## Trap (feat. Gucci Mane & Peewee Longway)

## **Juicy J**

All my bitches call me papi
Sloppy pockets, I'm poppin'
All these dollars I been clockin'
It ain't no way to stop it
My wrist so rocky, Liberace watchin', 3 mil on watches
So much ice, drippin' off me
You and your bitch could play hockey
I'm sippin' lean out a coconut cup, I'm in the tropics
I been countin' so much money, had to find me a hobby
I'm Czechoslaka, they watchin'
I got Rastas with choppers

Got the machine gun with cartridges

They runnin' in, they ain't knockin'

Steve Austin flossin', tell them it's a new boss in office

And if we ain't talking profit, it ain't no use in callin'

These niggas triple crossin', double cross, quadruple your losses

I heard them haters tried to block, I went bought two new FerrarisDouble down with two pistols, ain't missin' no target

Right before the funeral, let you pick out your coffin Had to triple cross the double cross, quadruple the losses Sippin' lean like a coffee bean, ain't sleepin' on shawty OK I doubled up the work, I put them things in the office Then put them on the freeway, now I feel like I'm Rossy

Seen them peoples in my rear view, hit the gas and I lost 'em Middle finger out the sunroof, they just mad 'cause I'm flossin' (Trap)All these rubber bands, fuck what I'm

gon' do with a wallet?

I'm in the booth countin' money, I'm so goddamn cocky
My lil' bitch pop her pussy, I just might pop me a molly
That clean codeine got me geeked up, spill lean all over Versace
I got killers with me, they don't do no talkin' or boxin'

I got that long bread, I'm talkin' footlong pizza, no toppings

Throw them goons a little bread We'll take your baby's adoption And we ain't worried about the feds

AR's in secret compartments

Ain't been to sleep in the longest, I sip that drank like it's coffee

They say Gucci's a Martian, I buy my enemies coffins

We handle business like bosses and treat the streets like an office

I had a duplex with a million worth of bricks in the closetDouble down with two pistols, ain't missin' no target

Right before the funeral, let you pick out your coffin
Had to triple cross the double cross, quadruple the losses
Sippin' lean like a coffee bean, ain't sleepin' on shawty
OK I doubled up the work, I put them things in the office
Then put them on the freeway, now I feel like I'm Rossy
Seen them peoples in my rear view, hit the gas and I lost 'em
Middle finger out the sunroof, they just mad cause I'm flossin' (Trap)

## Songwriters

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