

# Had Enough

Trae tha Truth

I been repping and running the block, since the age of my youth  
A gangsta guerilla go-getter, certified as a troop  
I done had it with niggaz, the only thing that I'm bringing is plex  
Got me feeling like Kobe Bryant, dumping off eight repping the West  
Get off of me homie, cause I've been known to click on the cool  
I'm a damn fool, and ain't no games fin to be played with the tool  
I'm sick, and I bet you niggaz just don't want it with Trae  
Cause if I pull it I'ma spray, and put a slug in your vertebrae  
Maabing you bitch niggaz, better get out the zone  
Or else you fin to see me make my slugs, get out the chrome  
When that Mack get to spitting, you gon get out your home  
I'm sick of telling you bitch niggaz, to get the fuck on  
I mean it, you motherfuckers better play your positions  
Respect the code of the streets, before your bitch ass be missing  
Or slid up under some'ing swoll up, and blacked out  
Better give me fifty feet, 'fore I make your lights out

I done had enough, of you niggaz  
Eyes wide open, I ain't trusting you niggaz  
Me and Lil' Trae, bout to bust on you niggaz  
Prepare for the worst of the worst, when I'm rushing you niggaz  
(I done had enough, of you niggaz  
Eyes wide open, never trusting you niggaz  
Me and Mack Biggers, bout to bust on you niggaz  
Load the clip finna trip when I'm rushing you niggaz, had enough of you  
Niggaz)

I done had enough of you fake cats, faking the Maab  
Now I plan on taking your job, or breaking you off  
Taking the chips and breaking your jaw, flaming your car  
With cop killers, when invading your yard  
That's just a taste of the Maab, Mack Biggers was shot but I saved the bomb

And when I squeeze, only Jesus can save you boy  
Now what y'all know, about banging and rob  
Or going state to state, slanging it raw  
See me I play no games, and say no names  
And I'm sick and tired of you niggaz, that play hoe games  
Y'all so close to being dames, so if I say your name  
Best believed it's a bullet aiming, at your brain  
From the streets to the Penn, nigga respect my gangsta  
Even when I'm draped in flames, with the best of the bangers  
And only cop killers, rest in the chamber  
I done had enough of you niggaz, see y'all messing with danger

I'm sick of you niggaz, you bout to get me back in the stage  
Of whipping a nigga ass to the flo', and dumping slugs out the gauge  
Why these niggaz don't understand, that it be real in the field  
Disrespecting my gangsta ways, will be enough to get you killed  
I got killas on every corner, guerillas ready to mob  
If you try me thinking I'm playing, I bet I'll get to the job  
You walking a thin line, old cake ass nigga  
Plus I had it up to here, with all you fake ass niggaz

What y'all know about Mack Biggers, and Trae the Guerilla Maab  
And the Planet of the Apes, invading the planet of the fakes  
Bout to test a nigga stamina, with a K

Bound to catch a slug dog, if you standing in the way  
We could do it for my nigga Charge, or we can do it for Dinkie  
Regardless of the fact, we gon leave you nigga stinking  
And if you survive the ride, we gon leave you niggaz thinking  
Whenever we around dog, it's best you stop blinking