

Sticky Trap

Ratking

Stuck up in a sticky trap
Oh, stuck up in a sticky trap

I don't get along with New York
One hell of a place to be broke and be poor
Written wavy, rainy days, now I'm taking tours

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One hell of a place to be broke and be poor
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Bundled up until the summertime
Counting 700 fill and I'm feeling fine
And I'm feeling shine, I ain't feeling time
I ain't feeling time, nah, I ain't feeling time

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Creeping 'round the city, watching for some sticky traps
Watch for fucking pigs, I'm a mouse watch, for kitty cats
Watch who you with, you could get stitched up in a sticky trap
They call me Wiki, Pat, it don't matter, neither get me mad
But if you fucking disrespect me that's a sticky trap
I could literally rap circles around you, Wiki's wrath

I be creeping through the city, ducking sticky traps
If I get you and you don't get me I'mma get you back
Saw a citi bike, I was hype, that shit's unlatched
NYPD put the cuffs on me, how sick is that?
NY Yankees jacket, Yankees jersey, Yankees cap
That ain't Mickey Mantle, Mickey, that's a sticky trap
Spit these raps, plant these stacks
What you give out, same you get back

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It's Mighty Mouse, don't get caught up seeing me inside your house
Sitting on your couch, I could be outside, with the loud
Get away, stay away from that hype crowd
Either way from that bitter sounds
Ya'll don't know whats hitting hard, and ya'll don't know about hearing sirens
Ya'll don't hear it, ya'll don't hear it
If ya look you might see me, nah, ya'll don't care, ya'll don't care

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