

Trap House

Gucci Mane

In the Trap house, In The Trap House, In The Trap House
Gucci Mane Check It

Choppa on the floor pistol on the coach
Hood rich so I never had a bank account
Junkies going in junkies going out
Made a hundred tho (usand) In My Trap House
Money kinda short but we can work it out
Made a hundred tho (usand) In My Trap House
Bricks going in, Bricks going out
Made a hundred tho (usand) In My Trap House

I'm tired of selling bricks I wanna go legit
I wonder can I sell 11 mill like 50 Cent
Cause platinum ain't enough I got too many vices
I love to smoke weed love to shoot dices
Say my life style extravagant I talk cash shit
Bitches say I'm arrogant well god damn Gucci cockie then
But at the same time young hoes be jocking slim
Gucci ain't shit, Bitch I beg your pardon
I'm independent but I'm balling like a major artist
I stay high like giraffe pussy In My Trap House
Smokin' rubber cushie

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Jumped out the whip everybody looking
Big clouds of smoke but ain't nobody cooking
(females) (Girl their go Gucci Mane
I want his autograph 'cause I'm his biggest fan)
Yellow hummvie with the yellow feet
Yellow diamonds the same color as chedda cheese
And I'm smoking on that purple shit
They call me temp service 'cause I'll work a bitch
Money long like Shaq feet
Running dough like a sprinter at a track meet
I heard he got that soft white
Extended clips make them busters get they mind right

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In my trap house watchin Sports Center
In the kitchen cooking but I ain't cooking dinner

Splash it with the water whip it make it harder
17 for 'em the same number as Qunice Carter
Say I'm working with wit a mill or better
Married to the game me and ?? live together
Street smart niggah never listen to the teacher
You can catch me in the bathroom smoking reefer
Prices low like Wal-Mart
Bricks on I-9 get ya shopping cart
Knee deep in the dope game
I'm not a farmer but I'm known to push them collard greens

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