

Trappin Ain't Cool

Nines

I grind from monday to sunday

Same shit everyday my moneys going up and down
I'm tryna turn my luck around
Trappin ain't cool no more
Trappin ain't cool no more
And now I'm getting old
And I'm still on the road
And I ain't rich yet, all these Z'eds that I've sold
Trappin ain't cool no more
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Niggas dying over dumb war
Every other month feds flying off my moms door
My lines tapped so I hate the phone
Hug my mom cause there's a chance that I might not make it home
Them foes wanna clap me
Hoes tryna trap me
Can't buy a mansion with my dough cause its tax free
I still can't believe my nigga stylies gone
And what hurts me the most, is that life goes on
Uh I don't wanna see my friends die
All my niggas doing 30 hold your head high
Them OG's used to have benzes and porshes
Blew all their money in the the booky shop on horses
I lost 90gs I help but screw my face
This shits hot, I gotta move my base
Jamming with the mandem saturday night
Done the same thing last week this can't be life

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Uh, my nigga would have made a mil
If he never go to pen
Now hes back on the come up selling o's again
Its like these niggas grind to stunt on a bitch
And I don't know who it is yet
But someones a snitch
In [?] the [?]

Its boring inside, jamming on the block cause I ain't got nowhere else to go
Its the path we chose
These niggas and these hoes show we love
Its all faker than [?] clothes
These niggas see the cars and ice and think my
Lifes rosey but its far from nice
I used to wanna be everybodys friend
Now they wanna know me cause I'm a legend in the ends
Uh tryna stay on my grind
I gotta spray my nine
Its like everyday I'm in a different state of mind
You niggas see the way my bracelet shine
My phones ringing right now, wrap wants [?] a nine

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