

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, yeaahhhh

And I can ride with my baby

I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeaahhhh[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'

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>