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
Made a hundred thou' in my trap house

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/