Trae]
Houston texas home of dj screw
G's say knowm saying and what it do
And if a n-gga don't like it to the bitches I rep texas
Topless in this slab I come through
Yeah both vogues & expensive clothes,
Candy paint our cars, big booties on our hoes
Got dollars in our mouth and still representin the south
With a truck up bitch I'm swinging through
I sip codeine out tha styrofoam,
27-10 is the kind of grind I'm on
I ain't never love a bitch, so I ride alone,
Probably while the n-ggas ain't on tha kind of shine I'm
on,
Big dully trucks with the big grill
And the cadillacs with the fifth wheel
We from the hood and we keep steel,
If you try to jack, you gon get killed

[Ro]
I don't wear my britches tight I wear them lose
Active athlete, for all my foot wear homie I've got too
many shoes
I'm the man in my city tell them niggas I won't lose
For fat pat and my nigga hawk, we still gon chunk a
duece.

[Trae]
Find me in the hood in the city that I claim
Moving slow like a music that I bet screwed it up
Bitch I'm from texas, yeah bitch I'm from texas
Bitch I'm from texas, yeah bitch I'm from texas
Glass glass underneath beat beatin my block, pop pop
my trunk
Chain chain full of rocks
Bitch I'm from texas, yeah bitch I'm from texas
Bitch I'm from texas, yeah bitch I'm from texas

[Paul Wall]

You can find me in houston, riding in
Candy trim, on pokin rims, with a 10 and her friends
Trae the truth ridin right behind
Two cups full and I'm on my grind
Talking down, respect my mind
I'll show you boys how texas get down!
Rolex time, top let back, on my nuts 'cause I got that
sack
Paper up to the roof is stack
Hoes wanna hate but It don't mean jack
Where there's money that's where I'm at,
That texas grind is all I know
Bangin screw and drankin big moe
And space and getting that dough bro

[Slim Thug]

Nawf side where da boss ride,
Every day I go play outside
Leavin them haters mouth wide,
Can't beat em now when they see me slide
Through the hood like I live there
Shit I got a few cribs there
All my gs still chill there
We barque'n them ribs there
Smoke blunts and sip bunch like it's lunch
Every day we do it. listenin to nun but texas music
Perfect match for that good fluid,
Find me in the hood in the city I claim
Everybody down in htown know me mayne,
It ain't a choice. I can't change
I'ma rep tha nawf like I gang bang.

[Hook:]

[Kirko]

I got a bad ass bitch parked outside
Yellow diamonds, my wrist if it's dark outside
Pull a little bitch and I catch ghost
Just a little kid from the ghetto
Never had shit but I got a little bit
When I got a couple hits under this belt
Throw tha H up, nigga I ain't try to bullshittin nun,
Ain't got a whole lot of money but I roll thru money
I sip a whole lot of drink but I'm wealthy mami
Daddy was cool but he can't really tell me nothing, naa
Everybody thinkin a nigga lucked up
Young kirko he dun blew up,
From the htown world wide niggaa what's up

[Bun b]

I'm from port arthur texas let's get that straight off the top

That's where the hustling & the grindin and the hatin don't stop

I'm west side to the east we out here ducking the cops
And coming down getting candy painted on the mother f-ckin chops

It's the land of the trill that's where the whole thing came from

And it aint just a word or where a rapper get his name from

It's a way of life and we live it to the fullest
For years we represent it with blood, sweat and bullets.

[Hook:]

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