

Trap Niggas (J Heat Remix)

Future

Times getting hard but a nigga still gettin' it
Young rich niggas, in this motherfucker When you wake up before you brush your teeth
You grab your strap, nigga
Only time you get down on your knees
Shooting craps, nigga
Fuck what you heard, God blessin' all the trap niggas
God blessin' all the trap niggas
When you wake up before you brush your teeth
You grab your strap, nigga
Only time you get down on your knees
Shooting craps, nigga
Fuck what you heard, God blessin' all the trap niggas
God blessin' all the trap niggas Weighed 1008 grams on the square
I got a lower case T across my chest
Your crack house doin' numbers then you blessed
You move your momma to a crib from the 'jects
It's so much alcohol and kush on my breath
We prayin' five times a day to catch a plug
A few bean pies stashed in the trunk
Shoot dice all day and sell dust
You loaded up, they talkin' shit, you gone bust
Told yourself a million times, you don't give a fuck
Sold over a million dimes, hangin' in the cut Sold over a million dimes, I don't give a fuck
What?
When you wake up before you brush your teeth
You grab your strap, nigga
Only time you get down on your knees
Shooting craps, nigga
Fuck what you heard, God blessin' all the trap niggas
God blessin' all the trap niggas
When you wake up before you brush your teeth
You grab your strap, nigga
Only time you get down on your knees Shooting craps, nigga
Fuck what you heard, God blessin' all the trap niggas
God blessin' all the trap niggas Hasta Ia-la-uego wake up with that Glock, okay though
Stash the dope inside a Winnebago in Decatur
You got your work, you posted up in the hood Bodago
Lil' woadie loading up that yopper before he brush his teeth
Gotta roll a backwood up while he count the cheese

We on the turf, getting active on the backstreet
I'm drinkin' Actavis, the only thing that relax me
I'm on drugs, every single day I pop a seal We talk that lingo 'round here, we try to work a deal
You pull up round here, they serve you here to Dixie Hills
You hit Old Nat, I know you gotta see a traphouse
Gotta cock it back, gotta hit it shit without When you wake up before you brush your teeth
You grab your strap, nigga
Only time you get down on your knees
Shooting craps, nigga
Fuck what you heard, God blessin' all the trap niggas
God blessin' all the trap niggas
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What?

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

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