

# 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 rhyiming  
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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