

Trae

"What Can I Do"

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["What can I do" is repeated as a snippet to the beat throughout the song]

[Talking]

Asshole By Nature

I see you motherfuckers just determined

To make a nigga get on y'all ass

Roach ass motherfuckers

I don't know what to do with you beat up ass broke motherfuckers

See us in the streets...

[Verse 1: Boss]

What can I do to get these hoe ass niggaz out my mix

I'm straight from the block tryna get a brick

I ended up puttin shit down with the click

Now a bunch of niggaz out ridin my dick

I'm a slide me a bitch, sit him in the 6

Put zip lock then I'm a hide me a bitch

No more pride for the bitch

Niggaz get mad cause I bang to the left, and plus I ride when I switch

Stickin to the G guide line, peep them from the side line

Boss gotta big gat bitch I'm a hide mine

Got it ready to pop and put you on the high line

From my hot nine thinkin I would never pull out and pop mine

Bitch it's the maab, ridin our dick must be your big job

I might serve every nigga standin in your squad

Got G's from over seas, and places apart

You don't wanna fuck around

Put him in the middle of a 30-30 scope and I'm buckin him down

4 slugs hit e'm before he touchin' the ground

I'm in love with my rounds, I be lovin the sound

While I'm huggin four pounds, hoe made niggaz better move when I'm 'round

Before my face show a frown

Hittin niggaz up with that HGC and that 2-2-3 and I'm
ditchin the town

[Verse 2: Trae]

Guess who the fuck-top back in the do'
Seperatin from the plex with a beam and a scope
Hop fly I'm a hit a nigga dead in his throat
With a mac fully attack no force to let go
Might touch on a nigga like Shaq
Hit him in chest now he body rockin like Pat
When he size up I'm a put his ass on his back
Have his bitch ass runnin to the trunk for the gat-where
the haters at
Better yet nigga why bother, I'm a pain in the ass like
Antonio Tarver
ABN we opperate like the carter, and been G'd up since
a nigga was starters
North to the South, South back to the North
East to the West let it go I set it off
We the team of the H plus we run with the south
Trae, Jayton, Z Ro the Crooked, and Lil'Boss
Hop in the L crank up ready to floss
Swoop through the block my frame ready-to-toss
Mouth piece gotta nigga bout to goin off
Cause my grill worth about 4 ki's in the south
Now what can I do about niggaz like these
AK's to the chest will make them burn like trees
Forty-rounds out the clip will make them scat like fleas
Roach ass nothin type of niggaz gotta bleed

["What can I do" repeated 'til end]

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