All Good (feat. Rick Ross, T.I. & Audio Push)

Trae tha Truth

I, uh, I hung the chandaliers in the trap boy
Uh, Double M, Trae what upMe against the world, got it from the bottom
Now I'm on my own shit, they wasn't on shitI'm giving 'em tec, 'til it knock the king of it back
Stable or something I'm not you better not think too attached
No feelings to catch, dreams get cut, better relax
No vacation, like get you packed ain't never teaching, it's fact
I was in a state of mind of somebody who probably finna trip
I wanted a piece of a 'Peace of mind' but it got up and dipped
Minus the whip I hope the bitch crazy she end where she deserve it
You go to workin' my nerves, so you [?] minus the surgeon
In this demonstration [?] no words I'm spazzin'
Hear the kick in for the river and that's nothing you has been
For everything they ever done my heart colder than aspen
While they wake up, I barely sleep overdosin' on aspirine
Sick of people stoppin' and knockin', but still they jock when it's poppin'
The type to work with his arm, they go to poppin' and lockin'
Right off in traffic I'm hopin, that hatred up for adoption
'Bout to be relocated, play with me it can't be no option
Me against the world but I still won't quit
Got it from the bottom so it's been a long trip
I had a lot of niggas, now I'm on my own shit
Had a few hoes but they wasn't on shit
They know I had a lot of wins, a couple L's
The money come, it never fails, they know it's all good
When the money gone, you see the real, they switching up
It never fails, but still it's all goodNever ran from the opposition
Every opportunity I get to bomb, I'ma bomb on them pussy nigga
If you count pockets niggas better watch mine
Get money, get pussy, let my watch shine
Six figures for the show nigga, get fifty for the after party
And that's for the low nigga
You better hold them to your hold nigga, fast money runnin' rappin' now she runnin' with a dope nigga
Two door rolls Royce nigga, your man making payments i just paid it off and go on paint it boy
Still text your old lady boy, she hit back everytime you land up in your lazy boy
Strip club, black bottle time to pour it up, peep the weakness in the game I had to sew it ip
Yeah, I had to sew it up
Get money, where you from nigga? Throw it up
Me against the world but I still won't quit
Got it from the bottom so it's been a long trip
I had a lot of niggas, now I'm on my own shit
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They know I had a lot of wins, a couple L's
The money come, it never fails, they know it's all good
When the money gone, you see the real, they switching up
It never fails, but still it's all goodMe against the world that's apparent to me
Okay my momma she ain't wanna be a parent to me
So I'm standing on the corner smokin' marijuana
Tryna get the package out to Carolina
They ain't 'bout the dinosaurs in the dope game, lookin' for the doors to the room full of cocaine
All I ever dreamed, was a beamer and a girl of the cover of a magazine
Extended magazine, on a chopper and a Glock forty and a mini fourteen
Fully automatic, let the motherfucker have it
Bet they paralyze him if they missin' no bustin' cabbage
I'm from Atlanta the real one, the place where you ain't gotta start a culture, steal one
Yeah, from where you can be the man 'til you kill one
And a bird ain't shit, until you deal one
Bankroll MafiaMe against the world but I still won't quit
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