

Trap House

Lil Durk

YSL!
It's Dolph!
300!
Shout out C-Sick
OTF!
C-Sick!
Thugger!

My trap house a Waffle House
We got grits for the low
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We got grits for the low
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I got syrup in my trap house
Something like a Waffle House
Try to steal out my trap
I'm a have Lil 4 come and wipe em out
Yeah, yeah
I swear it's doing numbers
I'm fucking with the robbers
My niggas getting money
So fuck if you don't love me
You niggas wanna kill me
But niggas tryna hug me
They act like they love me
Wanna cop me, they a dummy
But my trap house a Waffle House
Sipping lean for my sadness
Got a bad bitch for dessert
Got a bad bitch for dessert
Cause my trap house like a Waffle House, yeah

My trap house rolling
That young nigga global
Trapping out a Rover
Pulled up on your bitch
It was hard for her to keep her composure
Cough syrup in my soda
Call my plug, say, Hurry up, nigga! What's the hold up?
I got family to feed, it cost the most to please
80 racks on my arm when I roll up my sleeve
Another 50 on the charm cause I've been booming Ps
Sitting in the hot tub smoking weed and watching TV
Diamonds dancing, that's how you know it's me when you see me

My phone blowing up, hello?
The trap going crazy, pull up
They can't get enough
Dolphy got them flavors
I'll shut your trap down
The best prices in town
It's Dolph

I trap out my mama's house
I eat at the Waffle House
I see what you're talking about
If you be what I'm talking about
I shot him the other day
Cause what he was talking about, what you was saying
Real killers don't say no words
Lil Durk got 300 birds
I'm riding with a stick and I'm riding with your bitch
I nut on her face, I'm a nut on them tits
Yeah, nut, I whip up some eggs and I scramble the shit
Cook, nigga don't play if you not about this shit
Ambulance, they gon wait on the bitch
I got them diamonds and now you see my face
I'm mothafucking blessed
While I'm trapping, I trap out the Waffle House
Lil Durk, he smoke blunt like a bomboclat
Pay attention, get the formula
I'm riding with Snoop Dogg like I'm Bow Wow now
Don't cut my dope or we're falling out, murder
We step in the club and it's snowing now
Diamonds so wet like a water fountain
Plus, this that 300 shit, Durk gonna tell the bitch

We got grits for the low
For the low
For the low
Tony Montana, they for the low
Spend it on my son, man that body low
Hundred racks spent on your hoe
That's why she don't say no
My money green like a pear
Who you want for Durk, you know she said