

I'm On 2.0

Trae tha Truth

Return of the mack (3x)
You know that I'll be back
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Today is the day I get out on my feet
Remove them chains, they shackled on me
Press my luck, stop f-cking with them hoe in the club
Cause the same motherf-ckers are the ones that got me stuck
Tryna use me up 'til my tank on E
Then leave me stranded, scrambling in these streets
For a dollar a day until my pockets is straight
Soon as you move out the hood them niggas holla ya fake
Make 'em swallow the base from the sugar
I'd rather be a dead man than a nigga
I'd rather roam chrome rims than swisha
I gotta make moves, I can't hang with ya
They used to be the fly shit back in '95
But now I want a crib and a car I can drive
And ain't nobody out there help me cause I'm grown
Gotta leave them childish games alone
Nigga I'm on

I'm in the hood still praying for a piece of fate
I know he on his way I'm hoping he don't make it late
I'm up the bat, I just hope I make it to the plate
I'm Babe Truth you can tell 'em I'm one of the greats
Used to shoot for the stars now my aim lie
I'm the truth nigga something that you?
A thousand watts ain't a thing that I can't shine
It ain't a wrist or a chain that I can rock
Tell 'em I'm on something like city lights
I used to be out they sights, tinted like city nights
Now a nigga be city to city on plenty flights
You can tell 'em I put on for my city in plenty fights
Tell 'em I ain't gon lose they heated like I'm a?
I'm bout to throw 'em in this drop with no ceilings
So I can fail 'em?
Pull up on the bike same colour as the Phantom
And jump out on haters just to tell 'em I couldn't stand 'em

I'm on top of my game yo, the OG
Grand daddy kush, cocaine flow
I'm about that Cash not that Tango
Head shots, dump a whole clip in ya Kangol
Claim to be a real nigga we know you ain't though
I be in the hood, all the places you can't go
Visuals, you can see the pictures I paint yo
Residuals, I just put it all in the bank yo, it's pitiful
Hoes only after your bankroll
Stay off the phone, watch out for the plain clothes
Yeah I rep my set, I ain't in the gang though
I protect my neck I carry the thing yo
I'm on the same shit that the boss is on
Do it for those in the feds, up north or gone
I'm on a winning streak. I done got my losses on
It's ironic cause even when I'm off I'm on

Yeah I'm on

I'm on

I'm on

I'm on

I'm 'bout to cop the Porsche
Eternally grateful for the support
Made the cover of The Source
Flashback to the ports the city of no remorse
Where they shooting back and forth like they playing horse
May the force be with you, bullet hit you
You bleed and I bleed with you
Mama please when you greave damn I greave with you
This a preview I see you in the summer
My new shit dumber, I'm on

Life at the bottom is devastating
You're hardly ever debated
The party is obligated
By suckers that wanna be you
And never live with in matrix
And never ever related to struggle and dedication
Your hustle is nominated
Anonymous then you faded
The promises that a victory lap you surely awaited
They vomited everytime that a rapper's annihilated
Just wish them happy belated
F-ck you I made it, I'm on

Tokyo, Amsterdam, Denver to LA
Minutes turn to hours and hours to pay
The days turn to nights but the nights never change
It's funny how Γ,B"time is moneyΓ,B" used to be a turn of phrase

I'm no spokesperson, no tricks, no gimmicks, no coercing?
And they say Bob man it's good to have you back
But I say, I've been here, where the f-ck have y'all been at?

Thinking how Pac lived at 22 that's '93
I was four now I'm 22 on tour
One two shots of my life, barely hold on
But I'm drawn to this feeling of adrenaline
With mic's on, lights on, And they gon' applaud
Young nigga, Versace, young nigga they never seen before
And they gon watch me, wanna copy shit that I got on
I'm too fly, I ain't got a flaw
Tell the law we above the law
God bless Amen, every lost soul
And the group so good went solo
Globe trotting, now I'm blowing up like an afro
Nigga thought you knew what I do
Rolling through ya area, double RR coupe
Penthouse level, now we only party on the roof
Bitch I'm a rebel so I move how I wanna move
Last King YMCMB

Used to run around the hood picking honeys up
Now I'm doing shows around the world picking money up
Used to be slept on like a pillow
Went from trapping in a rental to rapping on instrumentals
Now it's money in my mental
And women get sentimental huh

It's cause the flow is sweet as a pack of skittles nah
Yellow, gold, yellow diamonds in the middle nah
Stand up nigga, I was never known to sit down

When the world spins around and around on it's axis
? flip from town to town with the package
Stuffing bills and pounds and browns in a mattress
Sending clowns underground for practice
The fact is everybody wanna be the king with the crown
But never in the battle when the drama goes down
Easy to be the boss from behind the wall
But be gon' see who really goes down when it's time to brawl
Cause you gotta be careful of the image you portraying
You gotta show love to where you from all day
And when the going gets rough
Don't get to going from the?
Put it down for your people
Know the land know what I'm saying

I'm on
I'm On