I ain't seen a key

Compartment on the auto start it

My click house go stupid My click house go stupid My click house go stupid (Trappin' out the bag) Click house goin' stupid (Trappin' out the bag) Why these motherf*ckers always in the front yard Shootin' dice on the porch, them lil' niggas got them broads Sale after sale, the cellphones keep clickin' The pots on the stove, the cocaine about finished Killers stone game, I got killer stone wrists OG Boobie Black can make a half a whole brick Racks after racks rubber bandin' up the money I show a lot of love to keep the dope fiends comin' My click house go stupid My click house go stupid (Trappin' out the bag) Click house goin' stupid (Trappin' out the bag) Woah All the cars in the yard, loud loud music Them lil' boys they go hard, them lil' boys stupid Now they call me Bruce Wayne Shout out Ivy Liu Kang I'm like Malcolm, I don't do chains Dress casual, I can do thangs Pinky rang, grippin' grain, bitch I'm Don Key My favorite favorite mixtape OG Breadwinner team 'til the day that I die Carolina man spankin', cocaine I supply I'm like Clyde I just glide In the kitchen let it dry Head up murder, I just seen a homicide On that mad man shit like bitch I'm finna die All he got is twenty-five f*ck it come with twenty-nine My click house go stupid My click house go stupid (Trappin' out the bag) Click house goin' stupid (Trappin' out the bag) I just got a bid from Bibby I let Mills re-compress it I don't do no water whippin' 'less somebody want some extra Been on springs me and Marlo My chick got the text from Birdman on the line Order twenty, 'bout to catch him f*ck the rap I'm trynna trap out'chere But I ain't see him cheat Got it parked in front the mansion Damn, been like this for weeks Shit I got so many bricks out'chere

I ain't see him leave

My click house go stupid (Trappin' out the bag) Click house goin' stupid (Trappin' out the bag)

Dumb