

# Trap

Slim Thug

I thank God that I made it out the trap  
Thank God I made it out the trap and made a couple mill with this rap  
Could have been behind the strap yelling freeze, give up your keys  
Tell your bitch get on her knees before this trigger squeeze  
Still G's but we mo' on the hustler side  
Main focus is the money not you other guys  
Too wise to do dumb shit and get locked up  
I filed for and wrote this business trying to get knocked up  
I got my stocks up  
Stop spending, start stacking  
Stay focused on my grind and look what happened?  
Lost a lot of friends  
Chasing them ends but that's life  
Can't take everybody with you when you take flight  
Some niggas won't act right no matter how you feed them  
And if somebody hold me back  
Fuck 'em, I don't need 'em  
That's my motto or else wait around on the lotto  
Went and got my life  
Fuck it

Can't believe I made it out  
I made it out the trap  
I really used to hustle on the block  
A couple homies gone and they  
Ain't never coming back  
I thank God that I made it out the trap  
Yeah, I thank God that I made it  
Out the trap

Old man got ghosts on us  
Watch out as crooked cops plant dope on us  
And you know they got their scope on us  
Mad 'cause all they bitches want us  
Fear's how to spot conspiracies  
Can't stand to see a black man get cheese  
Don't nobody got degrees but be rolling Benz  
Big TV's you can see the money rolling in  
Then the pins come mixed up is why I call it trap  
Had to switch it up and get rich with the rap  
Used to have dreams of a thousand keys  
But ended up fighting felonies

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