

# Trap Anthem

ASAP Ferg

Migo!  
A\$AP, A\$AP!  
Woo! pull up, pull up  
Cozy Boys, pull up, pull up

Pour an 8th, that's a dirty Fanta  
That's what I call a Tropicana  
Take the blow, hold them at ransom  
That's what I call a trap anthem  
This is the real trap anthem  
Fuck a bad bitch in a Phantom  
Fuck a rich bitch in the bathroom  
Eyy, this is the real trap anthem

Swagging on these hoes  
Leave these bitches with the dogs  
All my niggas in the room  
And we finna fuck them all  
Bout to hit a Marty Baller  
Tell these bitches to bring the sauce  
Pockets fat, Ricky Ross  
Feeling like I am the boss  
Yeah I'm driving the Porsche  
I could be flying a coupe  
I could be flying the Honda  
Nigga I'm swagging on you  
Check how I rap in the booth  
I'm letting the animal loose  
I'm feeling like I'm the nigga that could kill it  
Just don't let it happen to you

I'm been in and out of the country  
I've been chasing all the money  
You know I came from nothing  
And the bando still bunking  
I keep the banana for monkeys  
If I see 12 on the block then we running  
The trap is a jungle, no fumbling  
If I see fences, my nigga, I'm jumping  
This the trap anthem  
Migo's, A\$AP propaganda  
You know we handsome  
Your pocket got cancer  
Turn the Ritz to Airbnb  
She a dirty dancer  
We're fucking up that powder  
Then fuck Mr. Arm & Hammer  
Then make a movie  
My nigga pulling up with Uzi's  
So don't pursue me  
I got more gold than Shaka Zulu  
You cannot sue me  
I pay my lawyer, he a Jew-y  
They try to chew me  
That balling nigga tried to do me  
Said I influence, the children listen to my music  
I told em prove it

Told me some shit and I refuse it  
I'm in the kitchen whipping  
You might think I'm barbecuing  
Whipping, whipping