

# God Bless the Trap

Derek Minor

Woah, our Father who art in heaven  
Devil walk 'round with that Mac 11  
Devil walk 'round with that packs he selling  
I'm just trying to eat with all my brethren  
God bless the trap  
God bless the trap  
God bless the trap  
God bless the trap

I am posted where they murkin, ' got them tools just like you stretchin'  
Snipe you in your drop top Mustang, now you run 'round headless horseman  
CNN play the loop, chose to comment on the post  
They'll say "you should put them savage monkeys right back on the boat"  
They won't talk about how we in these streets and everybody poor  
They won't talk 'bout how we can't get jobs and all we got is dope  
That's that would have drive you crazy when you trying to feed your babies  
They just trying to jail and chain me, CCA trying to trade me, yeah

Woah, our Father who art in heaven  
Devil walk 'round with that Mac 11  
Devil walk 'round with that packs he selling  
I'm just trying to eat with all my brethren  
God bless the trap  
God bless the trap  
God bless the trap  
God bless the trap

Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord my soul You keep  
Bring salvation to the streets  
Forgive 'em they just tryna eat  
All done, sister, let us pray  
Please don't let the .40 spray  
Can't afford to pay for grace  
Don't let 'em die before they wake  
They hopeless 'fore they focus on the mil'  
Posted selling dope to play the bills  
Bogus only way they know to live  
Blowing and they don't know that you forgive  
Your mercy on their soul to hold a deal  
Even smokers on the coke and pills  
I seen 'em roll but they don't know yo' will  
Bless the trap and let 'em know you're real

Woah, our Father who art in heaven  
Devil walk 'round with that Mac 11  
Devil walk 'round with that packs he selling  
I'm just trying to eat with all my brethren  
God bless the trap  
God bless the trap  
God bless the trap  
God bless the trap

Sitting in Maverick's Impala, feelin' like 8 Ball  
'Round here, we just tryna escape the pitfalls  
Crime rate high as they think, tryna evade laws  
Either you got a dope hoop game or you slang rock, game raw

Have 'em out with the OG's, before he turned 16  
Tryna come up on the block, tryna take a half ounce  
Whip it up, turn it to a whole thing  
Mama praying that he stop  
Mama praying that the God she serve gon' give him a holla  
But the chances of them hollow tips gon' make Momma holla

Woah, our Father who art in heaven  
Devil walk 'round with that Mac 11  
Devil walk 'round with that packs he selling  
I'm just trying to eat with all my brethren  
God bless the trap  
God bless the trap  
God bless the trap  
God bless the trap