

Restless

Trae tha Truth

I feel it everytime that I hit the corner, bitch niggaz be hating me
Been G since '93, and ain't no way they fin to be fading me
I roll with gorillas, and plus the hood is my habitat
All the real gon ride with Trae, and anything else see we ain't having that
I put this motherfucker on vibe, before I be going out like a part
They know my wheels, made displays out of my scars
So I'm real with it, they can just might get you killed with it
So I'm all alone inside my Chevrolet, plotting to get a mill ticket
And I'm cool, but I don't know who to trust
Even my lady flipped the script, for roach ass niggaz with lust
Wish I was stress free, but since I ain't I gotta kick it where the rest be
Keeping it real to make it where the best be, test me
That ain't a good idea, cause some say I'm a asshole
Whether they like it or not, I'm gon get to see my grass grow
And I'm gon fight for it, until they see me breathless
A A.B.N. soldier, cause I was restless

From East Oakland to the H-Town, they know my name
Still nobody, still don't know my pain
Growing up in the game, I feel restless young but a old nigga
Seen too much too fast, it's fucking with my soul nigga
Born to be a outlaw, traveled down the road
Most of y'all never been, hope you don't wanna go
I tell em young nigga, don't try to be like me
Be better than me, be the best you can be
They feel the good die young, soldier you ain't done
Ninety percent of us, don't even get to make it out the slum
A.B.N., I use to cop the fat dime from Sabian
Come back to the hood and get blown, I was a baby then
Baby when I was younger, somebody should of told me
To slow down youngster, I know it's some'ing better for you

Then hugging this glock, and ducking these cops
Then sent me the angel, in the form of pop

Everyday, it's like I'm back in the zone
Real life, got a nigga feeling like it's on
God can you help me, cause it's lonely on my own
My people use to be right, but now I'm feeling like they wrong
My roll dog, trying to tell me that I need to chill
But he don't understand, cause he ain't feeling how I feel
And how the fuck, do they got love for me if they ain't real
Lord knows, I don't wanna end up getting killed I'm restless

The streets can feel me, cause I'm in my zone and watching out for these
Niggaz telling
Closer than my dame done came, to see convicted felons
And my state of mind just ain't right, jealousy in the air
How these niggaz act I swear, they had the devil up in they swear
But I don't trip I throw my loc's on, when I fall into the night
And only acknowledge the real niggaz, while the rest can't get it right
I'm on my note homie can't you tell, watching me doing my thang
I'm the real if you don't know, just watch me when I'm holding my name
Only less and less, moving at a pace they never seen
Ducking laws and crooked niggaz, trying to get close to my green
Two heaters sitting on my hip, cause some of these niggaz'll never lace up
And if they do, then I'm gon be the first to swell they face up

And that's gon stay the same, whether I'm broke or I'm balling out
Losing these dirty bitches, but I still hear em calling out
My life is on another level, squabbling at it's best
And everyday, I'm thanking God to keep my blessed