Rod Wave

Brand new trap, full of capsules and digits (Woah) Brand new plug, sendin' bowls on the mission (Woah) Soon as we get it, you know that we flip it (Woah) Young nigga fuckin' up the whole city (Woah) I sip the lean, and it fuckin' my kidney (Woah) Brand new bitch, she bad, and she saddidy (Woah) Brand new gas, pack stuffed in the Civic (Woah) On my way to go and fuck up the city (Woah)

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Niggas be cappin', they don't get no love Niggas be actin', they really ain't cut How you a trapper? You ain't got no plug How you a trapper? You ain't got no drugs You ain't the man, you still play with an ounce We take the money, and we ship it out It's a hunnid thousand up in the clouds He gon' see it soon as digits touch down I sent the money and he sent a [?] I seen the money and he sent chickens Soon as we get it, we gonna remix it Stuff a hunnid of 'em up in the ceiling Open up shop, if you need to come get it We gon' boom it 'til the crackers come kick it We gon' boom it 'til I see half a ticket We gon' boom it, gotta take care of Christmas Trade a fifty pack of Percs for a vert' Trade a fifty pack of dirt for a verse Let's trade the chain, snatch it for a hearse Let's change, your momma cryin' in a church Brand new bitch got enamored, she fuckin'

Keep tryna convince a nigga she love me We get the money, yeah, we get the money You niggas cappin', y'all broke, it ain't nothing

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