

# Inkredible

Trae tha Truth

Tha Truth back, lets get to bidness  
its something unfamiliar  
call it a foreign image  
paint heavily leaking  
I guess it wasn't finished  
riding with something freaky  
they tell me she the business  
the chain clear, stones never cloudy  
60 rats or better, n-gga ask about me  
certified gangsta, please don't ever doubt me  
welcome to the streets  
you can't get in without me  
Im Presidential, Obama painted the Vogues black  
toping in the Chevy, top rollin' back  
my life a motion picture, b-tch I aint gotta act  
I send em to your section, n-gga hold that  
its raining scattered bullets  
too late to run for cover, I drain em like Kobe  
then I evacuate to the gutter  
on something thats pokey with looks  
and a trunk they'd like to stutter  
I rank as the king of the city  
it aint gon be another,  
(Inkredible, inkredible, inkredible, inkredible...)

I'm sending shots, it's happy hour  
I shoot from close range, I'ma need a shower  
Brains in the sink, body on the counter  
Women and the kids, leave em how I found em  
I'm a real n-gga, stand still n-gga  
I cut ya face, have ya lookin like Seal n-gga  
Then I pull ya card, then I deal witcha  
Gamble witcha life, is this your lucky night  
My bitch so f-cking right, every night I f-ck her twice  
Big boy money b-tch pockets on Charlie Wise  
Tatted up, I'm scarred for life  
Tell the cops I know all my rights  
Got choppas I dont mean Harley bikes  
Drop me like a bag of ice  
Shades dark, flag bright  
Wallet chain, chrome horse  
Hair to the f-cking back, call that sh-t Rosa Parks  
[http://www.elyricsworld.com/inkredible\\_\(feat.\\_lil\\_wayne\\_\)\\_lyrics\\_trae.html](http://www.elyricsworld.com/inkredible_(feat._lil_wayne_)_lyrics_trae.html)  
Dr. Carter man I gave hip-hop open heart  
Young Money baby aka Noah's Ark  
ahaha

and Im Noah!  
YOUNG MULA BABY

My money long, my temper short  
my cars foreign my d-ck a boss  
the guns new, the beef old  
its time to come through like never before  
liquid C4, look at me hoe  
look into my eyes do you see a C.E.O  
I'm talking kilo's, time to reload

(Creole words) - "Shut the f-ck up" in Creole  
b-tch I'm paid up, get ya weight up  
pillow top back, realest shade up  
I got them automatics so you know I'm automatic  
all my auto's automatic you know thats automatic  
what you n-ggas wanna see  
dont get caught in the street  
I got G's that'll wait for a quarter key, n-gga  
I'm living n-gga  
f-ck the critics n-gga (f-ck em)  
sh-t is serious n-gga  
you hear the lyrics n-gga (Yep!)  
its Ricky n-gga  
(End)