

Trap Talk (Toddla T Remix Feat. Slick Don)

Gucci Mane

Started out with blood money
50k in drugs on me
[?] put thugs on me
Just pulled up in the club homey
We just put my thugs on it
Home boy gettin his mug on
Hey I wanna get my buzz on
Fuck around I'll put my gloves on
Say no robbin how I eat
B.c 32 that's my street
Brick squad runners 10 million deep
I'm tryin to sell 10 billion keys
Fuck what a bitch boy say to me
AKA I stay with me
Mac 99 not far away my dogs don't even play with me
In my apartment 80 a piece
Stack a piece 80 g's
Old skool dope rider front
Off set shots 73
You say he's a traper pleas
I hang around with a gang of thieves
They prolly charge 200g's then sell your ass a sack of leaves
Gucci mane fuck up the sound
Dead drunk like my uncle
Touch my brother dood n I'll cock and shoot or cut your throat
Gucci mane fuck up the sound
Dead drunk like my uncle
Touch my brother dood n I'll cock and shoot or cut your throat
My cookers made a 50 pack I ran strait threw it
Got numbers in my blow spot my trap house boomin talkin trap talk
Bitch I bet up with me talkin trap talk
I'm still in my trap house aka my blow spot
Got some meny chops and glock no need to keep the door locked
Bitch I'm talkin trap talk
Bitch I bet up with me talkin trap talk
55 white bricks fronted to me
23 thous 5h unit a piece
357 sit on top of the seats
Plus a air 15 ain't far from my reach
Got a house on flat shore sell nothin but dro
Apartment on the crest ware I get all the blow

Went from pan to perform till 80s show
Now a 26 a shocks sit up unda the rows
A nigga think he playin with me betta play with his nose
Put a hole in his chest bout the size of a mole
I gota j that swing my door and I pay them in dope
I got cookers on my team that snort and I pay them in coke
My cookers made a 50 pack I ran strait threw it
Got numbers in my blow spot my trap house is boomin talkin trap talk
Bitch I bet up with me talkin trap talk
I'm still in my trap house aka my blow spot
Got some meny chops and glock no need to keep the door locked
Bitch I'm talkin trap talk
Bitch I bet up with me talkin trap talk
There's not no one in the game with more swagger than this
Cause I can score with any hoe with just the flick of my wrist
Diamonds sittin on my finger cost ten bricks of the sniff
For this matchin cardia 20 bags of tha pills
You can talk n say your sick but I ain't goin legit
Tryna think of the newest murder gonna drop him again
Flow harder than running water
Tatted up like Travis Barker
More swag than your baby father
Wrist colder than northan border
Lang gonna get you life in order
Squares don't get no likin on
Have my goons out back and slaughter
Fuck around find you stinkin partner
Thesis diamonds in this bitch look like newvo on my fist
This shits with a twist so I keep a new bitch on my dick
My cookers made a 50 pack I ran strait threw it
Got numbers in my blow spot my trap house boomin talkin trap talk
Bitch I bet up with me talkin trap talk
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