

Troopers

Jay Rock

There's work on the phone
Tell my mama that I might not make it home
 Me and my troopers
 Hoppin' in this bitch, poppin' in this bitch
 Me and my troopers
 Hoppin' in this bitch, poppin' in this bitch
Me and my troopersI said there's work on the phone
Somebody tell my mama I might not make it home
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If that's your real nigga, he gon' slide for you
If that's your real nigga, he gon' die for you
 You ain't gotta question when it's brackin'
Just point me in the direction when it's actionDay ones in the sandbox
 From breaking through the padlocks
 To burners in the stashbox
 Your whole hood - mascots
 My whole hood - mad Watts
 That's gang, gang, gang
 We politic, on missions
 Don't hang, hang, hang
 We got bad bitches, too huh
 And they blast bitches, too huh
 And they shoot the fat one, too huh
 We can take it there, too huh
 Niggas win some and lose some
 Just went half on the new drum
 Summer time is overdue huh
Double back when the news comeThere's work on the phone
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Hoppin' in this bitch, poppin' in this bitch
Me and my troopersBack door, back though
 Eastside we go back door
 What you wanna act for
 You get what you ask for
 Ballin in the game now
 Eastside we go back door
Nothing is the same nowMotherfuckin' task force
 Came up and I went back
 Changed up, never did that
 If it's take off, yeah I did that
 Blew a half a mil, yeah I did that
 On a play girl, is you with that?
 Ten toes on the pavement
 Sell your soul and the days end
Shacked up like a cavemenTroopers all day
 Secure the bag
 We plant the flags
 So what we on next?
 What we on next?
 Rock bottom, from the NG's
 Hand guns on tenth speed
 R.I.P. to my dead homies
Loyalty is all we need, yeahThere's work on the phone
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>