

## Just A Week Ago

Trae tha Truth

Ay Trae, I thought these niggaz wanted to see us make it mayn  
But I've been seeing otherwise mayn, but it's all hood though

I guess you niggaz forgot, it seems to me that all of my niggaz  
done lost

They memories

We use to be so close, inside the same vecinity but shit done c  
hanged

It ain't too much clicking, we don't even see the same no mo'

We don't even hit the block to crawl, chopping up game no mo'

Where shit went wrong I really can't tell ya, but I can tell ya

I sense it

On top of my game with a bird's eye view, ain't no way I'ma mis  
s it

But when it's told throughout the hood, they say this nigga don  
e changed

Cause I bought a car and bought a house, and got a few diamonds  
and thangs

But I'll be damned, if I don't get what the fuck I deserve

But I ask my family who I'm rolling, what about what's the word

About how we use to hit them shows, at about 60 deep

And if they don't get in, it's gon be a situation based out of  
heat

I guess jealousy envy and greed, come with the turf

You know realness is a given, nothing equals what it's worth

But time's flying, I don't feel I wanna get it back

Cause jealous motherfuckers, got me strapped for real

Damn it was all good, just a week ago

I see them niggaz in the streets, we don't speak though

But damn it was all good, just a week ago

Jealousy got me focused, this some'ing you niggaz need to know

You can't ever, judge a book by it's cover

I'm only one in a million that came from the gutter, still I pr  
ayed for

Another

Way to get paid, once this street shit played out

A struggle for a hustle, is never a easy trade out

If money, is the root of all evil

My love for these niggaz in the streets, runs deeper

Next second you're broke, look how these niggaz treat ya

Six feet underground, still I'm my brother's keeper

I'm telling y'all, real talk haters get on your job

Most of these rappers fraud, see they only for sars man

They go for them niggaz, riding your co-tail

Might as well throw in the towel, you're not gon sell

It's hurting ya to your heart, see us niggaz prevail

All's well and ends well, with some weight in the scale  
I'm here to cancel your plans, this one is for the fans  
Yeah them fake ass niggaz, I ain't stealing my hand naw