

# Prayers To The Trap God

Roddy Ricch

Heart beatin', my mind racin' up  
You can hear the screams and sirens in the cut  
Out of the trap for [?]  
See a copper, gotta trap  
That's why I got the .9 in my pocket for  
Got the drop before he kickin' down the door  
For some Christian Dior, we was 'bout to send a hunnid packs th  
rough your neighborhood  
If it get trapped, I knew my baby would  
I never knew I would have to face the music  
I know they gon' bum rush us, restless  
We gotta keep on movin', I got introduced to slangin' and I kee  
p on choosin' it  
I see the helicopters movin' in  
I thought if you took a loss, you just lose to win  
Crawlin' on the floor, tryna get to the door  
Flush it down the toilet 'fore they get me with the four  
They did a whole sweep, couldn't even go to sleep  
A lot of my family members got got  
My uncle looked the police in his eyes and he got shot  
Tell me how that make you feel, fake or real?  
I'm about to chase a bil', fuck a mil', yeah  
She wanna ride my dick like a stallion  
She just wanna pop a X like Malcolm  
I got family that's addicts, I got family that's drug dealers  
I got family that's murderers, I got family that love niggas  
And family important, you just gotta embrace it  
Like your dawg could be poor and it just depend what you make i  
t with  
I was watchin' Family Guy when the police raided, hmm  
A trap full of juugin' ass suits, that shit was crazy, damn  
How I'ma have my baby? If I'm stuck in the fence at 19 with 25  
in a day  
You only eatin' three times a day  
You gotta save up, put a rock on her finger, that's the only ti  
me she gon' stay  
  
I've been tryna pray to the trap god  
(Trap god, god), hope he listen (Yeah, yeah)  
I've been tryna pray to the trap god (Trap god)  
Hope it wasn't no witnesses