

Posted in the traphouse, in the cul-de-sac with choppas  
Stendos on the yoppers, look out for the robbers  
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Call me 21, in the trap I'm a savage  
Sell a hunnid bags of mid, you know I had to grab it  
Hunnid dollars each bale, I'll bring it through traffic  
Sixty round drums on the choppa, dare you snatch it  
All my niggas slimes, boy, you know the gang active  
Young niggas gunning, they'll take a nigga captive  
Dope boy like [?] sold twenty P's on Peach Street  
Cul-de-sac trapping, Frontstreet trapping  
Where I'm from, nigga, everybody red ragging  
On my next flip I'ma go and snatch the Aston  
Spray it with a [?] wrap it, flip it, then re-wrap it  
Momma never asked, because she know that I was trapping

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I would never tell on my motherfucking folk  
I could never tell on a nigga 'bout some dope  
Walking through the trap, lil' nigga, show your rope  
Red flag my Bible, I got power like the Pope  
Waka Flocka Flame put your ass through a scope  
Hunnid bags of gas in a closet in a tote  
Hit the [?] paid a couple car notes  
When I ain't have it, gave the junkies chopped soap  
In the West Coast, so I'm saucing with the locs  
Hood rich nigga, now I'm trapping out a Ghost  
Bitches see me flexing, they like, "Flocka do the most"  
Big diamond ring like I won the Super Bowl

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