

# 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

I fuck up the money counter (Slimeball)  
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