

Trap Back

Gucci Mane

[Chorus]

I don't wanna have to push your cap back
Homie, he just say he want his girl back
In a drop top, I'mma push the top back
I was gone for a second, but the kid back
If you ever cross me I'mma get some payback
Close the curtain on them haters in my Maybach
Put a hole in your motherfuckin' snapback

It's Gucci Mane bitch, so you can say the trap back I'm back at em, it's back on
I'm back strong, I'm back home

Me and Flockavelli, and Wooh da Kid
He got a nine, I got a Sig
I do it huge, we do it big

Got hundred bricks, stuffed 'em in the fridge (Burr!)
Two hundred piece, stuffed it in the attic
I'm a drug addict, bitch I gotta have it
I got a gift, I can water whip
I can flip a brick, I can triple up
Need a hundred mill', fuck a record deal
Because a couple millions just not enough
Sell your momma a zip of dust
Serve your daddy a ounce of hard
Got your little sister on the molly

She done went through the whole squad [Chorus] Making money's my hobby, flipping bricks is my passion

Home girl in the lobby, "Is you suckin' dick?" I'm just asking
I ain't mean to be rude boo, but you know I'm that dude, true

More birds than Atlanta Zoo, going in like a curfew
I lost my mind, and my train of thought, and my top all at the same time
If you sendin' them birds across the country, then we probably got the same grind
I'm an OG like my daddy, I'm a hustler like my momma
I'mma stack my bread all winter so I can ball out all summer
Got foreign choppas, Osama, smoke presidential, Obama
Got that bald head, got that skinhead, that white girl Sin-Ad O'Connor
Make em drop dead, I'm in the drop head, on I'm Santa
I need a crown cause I'm standing down, I'm the king of East Atlanta

Songwriters

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Published by
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