

# Trap Trap Trap

Rick Ross

I'm sittin' at the red light  
My ankle monitor beepin'  
Hadn't been charged  
I think I see the beeper  
Bounce

I took my roof off at the red light  
I took my roof off at the red light  
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap  
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap  
Brown bag legend 'cause it's all cash  
Brown bag legend when it's all cash  
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap  
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First one on the block, woah  
I need mine off the top, uh  
Over town, he got shot  
Muddy died in Opa-locka  
Couldn't save one lung  
Hit 'em up, hmm, hmm  
See the look on my face (woo!)  
Like Carol City one state  
Niggas hate on my sound  
'Til I went the first round  
Then I earnt the Lombardi  
Ain't no fuckboys allowed  
Only fuck if she exclusive  
Her favorite rapper Lil Boosie  
To tell the truth I didn't ask  
When it come to bitches I'm Gucci  
I'm the wrong one to rob  
In the jungle I'm Nas  
In the label I'm Russ  
In the trap I'm Rick Ross  
Double M, Goldman Sachs  
Just like Omar and Khloe  
You can't dial for the packs  
I sent you right back loaded

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(I took my roof off at the red light)  
I took my roof off at the red light  
(Roof off at the red light)  
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap  
(Trap, trap)  
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap  
(Trap, trap, trap, trap, sheesh)  
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I was tryna bet the whole map, Vegas, stay in the trap  
Niggas talkin' 'bout raidin' the trap  
Man I'm 'bout to go ape in the trap (nigga goin' ape shit)  
Nigga watch your babies in the trap

Nigga cook a whole base in the trap  
Young nigga slave in the trap  
Nigga run base, base in the trap  
I'm 'bout to get this shit movin', yeah  
Answer the door with the Woolie, yeah  
Wrist in the water, I need me a boat  
I'm 'bout to get this shit cruisin', yeah  
Stand at the stove 'til you're woozy, woozy  
Let's make a movie, movie, yeah  
Movie, movie, movie  
Bitch I'm richer than Tom Cruise, yeah  
So many different meds on me  
Fuck around, call the fed on me  
Chk, boom boom boom your head, homie  
Draco got a lot of lead on it  
You dead

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Wale though  
I ain't nothin' like the trap niggas  
Goyard backpack nigga  
Uber crates 'til the feds pull up  
Woo woo, cataracts, nigga  
I'm the type, holla at the wife  
Her body yours, but her soul is mine  
Adios, do a hundred 20  
All she want is good dick and advice  
Wraith, scrappin' my tires  
Jameson 'til I'm fried  
Famous here but I'm humble  
Double M the Empire  
Renzel got me all day  
Kyrie, he LeBron James  
Tired niggas say Folarin ain't top SportsCenter every day  
I ain't nothin' like them trap guys  
I mean I kinda do bag dimes  
I kinda never do back down  
Leave a nigga high via rap lines  
Get a beat, leave it baptized  
Mob ties, but it's black lives  
Black lives, nigga, trap lives  
Gimme five on the black side

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