

# Trap Muzik

## Doe B

This a trap, come on  
This ain't no album  
This ain't no game  
This is trap, trap muzik  
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Because its trap, trap muzik  
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This is trap, trap muzik  
Welcome back to the trap  
Niggas back in the trap  
Wit another heavy Chevy  
Big dope boys and trap  
All you rap niggas role out  
I trap when it's cold out  
Whack niggas flyin'  
But I stay down to I'm sold out  
'Cause down a hundred ground  
Like a rapping in a dope house  
Man wherever I be  
The Feds got me scoped out  
Motherfucker, let my nuts hang  
Block out the duc canes  
Cook it to the bubbles  
Double fast as a Mustang  
I know you think you fuck man

But little showty tuff man  
Been a long time  
Since a nigg from Atlanta  
Spit this nuts game  
That's a very few of real niggas  
So how could they give nigga  
The feelin' that a real nigga  
Would get around a real nigga  
All they do is still niggas ideas  
And rhythm wit 'em  
Holla sumthin' similar  
Talkin' 'bout the hood  
Like they hung in 'em  
I got a million rhythms  
Want 'em, come get 'em  
What bitch you pussy nigga  
I'm just havin' fun wit 'em  
This a trap, c'mon  
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Still telling niggas  
I ain't wholing, I ain't crolling  
When the 12 hit the corner  
I ain't brolling I ain't rolling  
Keep the coat stretch out  
Like Carl Louis Hamstrings

Stepped on like I'm working  
With the damn thing  
Dribble baby ain't seen  
What I do to a ounce of doe  
A whip man on my pager  
Like I pay you folks  
To whip some more  
I'm doper than the fluid cellur  
I flip it all up by myself  
I give my niggas recipes  
So, they can turn to sumthin' else  
They love to work  
That's why I keep 'em comin'  
Like conlasons plate  
We flip the cake  
We move this shit from Georgia  
Baby state to state  
Attemadate, niggas in the city  
Who've been moving weight  
Nobody loosing weight  
They fuck with us  
'Cause you've been known to hate  
Demonstrate  
The way we turned the trout  
Out in '98, it started out in '95  
Started out with nicks and dimes  
Niggas you done lost your mind  
Thinking you could set up shop  
Pimpin' I respect the game  
Lets take this to another block  
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Pimp squad, showty still in the trap  
When I spot a scene hot  
With the man name Jon  
And the collad green pot  
On a lot of straight hen  
And a lot of green pot  
Competition in a range  
Like he gotta be stop  
Well, maybe I will be  
But probably not, oh  
What the blood cloak  
You try to knock 'em out  
And he sock  
Listen to me, I'm serious  
Thinkin' how did he not  
End up way up, on the top of Detroit  
If come where I was  
See, you gotta be pop  
And if you really want to pop  
And I rather be dropped  
Listen pops, want to know  
A little more about rap?  
First rule this is real  
It ain't just a record deal, it's a trap

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