Trap Queen

William Singe

I'm like "hey, what's up, hello"
Seen yo pretty ass soon as you came in that door
I just wanna chill, got a sack for us to roll
Married to the money, introduced her to my stove
Showed her how to whip it, now she remixin' for low

She my trap queen, let her hit the bando
We be countin' up, watch how far them bands go
We just set a goal, talkin' matchin' Lambos
Got 50, 60 grand, 5 100 grams though

Man, I swear I love her how she work the damn pole
Hit the strip club, we be letting bands go
Everybody hating, we just call them fans though
In love with the money, I ain't never letting go

And I get high with my baby
I just left the mall, I'm gettin' fly with my baby, yeaaahhh
And I can ride with my baby
I be in the kitchen cookin' pies with my baby, yeeaahhh [x2]

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