

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
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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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Me and my troopers Back 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 now Motherfuckin' 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 cavemen Troopers 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, yeah There's work on the phone
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>