

## Trae

# "Stay Out My Way"

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[Verse One: Lil B]

We back killin roaches and rats  
Like bugs these niggaz skat  
From a trap I come but they ain't ready for combat  
We the pest control spraying every crack  
Clap black wit black mags and black macks  
They don't really wanna see the whole click do that  
(nigga who dat?)  
I thought you hatin niggaz knew the slow loud and  
bangin  
Be makin a nigga move back really not a koo kat  
I stay ready for war, Lil' B the G nigga that will rush ya  
car  
Before I break ya jaw, like I break the law  
Niggaz on the street know we untamed and raw  
I'm down to get down for my cousin Trae, Lil Boss  
Hawg and my Nigga  
Jay... ton  
Leavin a hater flat wit a brace on  
We be the niggaz that rollin tall, nothin but chrome  
I'm a renegade never perpertrate  
Niggaz hate but like Boss I'm a scrape the plate  
Congragulate a nigga we?  
We can go to war nigga jus pick a date  
I'll be the nigga that bust and don't give a fuck  
Leave 'em stuck wit mack hollows all up in ya truck  
Niggaz duck when shots buck don't push ya luck  
Cause we the niggaz on and make 'em give it up

[Chorus: Billy Cook]

These niggaz better stay out my way (stay out my  
wayyy)  
Claimin ya wanna go to war, pick out ya day (pick out yo  
day)  
Scandalizin my name, hataz we gon play (wwweee  
gggoonnn plllaaayyy  
Ooohhh whhhooaaa)  
Slow loud and bangin, roaches will get sprayed

These niggaz better stay out my way (stay out my  
wayyy)

Claimin ya wanna go to war, pick out ya day (ooohhh  
scandalliizzzinn my  
Name yyyeeeeeaa)  
Scandalizin my name, hataz we gon play (cant you see  
we gon  
Pllllaaayyy)  
Slow loud and bangin, roaches will get sprayed (you  
will get Sprayed  
Yeeeeaaa)

[Verse Two: Lil' Boss]

Too many niggaz be out fakin the funk  
Fuckin around wit Boss you won't make it to the trunk  
Hit a nigga upside his head wit him a couple of lumps  
And jack slugs in the lac wit a couple of humps CAUSE!  
I be the person, get ya for ya weight  
I be the nigga risin up at the wait  
Lettin another 44 slug up in ya face  
Have a nigga dodgin the game, like he was Mase  
Laws come wit me they gon have to give a chase  
Cause I ain't the nigga that be catchin a case  
I be the nigga  
Scrapin the plate, shakin the fake, bakin the cake  
Droppin the front. makin a break  
Wrappin a pistol grip I'm finsta trip  
And slot slugs shootin a nigga wit out missin a grip  
I don't miss the blood I don't miss the crip  
And the other shit, maabin gangsta shit  
And my khakis saggin and my classic rag  
Don't mean to boast or don't mean to brag  
Since down wit S.L.A.B I been actin bad  
Hataz get a.44 bag wit toe tag  
Jus bought a cold coat for my throwback  
Big bow laces and a new rag  
Some these niggaz be actin like fags  
Them not gangstas them niggaz trash

[Verse Three: Jay-Ton]

So I'm a mack, I'm a g and I ain't playin no games  
Piss me off and I'll be takin my aim  
Jay-ton, fresh out the gates, untamed  
Off the chain when I'm swangin in the drop frame  
I know these niggaz better get outta my lane  
Fuck wit me nigga you outta yo brain  
You don't wanna see me? the g thang  
Quick as hell wit it to give a nigga pain  
Damn there must be haterz in the place  
You the raid I'm gonna spray a nigga face  
Fuck the law I'm finna get another case  
And you're the one doin the 8 month stay  
And I hop off swole when I'm hoppin off the weights

Run up on a nigga hittin hard like fraits  
Slugs make a nigga do the harlem shake  
Sticks and stones make a nigga bones break  
DAMN thuggin ain't easy baby  
Pull up on the block in a black mercedes  
Fuckin nigga talkin bout tryna fade me  
Niggaz talk close shit on the daily  
Run up on me I'm a whoop a nigga ass  
[?] get deep a nigga ready to blast  
Smash the gas and catch all in yo ass  
I'm bout take a muthafuckin ghetto pass

[Chorus Two x2: Billy Cook]

Ohhh ohhh ohhh

Stay Out My Waaayyy  
Ohhh Pick out yo daaayyy  
We gon plaaayyy ohhh

Yeeeeaaa

[Verse Four: Trae]

There's been a lot of shit on my mind from back in the  
game  
I'm a asshole and a never inaccurate aim  
When I pull up and hoppin outta wide body frame  
Eveybody and they momma better hop up outta my  
range  
I ain't never been a nigga from a small town  
Get the white chalk  
Ima show 'em how to?  
If they stood Ima knock a nigga jaw out  
That will teach a nigga bout coming around the wrong  
route  
Hit the block in a drop top wit the lights off  
Wit a shotgun  
Then I knock a nigga lights out  
Finna I bop and weave and hit him wit a right cross  
Be next to see ya nigga gettin hauled off  
I'm the nigga that be runnin the block and?  
Yo niggaz know what I got a 17 shot wit a glock and a  
mask on  
Wit a clip that make a nigga get his ass owned  
SHIT why they wanna get me started  
Everybody know that I'm already retarded  
With a attitude to prove that I'm the hardest artist  
I'm shuttin everythang down regardless  
Slow Loud and Bangin Ima rep for ever  
Comin together for the cheddar and we bout whatever  
Talkin donw on us you better get it together

South click finna get a btich nigga vendetta

[Chorus One]

[BreakDown: Billy Cook]

Weee weee weee gon play

If you wanna go to war pick out yo day

Heeeyyy these niggaz better stay out my way

Slow loud and bangin

Slow slow loud and bangin in yo eaaarr oohhh

whhhooowww

Quit scandalizin my nammmeee

Can't you see we goonnn plaaayyy

Stay out my way

[Till fade]

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