

# Trap House (Feat. Birdman, Rick Ross)

## French Montana

You know my sneakers foreign nigga (Juheard!)

Yeah, bigger than lifeCookin' up

Big money poppin' boy

Cookin' up

Cookin' upThey talking bout me in the trap house

They asking bout me in the trap house

They talking bout me in the trap house

They asking bout me in the trap house

What the business is, stay up out of mine

What the business is, stay up out of mine

They talking bout me in the trap house

They asking bout me in the trap house

Trap house, trap houseNiggas mad that I went and got my visa

Thirty on my wrist, had to roll my sleeve up

Damn right we rock it, damn right we cop it

Fly cars we whipping, the fuck boys be plotting

Purple Jolly Ranchers, chain couple advances

Wrist and watch ring, blue and white like Kansas

Right side turn wheel, talk kush? We burn fields

Swore I seen the devil on my first meal

Had to kill the watch, nigga, time served

I'm talking 9,000 watts, nigga, you ain't heard?They talking bout me in the trap house

They asking bout me in the trap house

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What the business is, stay up out of mine

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They talking bout me in the trap house

They asking bout me in the trap houseYou know my wardrobe foreign nigga

You know my watch foreign niggal talk money, some say I speak foreign

Whip foreign, watch foreign, bitch foreign

Told her to dance, and that bitch kept going

Cake, cake, cake, cake, just throw it

I'm a boss, motherfucker

Pull up to the club just to floss, motherfucker

On the salt, motherfucker

Rich motherfucker, all the whips foreign

Take your bitch, motherfucker

Suck a dick, motherfucker

I'm the shit, motherfucker, time to get up off the toilet

This is it, motherfucker, thirty-six, motherfucker

You a bitch, motherfucker

All your bitches know it

Hit a lick, motherfucker, took a brick motherfuckerThey talking bout me in the trap house

They asking bout me in the trap house

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What the business is, stay up out of mine

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They talking bout me in the trap house (Rich Gang)

They asking bout me in the trap houseHundred bricks, nigga, like a hundred chips

Hundred whips, nigga, another hundred clips

Overseas, nigga, on some hundred shit

Flip a hundred things, moving on a hundred whips

All the mils counted, big top fields

Up top, nigga, doing big deals

Big chips, nigga, knowing how to kill

On the field, nigga, do this shit and do it real

Another flip, nigga

Stash the cash

We do this, nothing but some money on me

Another blast, nigga, pussy

Curve, swerve, hit 'em with that chopper on me

Eleven hundred, flipped eleven hundred

Coke Boys in this bitch, move eleven hundred

Got them whole things in the sand

Uptown, filthy rich, rich gangThey talking bout me in the trap house

They asking bout me in the trap house

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They asking bout me in the trap house

What the business is, stay up out of mine

What the business is, stay up out of mine

They talking bout me in the trap house

They asking bout me in the trap houseYeah, the hardest part of the business

Is minding your own

Walk in the room, all the whispering stops

But you know, nosy people get in the face

And real niggas get money

You feel me?

You ask about me in the trap house

Every block

Baby what up?

Rozay

They talkin' bout us in the trap house

Songwriters

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