

Trap Line Bling

K-Trap

No order trust me, straight out the fucking trenches
Hold tight C Rose lurky

Everyday trapline bling
Niggas just trap for some bling
But they spend all their prof on tings
I walk to the shop in the rave for a razorblade, ribena and cling
Any beef barrel gon spin
Drop suttin and the carols gon sing
Jump in my car play nothing but gang I'm ghosted behind these tings

2 bells in a dot dot ain't no biggie do him like pac
Ring ring that's my lyca ringing
Food on digi's I'm doing up trap
I heard them man caught my man again
Got me like damn how they do him so bad
Then I just skurr on a 125
16 man was tryna do it in cabs
Remember when I made my first bag smile on my face I was feeling all proud
Dem man sold me the dot dot with a few bells now I'm 7 bills down
Dem boy probably spent it on shoes around here, that could never be allowed
What's a pair of giuseppe's or loub's gonna do when I'm squeezing and running
man down
Nutting at all, them man are on nothing at all
Plus I've seen them man bare times and they ain't done nothing at all
Bro stepped round there with 5 in da ting now we ain't got nothing at all
Got nicked for a drill interviewed 2 times and I ain't say nothing at all
And that's nothing but facts
Dem man don't do nothing but rap
3 rum they got him locked in the bin
Brick of bujj and about 3 waps
3 Skeng they got him locked for a skeng
Dot dot and 32 spin
3 S they got him locked as well
80 bells and about 2 tings

Everyday trapline bling
Niggas just trap for some bling
But they spend all their prof on tings
I walk to the shop in the rave for a razorblade, ribena and cling
Any beef barrel gon spin
Drop suttin and the carols gon sing
Jump in my car play nothing but gang I'm ghosted behind these tings

I was really tryna' throw man corn
While the plug tryna' throw man Z'd's
Stay away when I see blue lights
Lay low when I see them feds
Baker how I make that dough
Nothing like the work at greggs
Rather get paid from the light skin, looking all posh and vexed
Fired up nowadays that's normal, how I deal with the stress on my mind
Way too catty for a 3-5 the 3-5 nearly got don fried
Took risks when I pedaled with the smoke
Line rung so I pedaled on the grind
I heard bare chat on the net
No talk when I was bringing it live

And their heart's on empty
Done none cause their threats are empty fill up the skeng with shells
And I'm tryna come back on empty
Don't know about these guys in the field, I've been on the pitch like Wemble
Y
Double tap with my hands on the 12
Reload cause the corn come plenty
My don don't pop up on volts from the hood that's all I know
Couldn't sleep on the disrespect
Chatty mouths got me round there loads
Live corn stuffed all in poles
Get flame stop, drop and roll
Dotty shells and they look fat joe
Green light manoeuvre and go

Yo, Everyday trapline bling
Niggas just trap for some bling
But they spend all their prof on tings
I walk to the shop in the rave for a razorblade, ribena and cling
Any beef barrel gon spin
Drop suttin and the carols gon sing
Jump in my car play nothing but gang I'm ghosted behind these tings