

# Trap Trap Trap (feat. Young Thug & Wale)

## Rick Ross

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

Songwriters

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