

Trap Muzik

T.I.

[Chorus: x8]

This a trap

This ain't no album

This ain't no game

This a trap (trap muzik)Welcome back to the trap

Niggas back in the trap

Wit another heavy Chevy

Big dope boys and trap

All you rap niggas role out

I trap when it's cold out

Whack niggas flying

But I stay down to I'm sold out

Cause down a hundred ground

Like a rapping in a dope house

Man wherever I be

The feds got me scoped out

Mother fucker let my nuts hang

Block out the duc canes

Cook it to it bubbles

Double fast as a mustang

I know you think you fuck man

But little shorty tuff man

Been a long time

Since a nigg from Alanta

Spit this nuts game

That's a very few of real niggas

So how could they give nigga

The feeling that a real nigga

Would get around a real nigga

All they do is still niggas ideas

And rhythm with 'em

Holla something similar

Talking bout the hood

Like they hung in 'em

I got a million rhythms

Want em come get 'em

What bitch you pussy nigga

I'm just having fun wit 'em[Chorus: x8]Still telling niggas

I ain't wholing I ain't crawling

When the 12 hit the corner
I ain't brolling I ain't rolling
Keep the coat stretch out
Like Carl Louis Hamstring
Stepped on like I'm working
With the damn thing
Dribble baby ain't seen
What I do to a ounce of doe
A whip man on my pager
Like I pay you folks
To whip some more
I'm doper than the fluid cellur
I flip it all up by myself
I give my niggas recipes
So they can turn to something else
They love to work
That's why I keep em coming
Like collections plate
We flip the cake
We move this shit from Georgia
Baby state to state
Intimidate
Niggas in the city
Who've been moving weight
Nobody loosing weight
They fuck with us
Cause you've been known to hate
Demonstrate
The way we turned the trout
Out in '98
Started out in '95
Started out with nicks and dimes
Niggas you done lost your mind
Thinking you could set up shop
Pimping I respect the game
Lets take this to another block[Chorus: x8]Pimp squad
Showty still in the trap
When I spot a scene hot
With the man name Jon
And the collard green pot
On a lot of straight hen
And a lot of green pot
Competition in a range
Like he gotta be stop
Well maybe I will be

But probably not
Oh what the blood cloak
You try to knock em out and he sock
Listen to me I'm serious
Thinking how did he not
End up way up
On the top of Detroit
If come where I was
You gotta be pop
And if you really want to pop
And I rather be dropped
Listen pops
Want to know a little more
About rap
First rule this is real
It ain't just a record deal
It's a trap

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