

Trap God

Gucci Mane

(Honorable C.N.O.T.E.)

Go

Trap God, started this trap shit, you need to thank me (Yup)
Lil' knucklehead, Sun Valley youngster, mama tried to spank me
(Mama)

My youngster shot somebody up, guess they made him angry
Two dead men right by the garbage, guess we done left 'em stank
in' (Yeah)

Niggas get some liquid courage when they get to drinkin' (Drink
in')

His brains scattered on the dashboard, now we see what he think
in' (Yeah)

Must thought I was a ho or somethin', that's what he get for th
inkin' (Ho)

Better off tryna rob a bank or somethin', I call that wishful t
hinkin' (Well, damn)

Please don't take another step, my G's gon' get to blankin' (My
G's)

DOA, his mama heard the news and went to faintin' (Damn)

Breaking news, we put him on the news, we made him famous (Famo
us)

Please proceed with caution, Gucci Mane them armed and dangerou
s (And dangerous)

I hangout with felons, we don't never talk to strangers (No)

It's Big 1-0-1-7 and I keep one in the chamber (1-0-1-7)

Lot of niggas angry that my cash went up a level (A level)

Unbury money every day, I need another shovel (It's dirty)

It's an angel on my shoulder and a devil on the other one (A de
mon)

Turn wives into widows and my gun can kill an elephant (Well, d
amn)

I feel like a president, dude suck dick like Joe Biden's son (J
oe Biden)

Don't play me, play with your kids, don't have one, go and have
you one, uh (Hah)

I'm just havin' fun, my old flow was from Michigan

My life a lavish one, I touch down cold like Michigan

Brush you off, switch the gun, my jits went on a blickathon

We havin' navy guns, my trap look like the Pentagon (Wop)

Trap look like a Dixie Queen, can't talk if you ain't give fift
een

I'm so icy, 1017, I'm fresh just like some listerine
This chain right here a fifty piece, the pendant too, this fift
y each

These niggas can't even sit with me, these bitches wanna get wi
th me

Exotic 'bow a four-for-four, you get thirteen, you get three more
You play with us, we up the score, I should've been on Traphouse 4
Bitch, I'm the shit just like commode, look at this drip all on my clothes
Look at this shit stick to the bowl, I'm 'bout to break my wrist for sure, hey
Trap look like it's jumpin', I just ran up on a junkie (I did)
I can't serve no onions, you ain't pull up with no money
This shake cost fifteen hundred, I finessed for thirteen-twenty
They say bigger the wrist, bigger the lick, go get some money, hey (BigWalkDog)

(Honorable C.N.O.T.E.)