

# Trenches

Real Boston Richey

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh  
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh  
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh  
Uh, huh, huh, uh

Do your thing, bitch, Boston ain't even mad at you  
Your baby daddy broke as fuck, that's why that nigga be sad actin'  
Me and my niggas, we bossin' up, but we can't laugh at her  
Take that nigga to take you out to eat, then throw the tab at him  
Bring up a tab and I'ma grant your wishes  
Can't let 'em catch me slippin', I only talk that brick talk in the trenches  
Project baby, you let me stay, I'll pay the bill and do the dishes

Can't speak for other niggas, but all trap niggas, they like bad bitches  
Mm, mm, all trap niggas, they like bad bitches  
Mm, mm, all trap niggas, they like bad bitches  
Mm, niggas be pressin' all them buttons, we already had switches

Go pay your bitch bills or I will, nigga, my bag different  
Hold on, hold on, nigga, I brag different  
Took the bitch down to Miami, now she got her ass different  
Whole 'nother bitch happy, now she come through straight G-Wag' whippin'  
Tip her hat to real players, now she wearin' her hat different (Skrrt, skrrt  
)  
Jump in a Maybach, skrrt off, pass niggas  
Drip you in Bottega, bitch, I'm nothin' like your last nigga  
Show you a half a ticket, I'm a young nigga, but I'm a trap nigga  
Just like that ass- Bitch, we really done clapped niggas  
Take a skinny ho, go to the doctor and get her ass bigger  
Lil' nigga tryna ride my wave just like a surfer, these niggas some raft rif  
ters  
I ain't trippin' when I got that switch, nigga, I'll murk you, it got a fast  
trigger  
I ain't trippin' whenever I hurt, I just wake up, go buy a bag, nigga

Can't speak for other niggas, but all trap niggas, they like bad bitches  
Mm, mm, all trap niggas, they like bad bitches  
Mm, mm, all trap niggas, they like bad bitches  
Mm, niggas be pressin' all them buttons, we already had switches

Real trap niggas don't like no sad bitches  
Tryna get my dick sucked, we already past kisses  
Quick to kick her up out my whip, don't fuck with lame bitches  
When you fuck a rich nigga, the fame came with it  
Mmm, a nigga ain't wanna tint you up, he say it came tinted  
Nigga ain't wanna get that bumper fixed, it came dented  
You need a rich nigga in your life, we ain't lame kickin'  
Come through super coupe on all these bitches, lane switchin' (Skrrt, skrrt)  
You slidin' it with the biggest B, no Bentley coupe  
Bought the bitch her first Bottega bag, bitch, I invented you  
I can't bring up what I bought a bitch 'cause I'm too in the loop  
'Cause know she hold it down and she gon' pull up, get them rentals too  
Mm, I'm rubbin' on your ass, lil' bitch, I'm feelin' you  
Soon as I get that in 'Migo my system, you know I'm bendin' through  
Don't ask me what I'm doin', bitch, you know what I'm tryna get into  
Catch me when I'm hot and ready, catch me when I'm in my mood

Can't speak for other niggas, but all trap niggas, they like bad bitches  
Mm, mm, all trap niggas, they like bad bitches  
Mm, mm, all trap niggas, they like bad bitches  
Mm, niggas be pressin' all them buttons, we already had switches