

Trap Queen

Fetty Wap

RGF productions
Remy Boyz, yah-ah
1738

I'm like "Hey, what's up? Hello"
Seen your pretty ass soon as you came in the 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
At 56 a gram, 5 a 100 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 getting fly with my baby, yeah
And I can ride with my baby
I be in the kitchen cooking pies

I'm like, "Hey, what's up? Hello"

I hit the strip with my trap queen, 'cause all we know is bands
I just might snatch up a 'Rari and buy my boo a Lamb'
I might just snatch her a necklace, drop a couple on a ring
She ain't wanting for nothing because I got her everything
It's big ZooWap from the bando
Remind me where I can't go
Remy Boyz got the stamp though
Count up hella them bands though
Boy how far can your bands go?
Fetty Wap, I'm living fifty thousand K how I stand though
If you checking for my pockets I'm like...

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 getting fly with my baby, yeah
And I can ride with my baby
I be in the kitchen cooking pies

I'm like, "Hey, what's up? Hello"
Seen yo pretty ass soon as you came in the 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
At 56 a gram, 5 a 100 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

I be smoking dope and you know Backwoods what I roll
Remy Boyz, Fetty eating shit up, that's fasho
I'll run in ya house, then I'll fuck your hoe
'Cause Remy Boyz or nothing
Re-Re-Remy Boyz or nothing

(She my trap queen)
Yeah, you hear my boy
(She my trap queen)
Sounding like a zillion bucks on the track
(She my trap queen)
I got whatever on my boy, whatever
(And I get high with my baby)
Put your money where your mouth is
Money on the wood make the game go good
Money out of sight cause fights
Put up or shut up, huh?
Nitt Da Gritt, RGF Productions
(ZooWap)