

Try Me (feat. Young Thug)

Trae tha Truth

I'm on molly, I'm on fuckin' molly
I'm on molly, I'm on muthafuckin' molly
Three hoes, let's have a trolley, have a fuckin' trolley
I wanna have a trolley, have a fuckin' trolley
Have a trolley, let's just have a trolley molly
Have a trolley, let's just have a trolley molly
I'm on molly, have a fuckin' trolley
Trolley, have a fuckin' molly I got shooters on the block, nigga, yea they somewhere on they
bullshit
I got the city on standby, I green light, they even coming out the pulpit
Yeah, Truth pull up in that white thing, four choppas and the trunk full of white things
If it ain't ten or better, I be out your price range, for the money, get shot, like a dice game
When I finished, to get to this bitch, tell her, "I will not keep her, just give me some nice brains"
I cannot lie, this bitch's head is so stupid, like who the fuck gave her this nice brain?
Still the Truth nigga, remember that, I'm in this foreign, no ceiling, I done timbered that
I'm talking snow, but I ain't talking where December at, I'm in the kitchen where they whip it
up and send it back
Fly as them birds that get flown, I will not get off my throne
When it come to these streets, I am king, get the fuck out my home
Yeah I'm with the shit, I'm the shit you can't finish, nigga jump fly, I'm tryna knock him out his
tennis
I was born to be a G, better take a nigga image, got diamonds in my grill, I ain't never seen a
dentist
I'm an asshole bitch, and my team gon rock out, I represent real niggas, no one can top out
I send my youngins to your block, they hop out, and snap the shit out a fuck nigga, no cop out I
got shooters if you try me, if you fucking try me
Pussy nigga try me, come on, fucking try me
I run Texas, bitches come and try me
Take your necklace nigga, come and buy it
Back, rat a tat tat
Back black back, rat a tat tat
Hey, I got bodies, I got bodies cause they tried to try me
I got bodies, I got bodies cause they tried to try me
Got shooters in the bando
They salute me like commando
Add a bitch to the payroll
And she know how to put grams in her A hole
Imma talk to you when the case closed
And before I let down Imma lay low
I pour lean in OJ, no Mayo
Imma drink that little bitch like Faygo
I'm in Mexico with my plug gettin' them pesos by the caseloads

I'm in Dominican with my hoes doing everything I say so
Trae Tha Truth pulling up, whoo!
Keep that, nigga bitching like whoo!
Nah, freak that, whole night I won't tell
No one check, that's a secret
Your bitch waiting when a nigga ride by
She smelled the money on me, I can't even disguise
I feel myself, so Texan don't try
Po-po's behind me, don't text and drive
Crocodile isle nigga, shoes look like a gator
Leave em with a bald spot, like he play with the Pacers
Cooking with no hands, like I usually use a baker
I'm in her stomach like a naval

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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