Trap Queen

Fetty Wap

[Intro]
Remy Boyz, yeaahhhh
1738[Verse 1]
I'm like "hey, what's up, hello"
Seen yo pretty ass soon as you came in that door
I just wanna chill, got a sack for us to roll
Married to the money, introduced her to my stove
Showed her how to whip it, now she remixin' for low
She my trap queen, let her hit the bando
We be countin' up, watch how far them bands go
We just set a goal, talkin' matchin' Lambos
Got 50, 60 grand, 5 100 grams though
Man, I swear I love her how she work the damn pole
Hit the strip club, we be letting bands go
Everybody hating, we just call them fans though
In love with the money, I ain't never letting go[Hook x2]
And I get high with my baby
I just left the mall, I'm getting fly with my baby, yeaaahhh
And I can ride with my baby
I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeeaahhh[Verse 2]
I hit the strip with my trap queen cause all we know is bands
I just might snatch up a 'Rari and buy my boo a 'Lamb
I might just snatch her necklace, drop a couple on a ring
She ain't want it for nothin' because I got her everything
Bitch you up in the bando, without deniro can't go
Remi boys got extendo, count up hella bands tho
How far can your Benz go?
Fetty Wap I'm living fifty thousand K how I stand tho
If you checking out my pockets hol' up[Hook x2] + [Verse 1][Outro]
I be smoking dope and you know Backwoods what I roll
Remy Boy, Fetty eating shit up that's fasho
Ill run in ya house, then I'll fuck your ho
Cause Remy Boyz are nuttin', Re-Re-Remy Boyz are nuttin'

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