Trappin All Day

Meek Mill

Man I've been trapping all day
Man I don't even sleep
I been posted on the block ain't make it home in a week
I don't even chang my clothes, wash my face, or brush my teeth
To keep that Gucci on my back and that Prada on my feet
I trap trap 365 24/7 hater I be on my grind
You know I'm 'bout my paper no lie
They say they need that work we get it to them no time

I'm 'bout mine drought time trying to stash cake
Cause niggas Dave Chappele with work they selling half baked
Drop it in the pot you lose mad weight
A nigga sell me that we set his ass straight
I'm like goons out lurking
Show up to his crib in the a.m. and get murdered
Word up get these niggas something they ain't heard of
Cause I'm well respected well connected like a server
The nerve of fucking lames thinking its a fucking game
We [?] up in rain
No rims on it fuck 'em plain
Fuck 'em good fuck 'em hard
Hating niggas fuck 'em all
Half them niggas fuck with law they cross that line get fucking knocked
But I don't get mad I just get paper
See me fresh in DTS laughing like hi hater
I tap on the gas and its bye hater
We get them squares in a little package like Now & Laters

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You see whatever you need you could get it here
My niggas always got it they getting it off the pier
You want to last long in this game well listen here
You keep your mouth close make sure that work it disappears
I can get you murked with a whisper in the ear
Getting it cracking over here
They getting work but ain't no action over there
These rappers is actions I swear
I moved so much shit I should win trapper of the year
See I'm posted on that block watching over bread
I got forty on my hip and get one up in the head
Let a nigga run up and he dead I promise that
Live by that G cod and I'mma always honor that
Where the fuck did these niggas find you at
Your money too short your mula too light
Your paper too thin hommie you ain't got to win
This Gillie and Meek two nigga from the streets
Stay fly that's why your bitches leave with me

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Now get with me [?] or big glizzy
Brick of raw looking like an Xbox 360
Riding dirty through the hood like a Banshee 350
Bout to take it to the trap and tell my man get busy
Got them hands like Bibby ya the whip game proper
I was fucking with that hard 'til the wrist game got up
Then my bitch game got up
Every whore that I adore they was checking for the boy
But I was checking for the raw
Either posted on the block right in the cut next to the store
With dimes of vanilla had the fiends like it was Thriller
Ya I mean I would kill them on the 1st
Came out early in the morning trying to make the birds chirp

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