

Bag

Stalley

Bags, bags, bags
Bag, bag, bag, bag
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Bag, bag

I put 15s in the Wraith
The Rollie got diamond the face
Grilled up got diamond my face
I'm shilled up got toolie on waist
Cause these niggas they truly do hate
The trap I had to escape
I-I be with lions and apes
These hoes are lying to your face
Don't believe nothing they say
They-they just want get to my safe
I want a mansion, stones dancing, smoking ones to the face
These not Air 1s, these cost 3 hundred, these are what we call bapes
Every car come with drapes
I'm big rolling mansion I'm blazed
Started with trafficking, wrist doing magic
Chopping this Wraith and the plates
I caught the back end
Whipped it and wrapped it
Ran through all of my plates
Scraped it from the bottom, every inch I got em, got em all out the tray
Straight from the bottom, filled every hollow in the clip with that K

I gotta get me a bag, I gotta get me a bag, yeah
I gotta get me a bag, I gotta get me a bag
I gotta get me a bag, I gotta get me a bag, yeah
I gotta get me a bag, I gotta get me a bag
Spend my re-up and go get it back
I gotta get me a bag, I gotta get me a bag, yeah
I gotta get me a bag
She stripping to get all that cash, cause she say she need a new butt
I gotta get me a bag, yeah I gotta get me a bag

I gotta (gotta), get me a (huh), big old (cash), bag (bag)
I like my (I like my), women with (women with), pretty face and a fat ass
I put the bundles in trap bags
She put that dope where she put the pad
She hold a stick in the Birkin bag
When she throw the dope it's a perfect pass (phew)
I had a dream about money nigga, walk up and start thumbing through a hundred bands (thumb it down)
Keep up that Franco, Draco, make a nigga do the Running Man (go!)\nMe and Stalley, a big bag of molly, with ten bitches say they from college (what college?)
Before I fuck her check her molly
Pussy so good moment of silence (shh...)\nBright red with the team, if it don't break bread it get violent (ay)\nAin't never seen the cup clean, take a look at my cup ain't it violet (Actav is)\nAll my niggas straight solid (yup), all my niggas hard-bodied (yup)\nI gotta get me a bag of cheese colored green asparagus and broccoli

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30 days in the trap, then I came back 30 day tags
Five-mil how I'm running up Saks
Fear God how I'm running my swag
Chain cost a brick and a half,.40 tucked off in the stash
Blue Benjis in brown paper bags, I'm juuging I'm ducking the task
This money be coming so fast, I'm running out places to stash
I got a trap house out cop county
Bunch of made men like the mob around me
Put a price on heads that's a small bounty
Want a big house, whole lotta land
My estate look like a small country
I drop Ms make that money bungee
Now that's snapping, and you niggas still talk rapping
They been asking "Stalley, when you start to talk trapping?"
I start laughing, I been busting down the small fractions
Took this profit, and I spent it all on fashion nigga

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