

Trap Music

Nines

I didn't choose this life, see this shit just chose me
Used to be in the ends, now everywhere they know me
I'm still that boy getting dough with my niggas
I lost my friends on the road to some killers
I still keep it 100, yeah, yeah
Now they call me whenever they want me
I'mma take it all the way
I'mma put my city on the map and that's that

Line blowing, no time to sit down
And if the album does numbers, then the prices on the bricks down
Can't take that prick's behaviour
But it's droughty and he helps me get packs like a fitness trainer
Still can't believe the industry let a hustler shine
I'm flying birds, I bust my nine, I'm taking off just in time
Still ain't ready to give up my line
I just hit the booth
Then it's back to flip mode when I bust a rhyme
Trap music, made my nigga lock for fifty racks
Said his P's in my dogs house like Frank Lucas
Most of jail niggas, all they wanna do is chat
Come like bitches on the wing, orange is the new black
My nigga told me quick, I don't need them B flips
Don't worry, I'm on the top of my game like Wii Fit
For the people that said that I'd never prosper
I'm gonna shut down Harlesden
Pouring money out a helicopter

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Prada shoes, Burberry coat
It's like these guys prefer me broke
Niggas getting rushed, it was funny but it weren't a joke
Heard they want to run up in the base, it's a myth
Guns all around the house like Mr and Mrs Smith
She said she never met a mobstar
I just spent two thousand on this tux looking like I left the opera
She thinks that I'm a thugged out nigga with P
But I'm really a nice guy like despicable me
Uh, if I'm on a madting, guarantee my niggas on it
Soon buy my mum and aunty benzes with some ribbons on it
Tried to put him on, but he ain't got ambition
Trapstar to rapstar, I'm 'bout to make the transition
Man listen, the world's full of mayhem
My nigga got rushed on cam, now he's on bell for an AM
Grew up in this beef, it ain't my own choice
Can't forget them days in Barnet when I was grinding with my broke boys

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