

Dear Mr. La Reid

Playaz Circle

[Intro: 2 Chainz]

You know, we back

I know a lot of y'all feel like

We never was here, "Talking bout 'you back'"

Thing is, myself, Tity Boi, and my dawg, Dolla

We been on the grind for a long time, man

Constantly, constantly in the studio

Grinding, working on our craft

Constantly, constantly in the trap

Grinding, counting up that math

I mean, I can go on for hours about

What it took for me and Dolla to get here

You know, everybody got a story to tell

[Verse 1: 2 Chainz]

Jealousy moving the world like get another felony

I'm losing my girl, that's what the judge keep telling me

I'm hanging around like the letter D, I'm what whatever be

You see, I'm something that you never seen

Dear Mr. L.A. Reid, "Duffle Bag" is just a seed
Hope you see our vision, there is no competition
If I wanna battle someone, I look in a mirror
And I go at myself, I gotta back myself
I gotta bag Jennette, and help Mr. B
You know I'm down with Key and God is my referee
In this game that I'm playing, who's next but me?
See, my future looks bright as a tangerine
You shoulda seen where I came from
It's not the same song, dirty dishes in the bedroom
36s in the bedroom
Dirty bitches in the bedroom, should I continue?
"Duffle Bag Boyz" and they ain't even believe you
Then Wayne sung on it and they made it a single
One thing's for certain, yeah, I do my thing too
The car's foreign, so it's bilingual
I'm on my Boosie, talking to amigo
I'm somewhere geeked up, talking to eagle
You know it's me, though, yours truly
Tity 2 Chainz, Duffle Bag Boy, salute me

[Interlude: Dolla Boy]

Yeah

Tit, I feel ya, dog

We gotta let 'em know, man

But I can't keep talking to these folks

I'a show you what I do

[Verse 2: Dolla Boy]

State don't got a case, the feds threaten to come in

Conspiracy holding weight, they tryna get me gunnin'

There's a lot y'all don't know about me

Gave em crackers two years, they tryna get some mo' up out me

Pop just got knocked, dealing with some new cases

Whole fam hot now, it's hard to show our faces

What am I to do? Just tell Big roll up?

And just pray to God that the trap don't slow up?

But rap done picked up, it's all about the "Duffle Bag"

I remember couple months ago, when it wasn't that

Don't get me wrong, dog, 'cause you know we loving that

But if it wasn't that, we would still love rap

We would still come rap, we would still run traps

We would still look at y'all like we the number ones, jack

Real talk, nobody gave a shit like the last three years

And on the real, dog, we still here

They gotta say something that gotta mean something

They gotta show 'em Duffle Bag Boyz ain't fronting

It's all about the money, I don't care to know y'all

I lost my right-hand man, life without a forearm

So I gotta move on, it's hard for me to go on

Hope you get the picture, but if not, we have to show y'all

Show y'all, for all, for y'all, know y'all will love it

Dear Rap World, this is our introduction

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>