

# Trap Queen (Crankdat Remix)

## Fetty Wap

I'm like hey, wassup, hello  
Seen yo pretty ass soon as you came in the door  
I just wanna chill, got a sack for us to roll  
Married to the money, introduced her to my stove  
Showed her how to whip it now she remix it for low  
She my trap queen let her hit the bando  
We be counting up watch how far them bands go  
We just selling dope, talking matching lambos  
Got 50 60 grams prob 100 grams though  
Man I swear I love her how she work that damn pole  
Hit the strip club we be letting bands go  
Everybody hating we just call them fans though  
In love with the money I ain't never letting go  
And I get high with my baby  
I just left the mall I'm getting fly with my baby, yeahh  
And I get right with my baby  
I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeahh  
And I get right with my baby  
I just left the mall I'm getting fly with my baby, yeahh  
And I get right with my baby  
I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeahh  
I hit the strip with my trap queen  
'Cause all we know is bands  
I might just snatch up a Rari  
And buy my boo a Lambo  
I might just snatch up a necklace  
Drop a couple on a ring  
She ain't want it for nothin'  
Because I got her everything  
Bitch you up on the bando  
Ride with me where I can't go  
Remy boys got extendo  
Count up hella bands tho  
I'll fuck in your benz hoe  
Fetty Wap I'm living fifty thousand  
K how I stand tho  
If you checking for my pockets I'm like  
And I get high with my baby  
I just left the mall I'm getting fly with my baby, yeahh  
And I get right with my baby  
I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeahh  
And I get right with my baby  
I just left the mall I'm getting fly with my baby, yeahh  
And I get right with my baby

I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby I'm like hey, wassup, hello  
Seen yo pretty ass soon as you came in the door  
I just wanna chill, got a sack for us to roll  
Married to the money, introduced her to my stove  
Showed her how to whip it now she remix it for low  
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We be counting up watch how far them bands go  
We just selling dope, talking matching lambos  
Got 50 60 grams prob 100 grams though  
Man I swear I love her how she work that damn pole  
Hit the strip club we be letting them bands go  
Everybody hating we just call them fans though  
In love with the money I ain't never letting go I be smoking dope and you know Backwoods what I roll  
Remy Boy, Fetty eating shit up that's fasho  
I'll run in ya house, then I'll fuck ya ho  
Remy boyz are nuttin' re-re-remy boyz are nuttin'

Lyrics provided by

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