

# TRAPMAN

Tay-K

Hey, aye  
Aye, aye, aye

I pull up, flexing on a motherfucker (yuh)  
Wishing I could dip up on another sucker (yuh)  
Lean up in a pint because I'm sipping thirsty  
Shout out to my mama, she the queen who birthed me  
First we'll see who throw down if you cross me  
Chain with a T on my chest, I'm from Tennessee  
Chopper rain a hunnid faster than you could say "sorry"  
White boy, I'm the plug, mane, so call me "El Charlie"  
Big boy still up in the shop  
I flip a brick for Mr. Juan, call that Jeweler Shop  
I got side bitches because all I want is top  
They say I'm too competitive but, boy, I'll never stop  
Begging me for mercy, begging me for mercy  
I pull up in that Mercy and then they all start to curse me  
It's dangerous around here when it's dark out  
But you'll learn real quick the trapping is a lifestyle and an art, bruh  
Now I made it, I can ball the way that I do, man and that's the truth  
Anybody wanna step up with that shit, then come into the booth  
My brother called my phone, he told me he need connect  
Told "maybe quick," because I got the TEC  
Models in my house, man, I been out of country  
Price up on my head because they money hunting  
Blue bands bouncing, big cash pouncing  
Hard money counting, champagne drank fountain  
All of y'all gon' change up, but the times gon' get tough  
But it's okay, because check this, I don't really give a fuck  
Uncle Buck with that Ruger, man, I'll shoot 13 for a luck  
I'm 23 with a pinky ring, and I'll bitch slap you up  
Size up to this shit in the promise that you will not get lucky  
On-set members keep texting me, telling me to come fuck 'em

'Cause the good die young, the rich die broke  
The shooters pull up quick with a chopper and a scope  
I pray you are not outside when it is dark out  
Or else you catch the wrath, of a trapman  
Of a trap man, of a trapman  
Be careful, catch the rounds of a trapman  
Of a trap man, of a trapman  
Yo' family catch a round of a trapman

Of a trapman, where yo' pack, man?  
Yeah, that nigga PiMPYZ, come get sacked, man  
Run it back, man, a hunnid times  
Yeah, she fuck me, for my rhymes  
Now it's time, get on your grind  
Yeah I kiss her, fuck her down to her spine  
Nigga rewind, a hundred rounds  
Got them pounds, woah, woah, Daytona sound, yeah  
I'm in the booth, I'm smoking boof  
I'm speakin' truth, nigga, fuck rules  
Nigga, I do it, no Nike check  
Bitch, I do it, I just flex

In the cafeteria, I'm knockin' down your tray

Niggas try to eat off us, but this ain't no buffet (nigga)  
I'm on beltway, and I'm eating fish fillet, aye (nigga)  
Juggling and finessing at a very young age (juggling and finessing)  
Try to check me, close that mouth, on yo' face (shut up, nigga)  
22 shots, nigga, all at yo' toupee, aye (brrata-ta-ta-tah)  
Make him spin with that chopper, that's ballet (yuh)  
You know I'ma win when it come to running game  
Fresh off a stain, now yo' bitch want my dick (bitch want my fucking dick)  
Yo' bitch wanna claim, yeah, she smoking all my zips (haha, yeah)

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