

Doors Open (feat. Future)

2 Chainz

Choppa kinda old, put a new clip
Shoot your ass, put yo ass on a news clip
Hope her two lips smell like tulips
Put you in the ground right next to the tulips
Nigga talkin' shit on the other side
Tell that pussy nigga I pull up
Used to sell work to his aunt, he ain't push weight
Nigga did pull ups
By the time ya look up, nigga done cook up
When you turn away, a nigga done took her
Got her in the suite, looking like a hooker
Jumpin' on the bed like Jimmy "Fly" Snuka
I take her to the mall and I pocketbook her
You tryna' spend time, nigga probably book her
Yeah, I'm tryna' fuck, fuck her like I used to
I don't believe in karma, but I believe in Kama Sutra
Put one leg on the other leg
Then I skate away like Winnipeg
And I'm through fucking with these lame niggas
You a zero like a Easter egg
Got a lotta shooters in my repertoire
Got a dope spot called Escobar
Member when I used to play basketball
Now I'm out here playing ratchet ball, ooo!
2 dollars a zip for some Actavis
Purple that Sprite in, pour it, you know we want it
Mollies and roxies you know we want it
Trap out that house with the doors open
We put that work in on any corner
That moolah, the fetti, you know we want it
I was trappin' out the house with my doors open
Comin' down through the town with my doors open
Got that carbon on my lap with my doors open
When I'm rollin' through the trap with my doors open
When I'm rollin' through the trap with my doors open
Catch me rolling it through the trap with my doors open
Wanna pull up at the club with my doors open
Bowl like a tournament, she hang like a ornament
Nigga, your jewelry look prosthetic

Rims on my car got it bowlegged
Took your bitch back and I got store credit
Still drinking Actavis, niggas is slackin'
I rap like the plastic on packages
Everything I do immaculate
House full of marble, no vacuuming
Charges consist of the trafficking
Trappin' I had the bitch bumpin' like Acne
Gettin' some head on the balcony
So far ahead they in back of me
Walked in the store left my doors open
All my Rolls Royce got 4's on 'em
Heard you niggas told like 400
Bentley colors out the whole zone
Uh, talkin' bout bruh let me hold some
Like we used to sleep on the floor or somethin'
Lookin' for a cup so I could pour some
She brought a friend who brought a friend
We gonna have us a foursome
We started up around 4 or somethin'
We did not stop til like 4 or somethin' 2 dollars a zip for some Actavis
Purple that Sprite in, pour it, you know we want it
Mollies and roxies you know we want it
Trap out that house with the doors open
We put that work in on any corner
That moolah, the fetti, you know we want it
I was trappin' out the house with my doors open
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Got that carbon on my lap with my doors open
When I'm rollin' through the trap with my doors open
When I'm rollin' through the trap with my doors open
Catch me rolling it through the trap with my doors open
Wanna pull up at the club with my doors open
Yeah When I'm fuckin' on your hoe with my doors open
I been smokin' on the dro with the doors open
I pull up in the Rolls with the doors open
I swerve in the Glock with my doors open
I fuck a nigga hoe with the doors open
I bought this shit with my doors open
Coming down on candy with my doors open
Had a young little bitch with her nose open
Fucked a bitch real good with the doors open
Young nigga pulled up with the doors open
Trap right now keep the fuckin' house open

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

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