

Doing My Thang

Trae tha Truth

Oooh-oooh, gots to do my thang
Oh-oooh

It's been a long time coming, but I finally made it
Took the top off of the drop, then I finally sprayed it
They never thought I would be paid, but look at me now
I spit game, with a million dollar mouthpiece to lay it down
The representer from Texas, and known to get fly
They don't wanna see me crack a smile, cause my diamonds'll shine em down
And I know you heard of us, when I be Slow Loud And Bangin'
Corner to corner swanging all on the block, where the gangstas hanging
I gotta keep on thugging, blocks I'm hugging
Hatas I'm slugging, them boppers they getting no loving
Chrome I'm dubbing, Perellis be gliding and Southern
Lips be bumping, but they ain't gon never be loving
And just to keep it real with you, they prolly wanna see me fall
But I ain't and they can't stop me, so now they gon watch me ball
And grind forever and ever, cause money gon be made
And as long as I'm in this game, is as long as I'm getting paid

Maintaining, doing my thang
Staying on my grind, trying to get my change
See I gotta get mine, cause I can't get broke
And that's all I know
Maintaining, doing my thang
Swanging in a slab, gripping on wood grain
That's just the life that I chose
Don't worry bout mine, nigga get your's

I be in a state in your face, gliding a S-L-A-B
STS with nothing but T-I-N-T, reputation of a P-I-M-P
These hoes be hating, but never the less on my jock
Devastated by the knock I got, in a trunk with a fallen top
I'm a playa, nominated for G of the Year
With rocks in my ear, wood grain inside my hand when I steer
Reminiscing back in the day, when I was broke
But now I glide up the block, and turn heads till they neck look broke
Lil' Trae the same cat, they use to laugh at
Never thought that I would have to tell these hoes, to back back
Life is a trip, but then again I was destined to shine
24/7 everyday, I was motivated to grind
For better thangs, addicted to getting change
And now they be screaming my name, and saying I'm wrecking mayn
A Maab type dude from the guerillas on top, and hogging the lane
Dubs up to them hatas, watching me doing my thang

The Most Valuable Playa, block bender Trae up in a slab
If it's tinted I'm in it, tipping and turning banging the Ave.
Picture me rolling a hundred miles per hour, to get away
To a low key la casa, where no drama can get my way
I'm in another zone, living it happy for a change
And since I'm stacking my change, I guess I just can't complain
I still remain to be the same cat, from day one
Cool to the motherfucker, but shining bright like the sun
A Guerilla legend, that's made of a Houston Texan
Ballin' to the top, and keeping it real without a question it ain't no
Doubt

In my mind, I grind mine and shine and shine mine
And grind, and people losing they mind and that's how it be
When you a G, I can't help it but to be playa
My living is not a joke, I'm forever after my paper
All I ever wanted was dough, and that's all I know
From here on out until I go, I'ma get it and that's fa sho

Maintain, doing my thang
Maintain, doing my thang
Ooooh-oooh
That's just the live that I chose