

# Trap Queen

Tyler Ward

1738

I'm like "hey, what's up, hello"  
Seen yo pretty ass soon as you came in that 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 remixin' for low  
She my trap queen, let her hit the bando  
We be countin' up, watch how far them bands go  
We just set a goal, talkin' matchin' Lambos  
Got 56 a gram, prob' a 100 grams though  
Man, I swear I love her how she work the 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, yeah  
And I can ride with my baby  
I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeah

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I hit the strip with my trap queen 'cause all we know is bands  
I just might snatch up a 'Rari and buy my boo a 'Lamb  
I might just snatch her necklace, drop a couple on a ring  
She ain't want it for nothin' because I got her everything  
Bitch you up in the bando, without deniro can't go  
Remi boys got extendo, count up hella bands tho  
How far can your Benz go?  
Fetty Wap I'm living fifty thousand K how I stand tho  
If you checking out my pockets hol' up

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We just set a goal, talkin' matchin' Lambos  
Got 50, 60 grand, 5 100 grams though  
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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 your ho  
Remy Boyz are nuttin', Remy-Remy Boyz are...

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