

Trae "Inkredible"

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[Trae]

Tha Truth back, lets get to bidness
It's something unfamiliar
Call it a foreign image
Paint heavily leaking
I guess it wasn't finished
Riding with something freaky
They tell me she the business
The chain clear, stones never cloudy
60 rats or better, n-gga ask about me
Certified gangsta, please don't ever doubt me
Welcome to the streets
You can't get in without me
I'm Presidential, Obama painted the Vogues black
Topping in the Chevy, top rollin' back
My life a motion picture, b-tch I aint gotta act
I send em to your section, n-gga hold that
It's raining scattered bullets
Too late to run for cover, I drain em like Kobe
Then I evacuate to the gutter
On something that's pokey with looks
And a trunk they'd like to stutter
I rank as the king of the city
It aint gon be another,
(Inkredible, inkredible, inkredible, inkredible...)

[Lil Wayne]

I'm sending shots, it's happy hour
I shoot from close range, I'ma need a shower
Brains in the sink, body on the counter
Women and the kids, leave em how I found em
I'm a real n-gga, stand still n-gga
I cut ya face, have ya lookin like Seal n-gga
Then I pull ya card, then I deal witcha
Gamble witcha life, is this your lucky night
My bitch so f-cking right, every night I f-ck her twice
Big boy money b-tch pockets on Charlie Wise
Tatted up, I'm scarred for life
Tell the cops I know all my rights
Got choppas I don't mean Harley bikes
Drop em like a bag of ice
Shades dark, flag bright

Wallet chain, chrome horse
Hair to the f-cking back, call that sh-t Rosa Parks
Dr. Carter man I gave hip-hop open heart
Young Money baby aka Noah's Ark
Ahaha

And I'm Noah!
YOUNG MULA BABY

[Rick Ross]
My money long, my temper short
My cars foreign my d-ck a boss
The guns new, the beef old
It's time to come through like never before
Liquid C4, look at me hoe
Look into my eyes do you see a C.O?
I'm talking kilo's, time to reload
Map fout ou deyo Â- "Shut the f-ck up" in Creole
Lyrics courtesy of Killerhiphop.com
B-tch I'm paid up, get ya weight up
Pillow top back, realest shade up
I got them automatics so you know I'm automatic
All my auto's automatic you know that's automatic
What you n-ggas wanna see
Don't get caught in the street
I got G's that'll wait for a quarter key, n-gga
I'm living n-gga
F-ck the critics n-gga (f-ck em)
Sh-t is serious n-gga
You hear the lyrics n-gga (Yep!)
It's Ricky n-gga

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