

The legendary DJ Scream
The legendary Gucci Mane
The young legend DJ Spinz
And this Trap God 2 nigga

I guess run cool you a game but you just a fuckin lame
I can put you up on something but you still wouldn't lie or nothing
You know the game is to be sold man, pull up fore you lames might
(Can't just give that shit to you nigga)
I spent half of my life nigga sellin crack cocaine
(... in this shit nigga)

I'm a victim of the dop game, I don't like the 9-9
I don't like the main drop, I just like cocaine drop
All I do is drop top, man I'm so goddamn hot
If you got a old car then go get a new one
If you don't got no script go and get yo 2 gun
Got a bitch so fine with me, she make me wanna do some
I told her baby call me Mr. Never Ever, you's a kill throwin
Baby got that slow tone, my trap like a group home
I'm bad with niggas but I'm good with bitches
Language of man, sound superstitious
I like the riches, no pot to piss in
Three years going I ain't seen no Christmas
Six months going I ain't seein no drop
Work do good they don't ever get slow
Putting bar doors on all my houses
I'm a put her with all my flows

Talk a bitch, drag a bitch so bad I need a damn cover
Pill niggas ain't turning shit down but my damn collar
Police wouldn't let me tryina stand here by my damn collar
Gucci Mane ain't never graduate but I'm a trap scholar
Talk a bitch, drag a bitch so bad I need a damn cover
Pimp, money turnin don't shit but my damn collar
Police man be chasin, wanna grab me by my damn collar
Gucci Mane didn't graduate, but guess what, I'm a trap scholar

Hit the club on Clinton Hill but yea I got them 30 dollars
Drag a bitch so bad I need a goddamn dog collar
Pull up in 3 Phantoms like I'm crib flow damn dollars
And if your bitch with me, no need to call, don't even bother
Limpin, screamin, pimpin, turn my trap to a damn brothel
Need these pieces on my Charger, tryna dodge every pothole
You ain't gotta worry bout yo bitch cause yo boys got er
Said she want some dick, then guess what she gon get a whole lotta
Nothing but I think I need a goddamn and a rider
If this Rollie keep it rolling, for Wale I holy moly
I'm golden, coming gold deep
Can't remember these fuck niggas homey
I'm a young nigga but I OG
I'm bout to turn these to the old me
And no OC, I could OD cause I drink so much damn codeine
I'm solo, no codeine
And these mackin letters of my homey
Don't bump, I ain't talkin bout mollies
Have more paint talkin bout coffee

I don't give a damn about you nigga and don't give a damn about the police

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