

# Trappin'

Chris Brown

I used to trap out the garage  
Talkin' ounces, had bricks  
Mr. Get 'em in and move 'em out quick  
I used to trap out the garage  
Used to get 'em by the bail  
100 packs, I ain't even need a scale  
I used to trap out the garage  
Hustle man get the work, hustle man get the cash  
Take a brick and make it skrt, that's the fork hittin' glass  
Used to order from the plug, hop out in a mask  
Put it all in a bag  
I used to trap out the garage

These niggas all fake, these niggas all snitch  
Same nigga in them DMs tryna fuck with your bitch  
Nigga money makin' Mitch, fast money, make it quick  
50,000 on your head, let's see how fast they forget  
Fuck is you lookin' at with your lookin' ass? Cause we flexin'  
Not even Google Maps get you over here to this section  
All of my niggas equipped with them cha-cha-cha, I'm protected  
Make a move on my chain my nigga, coca taking your nigga

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Yo soy el que sale a la esquina

No soy el que tiene receta pero te cocina  
Tu sabe' lo' ciego no miran  
Cadena que miran, que brillan  
Tu sabe' nosotros' no tenemos tiempo pa' pagar taquilla  
Tu sabe' que traigo la niña  
Si explota te estalla bocinas  
Tu jefa se pone pa' mí  
Me gusta pa' tí  
La mando a la esquina  
La mando a la esquina  
Que traiga los [?]  
Que pague la cuenta  
Que [?] domina  
El rey de la esquina  
Mira

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Sorry nigga, I don't speak much, when it's beef, niggas get touched  
My young niggas shootin' shit Curry but they more like Horry in the clutch  
It all started with a quarter, turned that to a Porsche now them Lamb' doors  
are up  
Kinda hard to find a room in the crib like a fortress and them Xans catching  
up  
Used to trap out the garage, sell packs to the stars  
Was the man with the Act' and a plug for the bars  
Had the MDMA 'fore they knew what it was  
Man they kill 'em off of X, I'm a one stop plug  
Young legend with the mud  
Outlet and the plug  
So when they ask me how I got it

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