

Trap Talk

Yung Gwapa

started out with blood money
50k in drugs on me
.....put thugs on me
just pulled up in the club homey
we just put my thugs on it
home boy gettin his mug on
hey i wanna get my buzz on
fuck around ill put my gloves on
say no robbin how i eat
b.c 32 thats my street
brick squad runners 10 million deep
im tryin to sell 10 billion keys
fuck what a bitch boy say to me
aka i stay wit me
mac 99 not far away my dogs dont even play wit me
in my apartment 80 a piece
stack a piece 80 g's
old skool dope rider front
off set shots 73
you say he's a traper pleas
i hang around with a gang of thieves
they prolly charge 200g's then sell your ass a sak of leaves
gucci mane fuck up the sound
dead drunk like my uncle
touch my brother dood n i'll cock and shoot or cut your throat
gucci mane fuck up the sound
dead drunk like my uncle
touch my brother dood n i'll cock and shoot or cut your throat
my cookers made a 50 pack i ran strait threw it
got numbers in my blow spot my trap house boomin talkin trap talk
bitch i bet up wit me talkin trap talk
im still in my trap house aka my blow spot
got some meny chops and glock no need to keep the door lockd
bitch im talkin trap talk
bitch i bet up wit me talkin trap talk
55 white bricks fronted to me
23 thous 5hunit a piece
357 sit on top of the seats

plus a air 15 aint far from my reach

got a house on flashore sell nothin but dro
apartment on the crest ware i get all the blow
went from pan to preformin to a to the show
now a 26 a shocks sit up unda the rows
a nigga thing he playin wit me betta play wit his noise
put a hole in his chest bout the size of a mole
i got a j that swing my door n i pay them in coke i got cookers on my team that snort and i pay them in coke
my cookers made a 50 pack i ran strait threw it
got numbers in my blow spot my trap house is boomin talkin trap talk
bitch i bet up wit me talkin trap talk
im still in my trap house aka my blow spot
got some meny chops and glock no need to keep the door lockd
bitch im talkin trap talk
bitch i bet up wit me talkin trap talk
theres not no one in the game wit more swagger than this
i can score wit any ho wit just the flick of my wrist
diamonds sittin on my finger cost ten brick of the sniff
for this matchin cardia 20 bags of tha pills
you can talk n say your sick but i aint goin legit
try n think of the newest murder gonna drop him again
flow harder than running water
tatted up like travis barker
more swag than your baby father
wrist colder than northan border
lang gonna get you life in oreder
squares dont get no likin on
have my goons out back and slot-er
fuck around find you stinkin partner
thesis diamonds in this bitch look like newvo on my fist
this shits with a twist so i keep a new bitch on my dick
my cookers made a 50 pack i ran strait threw it
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