

Traplanta

Lil Keed

(Deskhop make it drop, yeah)
(Oh Lord, Jetson made another one)

I fuck up the money counter
Fuck on that ho, then give her right back, I ain't got no manners
We pull up with chops, then chop the block, I bet they light candles
95 with Gucci socks, I'm drippin' in Traplanta
Post on the block with a big Glock, yeah, we in Traplanta
Watch what you do and watch what you say when you in Traplanta
Boy, we gettin' paid, I'm servin' them J's, boy, in Traplanta
We gettin' paid, homie, we ain't gettin' laid, homie

I'm with real right homies who ain't gon' change on me
I got real shooters, won't say no names, homie
I know a real bully, you can't tame homie
In a NASCAR, fast car, that's a Trackhawk
Vibed out with nothin' but broads (Hoo)
Goddamn, broke the money counter (Hoo)
Goin' in, we don't care 'bout cameras (Hoo)
He get that dope back, call him Arm & Hammer (Hoo)
Shit, that's all I'm sayin'
I'm signin' all the deals, nigga, I don't even want the plan
Have you ever seen that molly color khaki pants?
Keep on playin', I bet your brother be dyin' in your hands
I'm with DYN abusin' all the Xans

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Traphouse
Fuck this shit, I'm ridin' in a Trackhawk
My mama askin' for it, so I tear it off
Get what she want, it don't matter (Woo)
On the stove, remixin' a brick, tricks of Benihana
I ain't even gotta trick the bitch no more, got too many hundreds
If he ever play with the racks, yeah, he gotta be a dummy
Yeah, I know my folks gon' tax 'em, so I load up my lumber
Yeah, I'm in Traplanta
Yeah, we pour some many fours in the fuckin' Fanta
Boy, I know you fuckin' told, though, I cannot stand ya
So you better watch 'fore you trust a nigga in Traplanta
Fuck your ho, we don't lust, nigga, in Traplanta

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