Trapstar

Quavo

MurderFill up the bank account, overload I just touched down on the truckload You an impostor like gusto You an impostor like gusto I keep the tool like Rambo I'm rich and still trap out the bando I'm rich and still trap out the bando I'm rich and still trap out the bandoPlay with the key like piano Play with the key like a banjo Play with the key like a guitar I turned myself to a trapstar I turned myself to a trapstar I turned myself to a trapstar (aye, trap) Trapstar, trapstar, trapstar If you get dope on your hands Don't put your hands on your face Run it and stack up some bands Throw that shit right in your safe Real trapper gon' make him a cap everyday (real trapper, real trapper, real trapper) Hit you a jugg or ice out your Rollie, go skate I put a cam in my license plate We fuck her you know we don't go out on dates (You know we ain't spendin' money on ho's) I'd rather go strike on the dice I bet it all in one play on the 6 and the 8 Me and my nigga pull up where your momma lay Better bring the money back to me A;ndale I sprinkle the pot with the baking soda like a funnel cake (fuck wit' da' fuck wit' da pope) And she never seen a boss I told her I be's the boss And she rather wait in the car When I pull up and serve at your house I met the little bitch at the bar I told her that I was a trap star I'ma be in the hall of fame of trappin' I beat up the pot with a crow bar Fill up the bank account, overload

I just touched down on the truckload

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Trapstar, trapstar, trapstar

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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