

# Rappin' 4-Tay, New Trump

(feat. Lil Fly)

New trump...

I'ma kick a hole lot of doze wide open for my kin-folk  
Just because we back a lot of people, think we're nin-four  
Maniac, rat attack, take a fat sac and that dope that you're  
snatch from the Rappin' 4-tay track  
And lace it, chasing like it was the Master Glip  
I had to switch upon all this gang  
Cause suckers think that the battle  
was an on still from the free-style fill  
Where Im coming from, because the player life is so real  
Killers on the straw, from Frisco to the O'  
Back to Sacramento from Lay-hoe and San-hoe  
Say litts, have a party and parlay  
Now we can do it you're way, let's do it my way  
A place of O.G marve, and gay of in the background  
Sipping on corniac, illiac, it's goin down  
Flip more papper that the envy even touch  
From the Hammer to Diaffers, that you franked,  
that you chuked fucked up

[chorus]

New Trump, brand new funk  
Keep the pocket full of California skunk  
That ninety five shit gon always bump  
For ninety six we're gon flip the script  
and break em of some new trump  
New Trump, brand new funk  
Keep the pocket full of California skunk  
The moe' screw track gon always bump  
For ninety six we're gon flip the script  
and break em of some new trump

[Lil Fly:]

Trubows, go, Fila head to toe  
Bossoliny brimmen come that player little fly hoe  
Ooh, You did know I own the record label  
Everytime I go to Vegas you can catch me at the crab table  
Where I be breaking em', shaking em', takeing em', face em' taolin  
Talking loud, drinking wild, Cali' style profiling  
Me come on handeling all situations,  
takeing edvanitch of my bidness' from my daughters education  
Kick back relax, counting ten thousands dollar stacks  
Check my mail box, flip the script, here goes the most scratch  
Now peep my ladle moma, try to get her skies on  
Bitch you're broke as hell, so you know you best to speed on  
Cause you get nuthin' less you push em' on the table first  
Drop your juicy thief or pay on fliesin' for the nine six  
Giving it true, comeing new, the niggers black folks  
Young players throw your hands in the air,  
if you can feel this grove

[chorus]

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What you thought, I couldn't come again  
With the mainy raw proseccion  
From the badder new jorke  
To my folks out in Texas  
Im countly talking about bread, they say money ain't everything  
And the hustlars supposed to be get  
Ima flip, and trip, ill up in some profhet  
Every player nation wide try to keep a fat pocket  
On the first of fifteen, everybody try to come up  
The fed and snitch and sucker dead for try to run up  
A cumulate pappers kinda lock the dissies  
Especially for a player to use, to flip and gees, and keys  
Sucker please, different chock for different folks  
See, Im just one of them players who can't stand beeing broke  
Gots to come back quick like Mario and Dreddy  
Tripling up the papper chase, try to keep it feddy  
Five hundred thousand gold, one million platinum  
Keep your plats and be check, and best believe Ima keep raping

[chorus x2]

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