

Trap House Stalkin

2 Chainz

Turn the whole block big now
Made some legal money, ran off on Uncle Sam
Every seven days I might smoke a quarter bag, bag, bag
Bad bitches in my picture
Take yo ho and fuck her on the low just like a whisper
Dom Perignon by the pitcher, I used to eat at Crystal's
Nah, I'm just lying, I used to meet at Crystal's
Duffle bag zippers, who the fuck gon' zip that bitch up?
Me and that bitch we gon' ride in the trunk
Cause the hood of the car is not in the front
I did it fo' them, no, I did it fo' me, so, they did it fo' them
And I like when that pussy go splash, so I told 'er let's go fo' a swim

Aye, my nigga, come get yo bitch
She outside my traphouse stalkin'

I spoil all my clientele, and my little bitch, she spoiled rotten
Just fucked a 20k on good weed and designer shoppin'
Summer time, just made it, I'm thinkin' drop top Spider Rarri
Who there callin' my phone? If it ain't about money then I ain't talkin'
Pocket full of Franklins on me, I call that shit gangsta walkin'
Aye, my nigga, come get yo bitch, she outside my traphouse stalkin'
I valet the coupe and Nieman Marcus, I went in and ate lunch
And say that we run the streets, I say we just give em what they want
Yup, give 'em that crack, make em come back
Just scraped these six figures out the road spent it on the set
Hmm, like LL, I'm in too deep with it
Little momma pussy so good, man, that I almost fell asleep in it

Aye, my nigga, come get yo bitch, she out my traphouse stalkin'
Panamera on the Forgies, I'm flossin', 458 with the horsie
I got that packet from Cali, I can break it down
And have everything gone by the mo'ning
Have the amigo pull up with 1000 meetings
I can run through yo city like Jordan
Nigga, my cousin, my women imported
Yo, bitch on my bumper, you can get extorted
I call my plug and I tell him bring me more
Don't worry bout me, worry bout where yo ho at
Nigga, yo bitch outside my traphouse skeetin'
Bitch outside, she stalkin'
285, just ride, smokin' precious, you trippin', I left that bitch walk in
I got these racks so big I can't fold it
I got yo bitch, yo shawty got ebola
We sellin' that coke, we no call it a come up
Makin' em G's, ya gotta stay 100
That precious gas pack, we smoke it and punch in
I don't do dinners, no movie, no nothin', no lunches, we fuckin'
And that's the end of that discussion