

# 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 SinÃ©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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