Trap Back

2 Chainz

Listen to fuck niggas
Let em' know I'm still up in here been poppin'
Do so many shows in arenas
My nigga I need me a locker
Look at my car, how did they get on them sixes
This flow come from Drizzy, he got it from Migos
They got it from Three 6
Look at my bitches, look at my wrists
Realest nigga in the game
My nigga ain't no counterfeitted
Bitches is thick and delicious, doing they dishes
100 million on my wishlist
Taking penitentiary chances
Just to drink lean in them benzes
2 Chainz!
I want my trapback, I said that I want my trapback
I'm from the apartments, used to walk around with work in my backpack
G's all up in that shit
G's all up in that bitch
Truck calling me by my government
Running shit, gunning shit, shopping in London and loving it

Okay first of all, I needed someone- shut your mouth
I'm sorry what did you just say?
I think we've had enough here, shut your mouth
Shut your mouth, will you shut your mouth?
You're just coming off as stupid
I'm coming off as stupid?
You're wearing tuxedos to a job that requires you to clean bathrooms
Please leave this office, we're done with this interview
Do we get any sort of souvenir?
Get out of my office!

I want my trap back, I said I want my trap back
They say that money talk
Nigga so you already know that I want my cash back
You niggas ain't talking about shit, Harley Levine
You would've thought that there was some kilos on my bus
But they didn't find a thing
Hair looking like Brillo, my flow Armadillo
Catch me from class, belted with Versace all in my pillow
I bet I seen a kilo, the dope my hero
Remember I had that Box Chevy I set that bitch on some three zeros
You know that I'm rocking Buscemi, Adam and Ross, Auschemi
Her head is cold my nigga I think she that gonna need a beanie
Rolling and smoking zucchini, dropping the top on the whips
Making them look like bikinis
I am now balling so hard
I should be on my own box of Wheaties

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