Trap Girl

Kevin Gates

I got a trap girl. (I ain't tell you about my trap girl)
Gates:
I'ma talk about me, then I'ma talk about my trap girl.
Verse 1:
Bricks! 27-5 call me outta town shawty
I'ma drop it off, I'll be outta town shortly.
NBA Jams, I'm on fire like I never been.
Sickest in the city, shid I'm hotter than I ever been.
Fresh, then we are alike. they say I'm hard to like.
Don't respect alot of rappers, feel like I had a harder life.
Trell hit me up, saying Gates we need to talk a price
I believe in you, I can really have you flossin' right
Stay loyal, on my unit ain't been talkin' right
Nigga wanna me dead, got me clutchin' and I'm walking lite
People say I'm reckless, that's just Kevin keep it pushing dawg
stomping through your section, with my weapon, ain't no looking off
Check out my paint job, my camero burning rubba
I'ma felon with a weapon, lethal weapon danny glover.
Ain't trippin' on the rain, so I don't put on a cover
Trap girl, pussy good, so I don't put on a rubba
Sunlight hit the ice, make it gleasing off the wrists.
Children in my section, pass by me taking pictures
Junkies like the rims, then they ask how much the car cost
Stop on any block, turn that bxtch into a car wash
Hand them $20, just to let them wipe the cars off
let my chain swang, i ain't grippin on no sawed off
i'm ice cold, realest though I should warm y'all
try to take my charm off, choppa take your arm off
party poppin' off, I'm shoppin in cartana
me and earl catching sales, while we walkin' in cartana while
shxt all on my pants, handling the work
brought a couple 8 balls, for the janitors at work
Chorus:
Trap girl, ain't tell you bout my trap girl?
Walk in the mall, people asking who is that girl.
Trap Girl. Ain't tell you bout my trap girl?
I play the blocks, she be busy getting stacks girl.
Trap girl, ain't tell you 'bout my trap girl?
My money long, you don't never have to ask girl.

Trap Girl, I ain't tell you 'bout my trap girl
You hold it down, keep you with me like my gat girl.
Verse 2:
All day, I go get it, but at night I come and sleep.
She rock a lacefront, and fix her weave (twice a week)
handle keys (twice a week)
Cook for me (twice a week)
So I get her nails done and treat her feet twice a week
Trap Girl, ain't tell you 'bout my trap girl?
First day I met, told her I can break your back girl
It been a minute, we been kickin it since 06
Grey Monte Carlo I was working with like 4 bricks
Still on the block, still selling rock
Youngest nigga in the bottom, but I got the dumbest spot
Corrupt 730, Co-Running 9 to 10
Don't know about a 9 to 10, you ain't really grindin' then
My trap girl, held it down while I was in the pin
&& Help me get back on my feet when I came out the pin
She told me to leave the streets alone, I picked up the pen
It's only right, she sit on side of me, while I'm in the Benz.
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