

Trap Girl

Kevin Gates

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I got a trap girl. (I ain't tell you about my trap girl)

Gates:

I'ma talk about me, then I'ma talk about my trap girl.

Verse 1:

Bricks! 27-5 call me outta town shawty

I'ma drop it off, I'll be outta town shortly.

NBA Jams, I'm on fire like I never been.

Sickest in the city, shid I'm hotter than I ever been.

Fresh, then we are alike. they say I'm hard to like.

Don't respect alot of rappers, feel like I had a harder life.

Trell hit me up, saying Gates we need to talk a price

I believe in you, I can really have you flossin' right

Stay loyal, on my unit ain't been talkin' right

Nigga wanna me dead, got me clutchin' and I'm walking lite

People say I'm reckless, that's just Kevin keep it pushing dawg
stomping through your section, with my weapon, ain't no looking off

Check out my paint job, my camero burning rubba

I'ma felon with a weapon, lethal weapon danny glover.

Ain't trippin' on the rain, so I don't put on a cover

Trap girl, pussy good, so I don't put on a rubba

Sunlight hit the ice, make it gleasing off the wrists.

Children in my section, pass by me taking pictures

Junkies like the rims, then they ask how much the car cost

Stop on any block, turn that bxtch into a car wash

Hand them \$20, just to let them wipe the cars off

let my chain swang, i ain't grippin on no sawed off

i'm ice cold, realest though I should warm y'all

try to take my charm off, choppa take your arm off

party poppin' off, I'm shoppin in cartana

me and earl catching sales, while we walkin' in cartana while

shxt all on my pants, handling the work

brought a couple 8 balls, for the janitors at work

Chorus:

Trap girl, ain't tell you bout my trap girl?
Walk in the mall, people asking who is that girl.
Trap Girl. Ain't tell you bout my trap girl?
I play the blocks, she be busy getting stacks girl.
Trap girl, ain't tell you 'bout my trap girl?
My money long, you don't never have to ask girl.
Trap Girl, I ain't tell you 'bout my trap girl
You hold it down, keep you with me like my gat girl.

Verse 2:

All day, I go get it, but at night I come and sleep.
She rock a lacefront, and fix her weave (twice a week)
handle keys (twice a week)
Cook for me (twice a week)
So I get her nails done and treat her feet twice a week
Trap Girl, ain't tell you 'bout my trap girl?
First day I met, told her I can break your back girl
It been a minute, we been kickin it since 06
Grey Monte Carlo I was working with like 4 bricks
Still on the block, still selling rock
Youngest nigga in the bottom, but I got the dumbest spot
Corrupt 730, Co-Running 9 to 10
Don't know about a 9 to 10, you ain't really grindin' then
My trap girl, held it down while I was in the pin
&& Help me get back on my feet when I came out the pin
She told me to leave the streets alone, I picked up the pen
It's only right, she sit on side of me, while I'm in the Benz.

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