

Trap Shit

Don Trip

The trap shit, a trap shit, they trap shit
All my niggas feel it when I talk that trap shit
The trap shit, a trap shit, they trap shit
All my bitches love it when I talk that trap shit
The trap shit, a trap shit, they trap shit
Say my label hate it when I talk that trap shit
The trap shit, a trap shit, they trap shit
Say the blogs say it, when I count that trap shit

All my music is honest, I don't owe you no lies
Rap word working out for me, so dope is how I survive
Mama 2 months dead, daddy somewhere hiding
I wasn't out here in clubs sings, I was too busy providing
Couple of views on youtube, that's how I winded up signing
Headed to the scale, that same booth, I was doing more than just rhyming
Started back when I was 16, pety nigga lend diamond
By 18 I climbed in, I got 10 pounds off assignment
Honestly, I had 10 more, when cool and dre came sign me
Yeah bitch I have work and no plans on resigning
Now a nigga wanna rob me, cause of how well I'm grinding
Well I'm strapped up no matter what, and I dare nigga come try me

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Think I'm some millionaire, but I'm nowhere near it
It's niggas starving out here though, and they ain't even tryina hear it
He home hit baby mama, a 9 to 5 it ain't cheering
The rent due, the pampers low, and she just missed her period
He flat broke and he sick off, tryina find something to cure
Yeah I go with that balling shit, spend 45 thous on cheer it
When your pocket low, you get desperate, your judgment is blurry
And everytime you can't... your eyes get a bit teary
Now he talking bout robbing me, and if I don't take a nigga serious
When he run upon me and drive down, I can't do shit but look silly
Then it's going a world stop, bout how I let a nigga get me
And if I am strapped and they came with it, y'all can say a nigga in it

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Yes signed that record deal, fuck I'm a do if they drop me
Buy a couple pounds of that broccoli, and turn my spider to a swap meat
They just care about hit records, they don't care if my child eat
Honestly, I don't expect them too, bitch I'm a man, I got man

They don't understand where I come from, 2 words dope money
They hate when I talk that trap shit, 2 more words, show money
And search for that single, but I don't give a fuck about that
I got sued before they catch a check, I'm in it bitch tryina bounce back
I'm taking care of my baby mama, thank to juve and...
Now I'm hopping on niggas tools, just so I can afford
I ain't keeping no secrets, so it ain't shit to explore
So don't worry about me homie, be glad the problems ain't yours, trap shit

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