

Trap Funk (Produced By Honorable C.N.O.T.E.)

Migos

Yung Rich Nation! (Yo)
Migos!
This what they been waiting for If you don't know what you're hearing
You're listening to that new trap funk
Same keys that you're hearing
Same keys that I got in my trunk
Trap funk 'cause I'm having gas bag
And I made it off of trap talk
'Cause I'm having gas bag and I made it off of trap talk Same keys that you're hearing
Same keys I am dealing
Same niggas that you're fearing
Same niggas that I live with
Couple M's in the attic
Ain't gotta count it every day 'cause I'm havin'
Got the fish in the water, I'm slabbin' ooh
Count up the extras, I'm dabbin'
Eighteen hours in Moscow
What the hell them niggas doin' in Moscow?
Yung Rich Nation, Migo gang now
Have an international fame now
She don't speak no English, she wanna meet me
Her daddy the plug out in Argentina
She try to drain that liquid in the glass
Told the baby girl "it's not Tequila"
In Miami I hit the doughnut in the traffic
In the Lamborghini two seater
Your ho fly, antenna, I take her to the telly
I fuck her one time and I leave her If you don't know what you're hearing
You're listening to that new trap funk
Same keys that you're hearing
Same keys that I got in my trunk
Trap funk 'cause I'm having gas bag
And I made it off of trap talk
'Cause I'm having gas bag and I made it off of trap talk I got the blues
Used to be kickin' them doors in my Jordans
I walk in the club with my Lous (Louboutins)
Now we fuck bitches by two
Dropped out of school, they said we was fools
Them diamonds looking like a fool

Mansion, twenty five rooms, we got bananas, baboons
Young niggas we brought the trap, back
We gave you, so fuck it, we want it back
Don't do that, nigga, boy, we on that
Whippin' and flippin', you cloned that
I'm not going back and forth
She knew it was a 'Rari when she seen the horse
Trappin' babies and we never abort it
Migo gang we established on the north
We had the bando beating like a po'
I wanted some money, I jumped off the porch
Hot nigga so I keep me a toy
I will burn a nigga, put that on my lil' boy If you don't know what you're hearing
You're listening to that new trap funk
Same keys that you're hearing
Same keys that I got in my trunk
Trap funk 'cause I'm having gas bag
And I made it off of trap talk
'Cause I'm having gas bag and I made it off of trap talk Call it trap funk 'cause we having gas backs
And we put the fork in the trap
Same keys you're here playing on the piano
I got them wrapped up in saran wrap
Got a plug, got in Moscow with the act
And go tell them too much information they rats
Baby bottle, but no Rugrat
Niggas is old hundreds, call them Thunder Cats
Young nigga be dabbin', hittin' the foam with the spatula
Dab daddy, pull up, these bitches suck me like Dracula
Diamonds pull up, my jeweler from Canada
You niggas still bubblegum wrapping 'cause you niggas amateurs (pitiful)
Christian Louboutins, a walking mannequin
My balmaines full of blue Benjamins
Don't drink that shit just to be cool
I only sip Actavis 'cause it's my medicine
They put me on the news, they tryna embarrass me
Got the Migos looking like we some terrorists
Taking hits, gotta run with the punchin'
My momma told me it's just a form of jealousy If you don't know what you're hearing
You're listening to that new trap funk
Same keys that you're hearing
Same keys that I got in my trunk
Trap funk 'cause I'm having gas bag
And I made it off of trap talk
'Cause I'm having gas bag and I made it off of trap talk

Songwriters

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