

# Trap Shit

Gucci Mane

(Zaytoven)  
Trap shit  
Trap shit (Huh)  
Trap shit  
Trap shit

Sellin' Vin Diesel, strong Cookie, that Keisha  
Gucci poppin' P's like Georgia just made it legal (Wow)  
Higher than an eagle, leanin' like Beanie Sigel (I'm leanin')  
Flyer than a pilot, jean jacket by Diesel (Phew)  
All-gold rocket, the socket matchin' my Foamposite  
You's a nobody, she goin', she fuck with everybody (Go)  
Lil' 'Crest boys in the hood, wanna see a dead body?  
Four pockets stuffed and LaFlare, we bust at everybody  
At Club Crucial, these hood bitches, they love Crucial (Wow)  
That's my young shooter, recruit him to send some slugs through you  
We search 'em 'fore they come in the trap, might have a bug on 'em (Huh?)  
He's a walking dead man, don't know it, he got a dub on him (Yeah)  
Beat him with a bat, then fuck it, pour kerosene on him  
Everybody searchin' for holmes, but we ain't seen homie  
Chainsaw massacre, call 1017 on 'em  
Make it look drug-related, man, pour some lean on him

Everything I rap 'bout official, I'm from the streets, bitch (Street)  
Hundred thousand all my pockets, this ain't no sweet lick (Sweet)  
'Nother 60K on my wrist, this a Patek, bitch (This a Patek, bitch)  
All my hoes got fat asses, they all on fleek, bitch (They all on fleek, bitch)  
All my bitches wearin' designer, I don't want no cheap bitch (I don't want no cheap bitch)  
Draco with me everywhere I go, on the front seat, bitch (On the front seat, bitch)  
Trap shit, niggas know I'm 'bout it (Wow)  
Trap shit, niggas know I'm 'bout it (Yeah)

Fifty racks cash on me, that's just today's profit (Today's profit)  
4 Pockets Full, lil' bitch, I ain't got no damn wallet (I ain't got no wallet)  
Fuck around and got in the game, I got the streets poppin' (I got 'em poppin')  
Pussy niggas tellin' on me, I know the feds watchin' (I know they watchin')  
How the hell he gettin' this money? I keep on buyin' watches  
Jackboys thinkin' I'm sweet, I keep on buyin' choppers  
Lock me up, I'm gettin' out tomorrow, I think I'm El Chapo  
Bricks came 1017, I got some damn extras  
Flexin' on these niggas on purpose, check out this damn necklace  
Dropped eighty racks on a Charger, next day, I damn wrecked it (Skrtrt)  
Pull up with them sticks like the army, they say we young veterans  
They won't pull up in them apartments, they say we too treacherous

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