

Y'all Trippin'

Michael Christmas

Call of Duty Ghosts, squad up, this the homeless section
Have my nigga OG through, it's a roasting session
Who the fuck brought these niggas, I say no to questions
Been losing since 94, so I know the lessons
Spend my money all on kicks, I don't know investments
That's what happen at 19, you get broke and reckless
Remember being 6 years old, niggas stole my necklace
If I see them niggas again, hope they broke and debted
I be in the cut just laughing, cuz I know the blessings
Cheat code flow go hard or go home, E-40 taught me don't love no ho
But I love all hoes that's just how the shit go
Let a 4 try to throw me box, I be at the door
Bet not tell your friends about it I got fans and shit ho
Causing rah rah, and hippity hoop lah
The super bars coming from the basement to rooftops. And y'all tripping Ya'll Trippin (You
slipping, you falling, you can't get up?) {2x}Cuz I'm finna go ham, like walakum Salam, fuck
you to Uncle Sam, Aunt Sally getting blammed
Least I never rode the bench, Coffee Black
And its all starting to make sense, check the stats
And it's me that the odds against, check the facts
And I almost paid the rent, but this hat. Nigga
Know I had to get it, standing with my white sonata need Xzibit
Ride get pimped nigga might get some bitches
Asian girl told me that she seen me on Pigeons
So shout to Jon Tanners, that's the John Stock assist
Use the Gary Payton fore you get the Magic on your shit
I'm the school PSA, messages from Michael Christmas
Put the guns away let's have some fun today, with drugs and drinking
The fried brain cells make you see colored pictures
Got my hair long I'm sitting on this stoop, mother sister
I do the right thing for my fam, but the mosh pitting alcohol spitting for the fans

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>