Trap Muzik

T.i.

This a trap, come on
This ain't no album
This ain't no game
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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
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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 conlasions 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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