Trap house out of control junkies break the door
And when the money come around don't know who friend or foe
Guns in the attic but the money in the floor
Either you in or you out ain't no revolving door
I trapped all my life I'm talking strapped jeas [?]
I'm talking clucks rush the corner right there by the store
Too hot to tote the gun keep that bitch in the pole
I'm focused on the money that's a bond that can't be broke

Let's play it with a .30 birds flock together so the money it adore me Disrespect my squad a get you left in the morgue b Hollows out this .30 leave your peoples writing poetry You stressing you got too many problems
We open up them Glocks but we ain't tryna resolve it
We empty out them clips we leave your face out the portrait
I got all this ammo extra clips for the bullshit

And if you coming in make sure you lock the door
Its a squad thing that's a bond that can't be broke
Either you up or you down that's the way it go
The money come the money go the money grow

Remember when I use to sit back

Now I can't control myself I love them automatics

I said remember when them niggas chit chat

I guess they play the game that go tattle tat tat

Don't make me come and shoot up ya kick back

Bullets get the spraying like bratat tat

I member when I used to had to flip packs

I flex I ball I'm the man

I tell a bitch don't get that

Everything look easy but this could get escarious

Money comin' in that mean your ass could meet to burry you

Shooters all around that mean your ass could get the worst of it

She want a menage she just wanna get the best of me

Bitch I ain't no sucka I can't give this ho no recipe

All these guns around boy your ass gone meet your destiny

Shooters my squad boy you sure you want the best of me?

Give you 15 out my .30 then they get the rest of me I hustle see I just hit the trap that's where that money be Usually I make calls Recardo he live by a beach Money talk broke niggas never get to hear the speech Money talk broke niggas don't hear that speak

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