

Remember I was trapping in the cold
Remember I was trapping out of vectra
Remember trapping at my mamma's home
Till the plug came thew a lil' extra
See anything a nigga touch I sell
I'm touching up a brick I'm a molester
And they didn't wanna know when I was broke
But now these niggas phone me for a tester

Yeah, yeah you ain't a thug for me
I got peng tings that sell grub for me
I got a white one that drives cunch for me
I got a brown one that makes lunch for me
Uh, I need one to make love to me
I think I like one but is she the right one?
She got a cute face and she got a nice bum
But she got a bad spirit I think that's the wrong direction
Tryna drag a nigga down on some one direction
She love a argue when a nigga don't like tensioning
All when down when she scoped my mentions
Who's that bitch in the comment with the hearts
Honestly I should of been honest from the start
But it's nuts cause it's hard I'm just out here shottin' hard

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I caught my case I did my time I didn't buss it
But the end ain't the only time my nigga got busted
I remember mummy telling me that she was gonna flush it
What you know about dem' stress there?
I said mummy you know that's a Z, a leng pressed it
And you know that belongs to the guy
You must want your son to die
You know when a nigga had to lie just to get that back
But we outchea tryna get that back
OT ting big ting got my Z's intact
Peng ting tryna get man bagged
But nobody gon' drag me
Remember I was trapping out of taxi
In and out of flat B
Listening to Max B
And I did it on my vespa
Touching up a brick I'm a molester

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