

I'm From Texas

Trae tha Truth

See,
No don't tell nobody
You ain't see the view if you ain't screw it up

Use in texas all my dj screw
You say what I'm saying and what it do
And if a n-gga don't like it to the bitches I rap texas
Topless in this lab I become through
Yeah both involves and it's been so close
Can it be not cause big booties in our hoes
Got dollars in our mobsters and big rhythm in the south
With a truck of beats swinging through
I just call day not to star a phone
20-70 if I kind grind the mow
I ain't never never been so around the dough
Probably while the n-ggas ain't come the shine em all
Big duty trucks with the big grill
And the cadillacs with the fifth wheel
We from the hood and we keep still
If you try to take you gonna get killed

I don't wear my prettiest tight I wear them lose
Activately for all my foot where homie I got too many shoes
I'm the man in my city tell them n-ggas I won't lose
My nigga always we gonna talk the

Find me in the hood in the city that I claim
Moving slow like a music that I best best screw it up
Bitch I'm from texas, yeah bitch I'm from texas
Bitch I'm from texas, yeah bitch I'm from texas
Glass glass underneath beat beat my
About my... chain chain full of rocks
Bitch I'm from texas, yeah bitch I'm from texas
Bitch I'm from texas, yeah bitch I'm from texas

You can find me in houston, riding in
Had a dream I'm poking in with a team and her friends
Tell the truth right right behind
Two cups full and I'm on my grind
Talking dime respect my mind
And I saw you boys the text goes down
Rolex time, top let bag all my nuts 'cause I got that sack
Paper up to the roof is stack
Hoes when I hate but I don't need jack
Wear this money that's when I met
They text's grind it's all I know
Bang and screw and drinking big mow
And space and getting that dough bro

No sign what a boat ride
Every day I go play outside
Livin them haters my wide
Can't beat em now when they see me slide
Through the hood like I live there
Shit I got a few cribs there
I'm a g still cheer there
We barbeque and our ribs there

Some blunts ans sip bunch like it's lunch
Every day we do it listen and never text music
Heard the match with that good flew it
Buy me in the hood in the city I claim
Everybody down the next time we remain
It ain't the choice I can't change
I'ma rip till now like I gang bang

I got a pat ass bitch park outside
Yellow diam in my wrist if this dark outside
Just a little bitch and I catch golds
Just a little kid from the ghetto
Never had shit but I got a little bit
When I got a couple hips under his belt
Thought the... n-gga I ain't try to builtin in
Ain't got a whole lot of money but I rob the money
I sip a whole lot of drink but I thug that money
That it was cool but it can't tell me nothing, no
Everybody take a n-gga locked up
Done curko so he blue up
From the h town world wide n-gga what's up

I'm from holdout the texas let's get that straight off the top
That's where the hustling in the grindin and the hatin don't stop
On west side to the east we are hit ducking the cop
Hey coming down getting painted on the mother f-ckin chart
It's the land of the trill that's where the whole thing came from
And did they just a word or where I rap and get his name from
It's our way in life and we live it to the foolest
But years we represent it and we blood swear and bull it