

# Trap Trappin

El Snappo

(Koost, let's go)  
(GoldieSound)  
Look, uh

Look, uh-huh, moon walkin' on these fuck niggas like Michael Jackson  
Bust down Patek on my wrist, pulled up in Aston  
I'm rockin' Amiri with the Ricks, Cartier glasses  
I'm on stage with a blick, we in Cincinnati  
You ain't never seen a brick, boy, you out here flaggin'  
Real dope boy motion, yeah, my trap trappin'  
I was eatin' ravioli, now it's steak and salad  
And the trap goin' super like, "Look what had happened" (Nigga, uh)

Nigga, yeah, I been havin' (I been havin')  
I got way more money than your kids' daddy (Than your baby daddy)  
Hundred bags at the spot, bust 'em out the plastic (Bust 'em out the plastic  
)  
Ho, you bad but you broke, that is not attractive (Damn)  
I dare a fuck nigga put they hands on me (Put they hand son me)  
Neck piece on freeze, hundred bands on me (Freeze)  
Whole sack get gone, put my hands on it (Phew)  
I found the route, then we was gone, put my mans on (Put my mans on it)  
Me and Snappo on the song, it's a chicken party (It's a chicken party)  
I think it's time for AP, I done went to Carti' (I done went to Carti')  
A lot of niggas hate me, but I just can't be guarded (Yeah)  
AMG in sport plus and I got it fartin' (Vroom)  
Why you talkin'? You ain't got a dollar (Nigga)  
For all my niggas dead and gone, pour some out the bottle (Pour some out the  
bottle)  
Run that paper up and now I'm fuckin' on models (Yeah)  
Shit swingin' over here, it ain't no problem (Uh)

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Pocket full of cabbage  
Poor-ass nigga ain't gettin' no money, nigga, stop flaggin'  
I'm rockin' Amiri with the Ricks, swervin' in the Aston  
All I know is dope boy shit, it's a trap habit  
Cuban wrapped around my neck, five hundred grand  
Fentanyl got me lookin' like I'm pullin' scams  
In West Palm sellin' flaka, me and Uncle Mel  
I got a plug out in Cali', send it through the mail  
If you ain't got Cash App, you can send it Zelle  
Watchin' what I post 'cause the feds on my Instagram  
Let the crackers come and get, I'ma post bail  
I'm the motherfuckin' largest out of Lauderdale  
Me and Wizz on the track know it's perfectly  
I remember servin' Yoda in a Mercury  
I remember snatchin' chains, doin' burglary  
Broker than a bitch wearin' the same clothes every week

Now I pop my shit, you can't name a nigga like me  
I just made a hit off the dome, I ain't write this  
Fucked her with my shoes on, I hit her in my Nikes  
Give her Perc' dick, now the bitch tryna fight me  
Crazy I been with good pussy, she a Pisces  
Fucked her first night, I can't make the bitch my wifey  
Pull up in a NASCAR, shh, hit the nitrous  
The rose gold diamond got me hittin', Mike Tyson

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