

Traphouse

Big Moochie Grape

(Ayoza, you wrong for this shit)
(Ayoza, you wrong for this shit)
Damn, I got all this motherfuckin' dope in here, man
Goddamn, I need to go to the trap
It's early as fuck
Phone ringin' and shit, I'm still tired from last night (Damn, I need to get up)

Nine in the mornin', hit the trap, it's time to double up
Junkies see my face, they come through smilin', now they runnin' up (Yeah, yeah)
Talkin' 'bout, "Moochie, give us a bump, we know you got the stuff" (Yeah)
Ain't even walked in the house, good goddamn, y'all been worse than a fuck (Uh-huh, get down)
Walk in Wells Fargo, I smell like a 'bow of weed
Money up front, ain't no fronts, ain't no owin' me (Ain't no fronts)
I'ma shoot first, ain't no nigga lil bro-ing me
Bring your bitch here, burn these blunts while I quarantine (Bring your bitch here)
Pull up with the next nigga's wife in the new machine (Pull up with your bitch)
DOA, murder, pull up and I kill the scene (DOA)
Soon as I wake up, young nigga doin' things
It's only one place in the world that I really wanna be (At the)

Traphouse, traphouse (Yeah)
Traphouse (Yeah), traphouse (Yeah)
Traphouse (Yeah), traphouse (Yeah)
Trap, we got your bitch at the (Big Moochie)
Traphouse, traphouse (Yeah)
Traphouse (Ha), traphouse (Yeah)
Traphouse (Yeah), traphouse (Yeah)
Trap, we got big loads at the
Traphouse (Yeah), traphouse (Uh-huh)
Traphouse (Uh-huh), traphouse (Uh-huh)
Traphouse (Uh-huh), traphouse (Uh-huh)
Trap, we make big racks out the (Yes sir)
Traphouse (Trap), traphouse (Trap)
Traphouse (Trap), traphouse (Trap)
Traphouse (Trap), traphouse (Trap)
Trap, I made so much money off the trap

Get this shit in and we get this shit out
Junkies smoke dope while a nigga shoot craps
J on the door so the gang won't get flack (Watch the door)
Hate bein' broke, so I took me this route
Burnin' on Cookies, not talkin' Girl Scouts (Burnin' the Cookie)
I just put my mama up in a new house (Mama)
Young nigga makin' big bands off of rap (Yeah)
But I still go back to the traphouse (Yeah, yeah)
Pull up on the block, let my youngin shoot your back out
I'm a star player, pussy nigga, you a mascot
Illuminati business, but I'm still on the paper route
Young nigga higher than a motherfuckin' astronaut (Young nigga high)
Good with the chopper like a motherfuckin' juggernaut (Good with the chop)
Talkin' 'bout I got funds, it ain't nothin' else to talk about (Uh-huh)
Used to sell dope at my mama's house (Mama's house)

Then I turned up, started slangin' out the traphouse, yeah (Yes sir)

Traphouse, traphouse (Yeah)

Traphouse (Yeah), traphouse (Yeah)

Traphouse (Yeah), traphouse (Yeah)

Trap, we got your bitch at the (Big Moochie)

Traphouse, traphouse (Yeah)

Traphouse (Ha), traphouse (Yeah)

Traphouse (Yeah), traphouse (Yeah)

Trap, we got big loads at the

Traphouse (Yeah), traphouse (Uh-huh)

Traphouse (Uh-huh), traphouse (Uh-huh)

Traphouse (Uh-huh), traphouse (Uh-huh)

Trap, we make big racks out the (Yes sir)

Traphouse (Trap), traphouse (Trap)

Traphouse (Trap), traphouse (Trap)

Traphouse (Trap), traphouse (Trap)

Trap, I made so much money off the trap (Yeah)