

Trap Boomin

Gucci Mane

Oh it's holiday season nigga
My trap beating harder than a bass drum
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Holiday season
Damn son where'd you find that

These bitches eating pills like they jolly ranchers
She took a pill then turned into a belly dancer
I'm cooking this dope with 2 fucking bows
I need an extra hand, I need 3 extra stoves
I can make you dance doing Everland's
It's your final chance, get your wedding bands
I keep that white girl like a white mass
East Atlanta zone at 6 you're in trial land
My mind ain't got invert, my shit jump out the gym
Bitches are down to break their neck, just too look at him
She don't really like me but she love my rims
Yellow Lamborghini same color as my bottom teams

My trap boomin' hard, bitch I swear to God
My trap boomin' hard, bitch I swear to God
My trap boomin' harder than you trap booms
My goons money in the living room
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Hey I see choppers ain't no hoe niggas gonna stop us
Your old lady so proper look at that pussy she poppin'
Holiday season bitch
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Hey I see choppers ain't no hoe niggas gonna stop us
Your old lady so proper look at that pussy she poppin'
I pull out the rose and make that trap go to troppin'
When I pull out my money
Even these hoe niggaz watchin'
I hit a lick it I bought a wing stop
I sprinkle lemon pepper in that rerack
I took my time I had to build a fortress
Straight flouse and my closet look like Walter's
Step back the peers I got my Gucci skully on
Shout out my Nigga Gucci know it money long
Got my bank money I got my lawyer fee
Shout out the brick squad, my shoes are quarter key

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