Trap House

French Montana

You know my sneakers foreign nigga (Juheard!)
Yeah, bigger than life

Cookin' up
Big money poppin' boy
Cookin' up
Cookin' up

They talking bout me in the trap house
They asking bout me in the trap house
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What the business is, stay up out of mine
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They talking bout me in the trap house
They asking bout me in the trap house
Trap house, trap house

Niggas mad that I went and got my visa
Thirty on my wrist, had to roll my sleeve up
Damn right we rock it, damn right we cop it
Fly cars we whipping, the fuck boys be plotting
Purple Jolly Ranchers, chain couple advances
Wrist and watch ring, blue and white like Kansas
Right side turn wheel, talk kush? We burn fields
Swore I seen the devil on my first meal
Had to kill the watch, nigga, time served
I'm talking 9,000 watts, nigga, you ain't heard?

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You know my wardrobe foreign nigga

You know my watch foreign nigga

I talk money, some say I speak foreign
Whip foreign, watch foreign, bitch foreign
Told her to dance, and that bitch kept going
Cake, cake, cake, cake, just throw it
I'm a boss, motherfucker
Pull up to the club just to floss, motherfucker
On the salt, motherfucker
Rich motherfucker, all the whips foreign
Take your bitch, motherfucker
Suck a dick, motherfucker
I'm the shit, motherfucker, time to get up off the toilet
This is it, motherfucker, thirty-six, motherfucker
You a bitch, motherfucker
All your bitches know it
Hit a lick, motherfucker, took a brick motherfucker

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They talking bout me in the trap house (Rich Gang)
They asking bout me in the trap house

Hundred bricks, nigga, like a hundred chips
Hundred whips, nigga, another hundred clips
Overseas, nigga, on some hundred shit
Flip a hundred things, moving on a hundred whips
All the mils counted, big top fields
Up top, nigga, doing big deals
Big chips, nigga, knowing how to kill
On the field, nigga, do this shit and do it real
Another flip, nigga
Stash the cash
We do this, nothing but some money on me
Another blast, nigga, pussy
Curve, swerve, hit 'em with that chopper on me
Eleven hundred, flipped eleven hundred
Coke Boys in this bitch, move eleven hundred
Got them whole things in the sand
Uptown, filthy rich, rich gang

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Yeah, the hardest part of the business
Is minding your own
Walk in the room, all the whispering stops
But you know, nosy people get in the face
And real niggas get money
You feel me?
You ask about me in the trap house
Every block
Baby what up?
Rozay
They talkin' bout us in the trap house

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