

Trap Global

M1OnTheBeat

I was tryna make my T global
Crash that whip, make it teetotal
I'm a badman, I don't need vocals
If I catch that case then best believe I delete socials
Don't ask me if I've ever been about man, I been local

I just dropped off the G packs
On my way back to my ends, got T pack
That's a wake-up call but I wake up to cats on my phone cah I need that
I said "Officer what is the problem?
This ain't the first, I get stopped often"
I got teeth and white so I don't need no [?]

Me and the pack the opposite
It's soft and white, I'm tough and black
Of course we trap but still we're robbing it
Big boy litre, man's just hopping in
Bad and boujee, still she's slopping it
Gave her love but I still can't promise it

Man think it's a game till I see 'em in real life
Show 'em what this Rambo feels like
I can't chill with them bums in my hood
Cah that shit didn't feel right
Even when I'm wrong, man's still right
Tryna get rich but the tracksuit's still Nike
I don't give two shits what anyone says
Cause I do what I feel like
My bro got bagged cause of cellular site
He was selling on site
This yute ain't bad, he's the feminine type
Try talk on my name, ain't getting you stripes
Can't hang with me if you ain't getting it right
If I see my man, it's forever on sight
And I won't change that for the rest of my life

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From young I've been barring
Came home looking like Bin Laden
Feds found teeth in my back garden
We got waps and things darling
Man can't mistake me for a rapper
Tekkerz, flair, I ball like Kaka
Run man down like Granit Xhaka
Back-to-back like the logo, Kappa

Trap house open twenty-fours, serving for fiends
Tower block booming and eleven homies
Worker's sipping lean cause he's allergic to sleep
My shooter's doing drillings and deliveries
Bricks for the low, that's the profit on poles
No them sticks ain't for show, cause them sticks dash your souls

And I ain't gonna lie, I ain't been home in a week
I sell the Rita raw then stretch the fuck out the B

Let me give you a deeper look
I couldn't see myself in the streets for good
To get me you ain't gotta read a book
No ring, had to bash and beat the buj
Got bishead whipping funny, you ever had to feed the cook?
This smoke ain't getting you high like shisha would
Look at me, I'm at the stove, that's cocaine cookery
Fuck five-0 if they're thinking I wouldn't breach
Extendo and it's full of teeth
I've become everything that they said that I couldn't be
I know this motor's full of seats
But we can take it there
Two man might catch someone where they shouldn't be

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Three-Eight, not the one that raps with L'z
I'm back with a bang like a forty cal
How can you ask how they let me rap?
Like I ain't made your nigga run a hundred miles
I ain't even gotta say a punchline
Just know it's crunch time if I'm in the title
Shawty's gorj but she weren't with me through the storm
So I dunno why she feels entitled
This started from my bud line, tryna dodge one-time
Now I'm getting racks if I'm speaking
Would've thought it was a song that weren't meant to drop
The way bro left that leaking
Why they love acting? Adam Deacon
Like it weren't us man creeping
I heard sirens, crying, civilians beeping
Them man don't live what they're speaking

Got this money coming in, that's pronto
Don't ask what I'm on though
And I'm still in the trap
Two white, four B, that's a crackhead's combo
Just like Rakz said, we don't do convo
If I get pulled over with these things in the car
Get birded like Rondo

Got it straight out the mud so it's stuck in my blood
Couldn't show no love to a scrub
Look at all of the things that we done
Take them risks, had to run up them funds
So I'm fighting my demons, plotting and scheming
Growing up poor was the reason
Cats OD'ing, shots I'm beating
Trust me, you wouldn't believe it

I heard beef is cooking
Bro in the driver's seat with a pile of sweets
Fam he's just looking
Man just book him, get round there with no discussion
Wap gon' jam, I'll stab up a man till the fucker gets stuck in
I don't wanna hear no chat on my name

Eyesight bad, gotta squint when I aim
They ducking and swerving round these sides
But they can't get away from this rusty gauge
I love the violence and bro stays known to Trident
I coulda gone claimed that point on road
But bro said I gotta stay silent

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