

# Ea\$tside

Trinidad James

Fuck 'em up  
You don't like me nigga, then fight (Fuck 'em up) (6x)

Y'all niggas can't do shit (bitch)  
I said now, y'all niggas can't do shit (8x)

I'm in DC with them Clipses  
Cali, call up Nipsey  
In Philly, I know Meek  
I know Meek and Omelly  
I call up Bigga Rankin  
Nigga down in that [?]  
Shout out to them bad bitches  
KOD Miami  
Salute to them Haitian niggas  
Hot down in Little Haiti  
Salute to Jimmy nigga  
Harlem going crazy  
I'm good nigga, even in Texas  
Better watch what you rap about  
I call up the Prince boys  
I know you heard about Rap-a-lot

Guwop or doo-wop  
I'm a trap nigga, I'm not hip-hop  
Jumping out a Phantom with the Louis flip-flops  
My clip long like tube socks  
If you say something, I'm a spray something  
Wanna fuck some and I'm a pay something  
Had a threesome with your BM  
And my young niggas'll take some  
Take money to make money  
I'm a great ape with this AK  
Banana clip for these monkey niggas  
I'm a millionaire, but a country nigga  
Half a mil on a dice game  
Three mil on my ice game  
Was all good 'til your wife came  
It's Gucci Mane, you in my lane

Quarter million dollar worth of jewelry  
You haters sittin' plottin'  
Y'all niggas ain't gonna do shit  
My name ringing bells cause I done took a lot of bricks  
Independent major label deal, I'm filthy rich  
Little Mexico lingo  
We got a home where we make kilos  
You say you move kilos  
But nigga, you still stuck on zeroes  
Fake rappers, I don't like  
All I rap is white  
VVS my ice  
Nigga, fuck your highest price

Alley Boy don't play  
Little Trouble don't play  
Bitch ain't gonna play, Little Ricky don't play

Get you take, new face in the A  
These young shooters gonna do what I say  
New king of the south, they can't do shit  
Atta boy, 2Pac in '96  
But I ain't get shot, I'm a chill me a bitch  
Get Zone 6, I'm a wrap these bricks  
[?] eye for an eye  
War cry nigga, these bullets gonna fly  
From 1 to 6 dare nigga to try  
Pussy went black from all that fire  
With my gold grill and my gold Bentley  
[?] father [?]  
Y'all niggas can't do shit  
Fuck 'em up, you better stay red

Pull up in an Audi, they don't know shit about me  
These rappers are so inventive  
Your Maserati is rented, my second house is in Venice  
3rd in Kaua'I, I got a bird cause I'm fly, I don't wanna brag  
These niggas wanna break my neck  
They could, I'm a buck fifty when soaking wet  
My hood got a clear port and an ocean deck  
I made a hater eat words, watch him choke to death  
Back for more, fuck it, I'm a rap some more  
I got some white girls with me like I'm Macklemore  
My back is sore, from whippin' in the Jaguar  
I'm the goat like a motherfucking Capricorn  
Yeah, I hate whack niggas, that's my fucking problem (Tru!)  
I'm too turned up like like the fucking volume  
These niggas get dropped like my fucking albums  
Eastside, Stone Mountain