Trap

Juicy J

Mhm
ATL (it's Gucci)
Memphis, Tenn connect (turn up)
Let's get it

All my bitches call me papi
Sloppy pockets, I'm poppin'
All these dollars I been clockin'
It ain't no way to stop it
My wrist so rocky, Liberace watchin', 3 mil on watches
So much ice, drippin' off me
You and your bitch could play hockey
I'm sippin' lean out a coconut cup, I'm in the tropics
I been countin' so much money, had to find me a hobby
I'm Czechoslaka, they watchin'
I got Rastas with choppers
Got the machine gun with cartridges
They runnin' in, they ain't knockin'
Steve Austin flossin', tell them it's a new boss in office
And if we ain't talking profit, it ain't no use in callin'
These niggas triple crossin', double cross, quadruple your losses
I heard them haters tried to block, I went bought two new Ferraris

Double down with two pistols, ain't missinø no target
Right before the funeral, let you pick out your coffin
Had to triple cross the double cross, quadruple your losses
Sippin' lean like a coffee bean, ain't sleepin' on shawty
OK I doubled up the work, I put them things in the office
Then put them on the freeway, now I feel like I'm Rossy
Seen them peoples in my rear view, hit the gas and I lost 'em
Middle finger out the sunroof, they just mad cause I'm flossin'
Trap

All these rubber bands, fuck what I'm gon do with a wallet?
I'm in the booth countin' money, I'm so goddamn cocky
My lil' bitch pop her pussy, I just might pop me a molly
That clean codeine got me geeked up, spill lean all over Versace
I got killers with me, they don't do no talkin' or boxin'
I got that long bread, I'm talkin' footlong pizza, no toppings
Throw them goons a little bread
We'll take your baby's adoption
And we ain't worried about the feds
AR's in secret compartments
Ain't been to sleep in the longest, I sip that drank like it's coffee
They say that Gucci's a Martian, I buy my enemies coffins
We handle business like bosses and treat the streets like an office
I had a duplex with a million worth of bricks in the closet

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You ain't know I spent that dough
And you might catch contacts
I got shooters on my side and if I say the word
Then they ready for combat
Like Vietnam, wartime ain't no joke
Niggas be playin' till the bullets start sprayin'
Can't hide these guns 'cause the clips too long
Hunting for him, catch him hiding in his honeycomb
Turn his motherfucking house to a haunted home
Money long, get you touched in your front lawn
Shots so loud setting off car alarms
Run along, or be the next nigga dunked on
You be swearin' that you niggas got done wrong
Get you jacked, no mask, no gloves on
Beat a nigga ass, then turn it to a club song
Vet in the game, got packs to prove
Young niggas call me Uncle Juice
I got more cash than Uncle Scrooge
Ya'll niggas made up like Dr. Seuss
All ice, no CZ
I ball, ya'll niggas in the minor leagues
Real shit, I got the shit on lock
Bout to put this game in a DDT

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