

# Trap Queen

Fetty Wap

I'm like hey, what's up, hello  
Seen yo pretty ass soon as you came in that door  
I just wanna chill, got a sack for us to roll  
Married to the money, introduced her to my stove  
Showed her how to whip it, now she remixing for low  
She my trap queen, let her hit the bando  
We be counting up, watch how far them bands go  
We just set a goal, talking matching Lambos  
Got 50, 60 grand, 500 grams though  
Man, I swear I love her how she work the damn pole  
Hit the strip club, we be letting bands go  
Everybody hating, we just call them fans though  
In love with the money, I ain't never letting go

And I get high with my baby  
I just left the mall, I'm getting fly with my baby, yeah  
And I can ride with my baby  
I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeah  
And I can ride with my baby  
I just left the mall, I'm gettin' fly with my baby, yeah  
And I can ride with my baby  
I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby

She came whipping that cake for the hustle  
Ey, she cooking that steak in the oven  
Got by the side she can bake by the dozen  
Give a shake to the bitches in front, it's nothing  
Lambo, bomb shell, miss who mix well  
Fish scale, hopping out that V-12, this female  
All about them eagles  
Queen flips, I'm on freak out  
She sells seashells, hydro with that pyro  
Getting money, getting it right though  
That white flow  
Light, though  
Bobby got his eyes low  
Ready for that pop, though  
Is that so?  
For that... flow  
We got drugs, you got us  
And I get high with my baby  
I'm a be the one that will ride or die with ya baby  
Yeah, and I'm a slide for ya baby  
I just wanna get a number one with ya baby, yeah

Freshest nigga ever seen, pull up in a Limousine  
Hit you with a magazine, now they play a violin  
Took that bitch right from your team  
I turned that bitch, she work for me  
First they brought me 30 Gs  
Next they brought me 30 keys  
I risk my life for 30 bricks  
I swear to God I'd do it again  
Gucci mane the topping tree  
Fuck I mean  
I'm a keep my  
Hit your spleen

Count my money with machine  
Now you should know  
Oh, now you should know  
With a bad bitch and a grand national  
It's just politics, I'm taxing ya  
You're like a grilled cheese, nigga, I'm smashing ya  
You just a daddy boy, nigga, so your dad beats ya  
Macaroni, boy, you're only blinding me  
And I told the squad like every nigga signed to me

I'm like hey, what's up, hello  
I met you in the kitchen whipping in a bando  
And I'm a need you to cook a baby  
And when you cook that baby, I'm a buy you a Mercedes  
Look at the thighs on her  
Oh, I wanna ride on her  
And we in a coupe going crazy  
Go to Venezuela, that's a getaway vacation  
She the trap queen, she cook it  
I'm the trap king, I bring the cash  
You a pussy, so I took your bag  
If you get money with your baby say yeah