

Trap Luv (feat. Yo Gotti)

[Rick Ross](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm in a jungle
Lions, tigers and gorillas and shit nigga
It's a lot of monkey ass niggas out here too
How to hustle nigga
Rules, laws, strategy 10 million dollars later I'm a blessing nigga
How a nigga rich but still stressing nigga
Glock .40, Smith & Wesson nigga
Streets will never ever stop testing niggas
Youngin' give 'em a head shot, send a message nigga
Part rapper, part goon, still finessing nigga
I believe in hustle I don't fuck with luck
And it's fuck em kill em all if they don't fuck with us
Them three letters mean a lot boy, sacrifices
Cocaine Mafia, double check the prices
Niggas killing niggas like they got a license
Niggas crossing over like they Allen Iverson
Fuck that iPhone 6, they be tracking niggas
I'm about to get a beeper, fade to black on niggas
Gotti, goodnight, I'm gone
I be back when they quit living through phones
When niggas put the gram down and pick the grams up
You got follows but no dollars man that shit ain't adding up
Nah, and all the dirt I done, all the bricks I sold
I can't sleep at night, paranoid it shows
I be strapped on stage, fuck the award show
'Cause I shoot this bitch up and only God knows Yeah like I told you a long time ago fam, y'all my motivation
I keep fighting doing this for y'all.
Every time I get somethin' in the mail
Whether it's strapable or not from the courts
I keep putting it down because y'all my motivation.
I appreciate the love Niggas riding gold rims and they mama po'
And they kill a family member for that envelope

I'm the Lionel Richie to these Commodores
We flip pies to franchising Dominoes
I speak for dope boys every track I'm on
Until this day my people never rat or told
Posted 20 in, I'm talking fed pen
The line between us both have gained so very thin
Amongst my boys of W.E.B. Du Bois
Souls of black folk to hustle wasn't a choice
Rap game everybody skimming off the top
Fuck interest as long as you pull it off the lock
Hoes wanna fuck, haters wanna hate
Certified sack boy, black Ronald Reagan
Double M no longer that Buick Regal money
Nickel bag niggas so don't make me put a kilo on it
Negotiating for it or either we take it
Niggas even shooting choppers in a fuckin' cadence
Fell out with some people that I still love
I guess that's how it goes when it's real blood
I remember counting cash standing in the trap
I turned my hat to the back, had a hundred stacks
60 m's later and 300 tax
Still losing weight with the south on my back, nigga I pray you play by the rules
I came so close the edge I pray you play by the rules
I came so close the edge I pray you play by the rules
We came so close the edge I pray you play by the rules

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