

Trae

"Southwest"

Visit "[Southwest](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Trae:]

You must be out of ya mind, I'm from the south and this
the realist

Check the resume, and that'll show the world why we
the trillest

In that black on black Excursion with the hood facin up
And 24 inches on my shoes the only way I'm lacin up
ABN is what I'm claimin, with a slab that's rearrangin
Movin slow cause I be screwed up on the block, then I
be bangin

I ain't thinkin about the plex cause we can get it on
Four straps and a extra clip can show that they can get
it wrong

Yeah I'm from the south - where they be trappin, or they
grindin

Diamonds that got 'em shinin

Trunk stay in the air, showin somethin while they
reclinin'

Drank up in they cup, but see myself I keep it sober
Run up on me wrong, it's guarantee it's gon'be over
Screwed Up Click soliders, wide frame rollers
With a set of hands to make you look beat up like a
nova

Trae gon'stay Tha Truth and that's the way it is
Houston, Texas in the buildin', gangstas gon'be feelin
this

Visit [Trae](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.