

Trap Out The Store

HoodRich Pablo Juan

They used to trap at the store
He used to trap at the store
She used to trap at the store
Wife used to trap out the hole
I had the special stuff
I got the bag out the hole
We used to trap at the store
We used to trap at the store
We used to
We used to trap at the store
He used to trap at the store
She used to trap at the store

It's time for the crack gotta go
We used to trap at the store
We used to trap at the store

We used to
We used to trap at the store
Pricing it off of that blow
I play the rock like I'm Jo
I pay the rock to JoJo
Bitches on me on the low
I can't fuck her on the low
If I fuck her, everybody gon' know
Ride through the street, got me feeling real lavish
Hundreds on me, got me feeling real savage
with me while I'm swerving through traffic
Hop out the Aston, I'll let them have it
Trapping and wrapping a habit
I made a habit of trapping
I made a habit of wrapping
Just bought a match and I'm wrapping
Everywhere I go, there's dollar signs
Fuck the bitch, she never wasn't mine
I can't let no nigga handle mines
Shoot a nigga if he out of line
Sacrilegious, always on the grind
Almost time, almost time
Big bankroll off the store
New Bentley all at the store

I used to trap at the store
I done served crack at the store
Shit, I was cooking blow
Fiends knocking at the fucking door
Never played them, never served the soda
Break a bitch, preferably a snorter
She will give you all the fucking dope
Sipping lean, got me moving slow
93, boy, that's all I smoke
What you smoking on? I'm smelling reggie
nigga, call him Eddie
In your dreams like I'm fucking Freddy
Dripping sauce deep down in Texas
But I'm splashing all in Georgia
And I'm balling like a Hoya

Pouring lean, I'm a Oiler
'Cause I'm from Houston and then that's what we doing
Selling dope and we selling music
Sending bitches, call it prostitution
Got the hammer, don't make me use it
Touch twin, I'ma fucking lose it
With the Bent, boy, that's what I'm cruising
I used to trap in the 3
I used to get out a fee
Ask the dope fiends about it

We used to trap at the store
Go back to the hood and make a band-o
Don't trap with no strap at the store
Been five days, I ain't changing my clothes
Stayed down, now we're ten toes
Pulled up in the Pinto with a bag full of pintos
But I just came back to Texas just to work me a hoe
Tried something, I gotta trap at the store
Get it, break it down, selling James Brown
Candler Road, call it "Break Down Town"
They hear the bales coming, don't make a sound
Meet me at the store, I'm pulling up now
Nigga, you could get a dime or a pound
Houston, we got a problem, man down
Cooking the mid from Mexico
Go together like Whitney and Bobby Brown