

Trap Paris (feat. Quavo & Ty Dolla \$ign)

Machine Gun Kelly

Ayy
Woke up in woke up in
Soundin' real godly
Quavo
Seven Rollie grams of flex Woke up in Paris
Broke all the mirrors (that lean)
Must mean last night was too turnt
They caught me fucking on camera
I ain't embarrassed
Pull up, back home, flag on, tats out, what the fuck is that 'bout?
I'm home-bred, hometown, been around the world, I'm back now
I'm Mr. Miyagi with wax in the sake
And I'm running the streets to the city like Rocky
Who da champ? Who da champ?
Diamond fangs like a vamp
Where's the package with the stamp?
Bust it open by the Lamb
Roll it up 'till I cramp
Uh, four rings on my hands, uh
Smoke rings from the grams, uh
Got a lady and a tramp
Bitch I made it from the trap
Gunner I woke up in Paris
In the bed, with a bad bitch (bad bitch, bad bitch)
First I roll up the lesh
Then I went back for seconds
Swear that pussy the wettest
I woke up in Paris
In the bed, with a bad bitch (bad bitch, bad bitch)
First I roll up the lesh
Then I went back for seconds
Swear that pussy the wettest Made it from the bottom, what you thinking of me? (what you thinking)
I made it from the bottom, what you thinking of me? (what you thinking)
When I was on the bottom, you didn't hang out with me (no way)
Now I got some dollars, they keep hanging with me (yeah)
Take a lot of Molly, that's your fantasy (that's your fantasy)
Pull up with the gang and stop playing with me (stop playing)
You took too much of Coco, it made your nose bleed (trippin')
Too turnt for the bando (too)

Shoot two times through the window (shoot)
Pop one off for the kid though (pop one)
Pop one off the extendo (shoot)
Old money like a Nintendo
Bring it back home, this the reload (bring back)
Crips might call it a kilo (crip)
Bloods might call it a bilo (blood)
Put my wrist in a freezer (wrist)
Hit it up, turn it up to beast mode (yeah)
Bitch I made it from the trap (trap)
Whole thang in my lap (yeah)
Bitch I made it from the trap (trap)
Got your girl in my lap (yeah)
Bitch I made it from the trap (trap)
Got the police running laps (yeah)
Bitch I made it from the trap
Bitch I made it out the trap

Songwriters

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