

# Heart Racing

NoCap

Traphouse

Know where the trap be

Nobody loves me where the trap be

I don't see no finish line, but my heart racin'

Fuck the judge, no, fuck the system, they all racist (Yeah)

Free Lil Joe, wish he could beat all cases

The whole time he thought it was up, they was all hatin'

We gon' stack that paper, run it up always

This one right here for all them niggas that got threw away

We can't never leave, we call it street love

Nobody else was there, it still was street love

Ain't figured it out yet, but I know it's a way I can get my niggas back

And we don't never pray, we so quick to get on our knees to shoot some craps

And we ain't never fuck, she so quick to get on her phone and pull up Snap (Yeah)

So-and-so killed that boy, but he ain't never throw away his strap (Yeah)

Seen niggas die, seen niggas get life, we still in that trap

And they built some favors in the prison, that shit still ain't fair (Yeah)

Money calling, I can't get no sleep, I won't take no nap (Yeah)

Fuck a bitch, then I'ma put on my drip, now they think I'm Fab (Yeah)

If you didn't get it, "F.A.B." stands for "Fuck a bitch" (Yeah)

Made him sneak straps in the club, he know we ain't trustin' shit (Yeah)

Every time I hear they hatin', I make another hit (Yeah)

Saw my last ho fuck around and bought another bitch

Know you ain't seen him in a while

So say a prayer for your dawg

Twenty-three hours behind the wall

Like Michael J's, he was tryna buy his kids some Michael J's (Yeah)

She know I'ma leave this drip, that's every time I move

Diamonds on me, they flooded, I can take you on a cruise

Tryna make this shit in rap, too many made the news (Yeah)

She say she ready to fuck just 'cause she like my shoes (Like my Loubs)

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