

# Trap House

## J. Stalin, Mayback Ft. Lil Blood

In the trap house, in the trap house  
In the trap house, Gucci Mane, check it  
Choppa on the floor, pistol on the coach  
Hood rich so I never had a bank account  
Junkies goin' in, junkies goin' out  
Made a hundred thou' in my trap house  
Money kinda short but we can work it out  
Made a hundred thou' in my trap house  
Bricks goin' in, bricks goin' out  
Made a hundred thou' in my trap house  
I'm tired of sellin' bricks, I wanna go legit  
I wonder can I sell 11 mill' like 50 Cent  
'Cause platinum ain't enough, I got too many vices  
I love to smoke weed, love to shoot dices  
Say my life style extravagant  
I talk cash shit, bitches say I'm arrogant  
Well, goddamn Gucci cockin' it  
But at the same time young hoes be jockin' slim  
Gucci ain't shit, bitch, I beg your pardon  
I'm independent but I'm ballin' like a major artist  
I stay high like giraffe, pussy  
In my trap house, smokin' rubber kushy  
Choppa on the floor, pistol on the coach  
Hood rich so I never had a bank account  
Junkies goin' in, junkies goin' out  
Made a hundred thou' in my trap house  
Money kinda short but we can work it out  
Made a hundred thou' in my trap house  
Bricks goin' in, bricks goin' out  
Made a hundred thou' in my trap house  
Jumped out the whip, everybody lookin'  
Big clouds of smoke but ain't nobody cookin'  
Girl, there go Gucci Mane  
I want his autograph 'cause I'm his biggest fan  
Yellow Humvee with the yellow feet  
Yellow diamonds the same color as cheddar cheese  
And I'm smokin' on that purple shit  
They call me temp service 'cause I'll work a bitch  
Money long like Shaq feet

Runnin' dough like a sprinter at a track meet  
I heard he got that soft white  
Extended clips make them busters get they mind right  
Choppa on the floor, pistol on the coach  
Hood rich so I never had a bank account  
Junkies goin' in, junkies goin' out  
Made a hundred thou' in my trap house  
Money kinda short but we can work it out  
Made a hundred thou' in my trap house  
Bricks goin' in, bricks goin' out  
Made a hundred thou' in my trap house  
In my trap house watchin' Sports Center  
In the kitchen cookin' but I ain't cookin' dinner  
Splash it with the water, whip it, make it harder  
17 for 'em the same number as Quincy Carter  
Say I'm workin' with wit a mill' or better  
Married to the game, me and [Incomprehensible] live together  
Street smart nigga, never listen to the teacher  
You can catch me in the bathroom smokin' reefer  
Prices low like Wal-Mart  
Bricks on I-9, get your shoppin' cart  
Knee deep in the dope game  
I'm not a farmer but I'm known to push them collard greens  
Choppa on the floor, pistol on the coach  
Hood rich so I never had a bank account  
Junkies goin' in, junkies goin' out  
Made a hundred thou' in my trap house  
Money kinda short but we can work it out  
Made a hundred thou' in my trap house  
Bricks goin' in, bricks goin' out  
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