

Ten Trap Commandments

Jimmy Wopo

This is what came out of the tape recorder that night when I was listening to the voices

Listen to me

RIP Biggie

Yeah

I ain't 'bout to talk about the crack, 'cause I ain't live through that

This the ten commandments of the trap

Rule number one, be brief on them jacks

Rule number one, you better keep your strap

Rule number two don't be loose with your loot

Rule number two gotta shoot for your crew

Remember this too, don't be sending niggas moves

Shouldn't be in the trap if your ass [?]

Rule number three, don't be jugging where you be

Niggas get greedy, fuck 'round send the police

Rule number four, you know young bull

Your ass better watch that back door

Rule number five, don't be fucking up your grind

Don't get high off your own supply

Rule number six, if you riding with them bricks

Don't be havin' all them chickens in the whip

Rule number seven like you rollin' seven-eleven

What you want what you get, better watch what you sellin'

Every day a bitch arrest, niggas out this bitch tellin'

Nigga want a hundred bricks and he a triple fuckin' felon

Rule number eight, don't be stingy with the plate

Every time I had some food, man all my niggas ate

Rule number nine, don't trust 'em, they get high

Don't front the nigga nothing, count his money every time

Rule number ten, everybody know you got 'em in

Every plug fuckin' with you, they keep coming back again

Put the pressure on them niggas if you feel they really soft

If he fall while we coppin' then my niggas runnin' off

[?] all of that shopping then a nigga getting robbed

Cut the middle man out and go see papi for the raw