

Trap

Valee

Drugrixx

Take over your trap if it's going real good
2016 left, and the steering wheel wood
Percocet, the 5s got me feeling real good
You won't be alive if I shoot this real good
My bitch real hood, I just poured an eight up
I don't feel good, my bitch got no make up
In some heels, uh, molly make me wakeup
It didn't taste good, might go pick that Wraith up

Poured up in the frap and it tasted real good
Fucked her on her Snap and I did it real good
Pull around to the back, they be telling real good
I mixed in some Act and I shook it real good
[?] full, they just picked my plate up
I don't feel good, valet pulled mine straight up
Forgi wheel, uh, should go pick my plates up
Louis shoes good, Gucci flips, no lace up

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Can't walk in my hood if you aren't good
And my bitch got no make up, but she still look good
In that 2017 Wraithy, steering wheel wood
Used to set the shake up, but now I am the plug
And I just poured an eight up, I think I'm geeking on drugs
Red bottom heels, she stand up, I might just spend the dub
Forgiato when I pull up, you know them bitches a dub
Might get shook up, you run up, I aim from shoulders above
So much cash, I get stuck up
In the hood, no ice truck
My bitch hood, but she proper
I got rich off them bricks like Wopster
Don't none of us pour up the Wocksters
Actavis only, no Wockhardt
Walk in your trap, take over rosters
It ain't all good, bitch, it's awesome

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