

## traphousemansion (interlude)

Destroy Lonely

You think you know me  
This is a certified hood classic  
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Whole house smell like Backwoods)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Wake up hearing trap music)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Make money, can't fall in love)

And the whole house smell like Backwoods  
Wake up hearing trap music  
Make money, can't fall in love  
That's just how you gotta do it

Yeah, if it ain't about the guap, can you do it?  
Stone-cold heart, doing drugs with Medusa  
Seeing Chrome Hearts in my dreams getting lucid  
Wearing shades in the dark 'cause I'm stuck on Pluto (Okay)

Yeah, I just gotta keep moving  
Bitch, I'm Neo in the Matrix and I rule it  
Got a big bankroll full of blue strips  
I just let 'em copy, I can't teach 'em how to do this  
Yeah, big black .45, call it Rufus  
And I really kick it with my slime 'cause he ruthless  
Pull up in a 'Rari and the bitch really roof-less  
Busy talking to the B's, call that nigga Doctor Dolittle  
Yes, I'm Lonely, baby, know I cannot do little  
If the bitch bad I'ma take her to the Ruth Chris  
I just hit your bitch and got her wet just like a pool did  
F&N light and you know I got the full tips

And the whole house smell like Backwoods  
Wake up hearing trap music  
Make money, can't fall in love  
That's just how you gotta do it

If it ain't about the guap, don't do it  
Stone-cold heart, doing drugs with Medusa  
Seeing Chrome Hearts in my dreams getting lucid  
Wearing shades in the dark 'cause I'm stuck on Pluto

Blinking in the mirror off a molly  
Hitting up my phone, can you please stop calling?  
I just caught a vibe in your eyes now I'm falling  
Yeah, I'm a real big dawg, shot-calling  
Come and take a flight with a real deal martian  
Love her in the night, but the morning, it's a dollar  
Bitch, I'm fire-flying, they convicted me for arson  
I get everything I like 'cause the money not a problem  
I be floating through the sky like a diver, yeah  
Say you getting high but I know I'm getting higher  
Sand on my tongue got me rolling like a tire  
Gas fill my lungs, got me really feeling tired

And the whole house smell like Backwoods  
Wake up hearing trap music  
Make money, can't fall in love  
That's just how you gotta do it

If it ain't about the guap, don't do it (Yeah)  
Stone-cold heart, doing drugs with Medusa (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)