

# Trap

YFN Lucci

Turn Me Up Josh  
Every street nigga ain't a rapper  
Every rapper ain't a street nigga  
Every dope boy in rap, ain't a dope boy in the trap  
You know what I mean?  
(Think it's a game?...)  
Snowman, Tip, 650Luc  
DJ Drama, legendary

I said trap, huh, trap, huh, trap through the screen, huh  
Real dope boy, yeah, get you what you need, yeah  
Get the dope, yeah, yeah, hit it with the clean  
For the low, yeah, yeah, turn you to a fiend  
A good dope, yeah, that's just what I need  
I'm a go-getter, gotta fuck with me  
Real dope, real dope boy never sleep, yeah  
Real dope, real dope boy never sleep, yeah, uh

She say she don't, bitch, you're a teaser  
I'm on the Perc now, I'm 'bout to pour my lean up  
Fire the dope up, huh, better not fire no seed up  
We in the dope spot, I make her roll the weed up, uh  
Trappin' out the West End like we in the trap a lot  
I sent the package on the freeway in the back of a double R  
Uh, and I'm on the PJ, I'll be back by ten tomorrow  
I'm on my way to a meeting, I'm a real dope boy

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I got a 36, I'm 'bout to turn the team over  
Coppin' dirty bricks, I need some Aquafina  
I'm in that big Phantom, that type of shit you dream of  
Them exotic leathers, like she got a Celine plug  
The feds fucked up Tip, them fuck niggas killed Nip  
I'm like '96 Olympics, I'm just tryin' not to flip  
Smoke a blunt, pour some white out for Bankroll Fresh  
Every motherfuckin' Rollie [? 1:58]  
Grind hard, fuck the rest, DJ Khaled, we the best  
Just know we number one and we ain't claimin' nothin' less  
Nines, fours, and them triple beams  
Yeah, I just left Milano, Valentino jeans

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Yeah, a thousand dollars hoodie, camouflage in the double R  
Tryna buy the block and build a skyscraper, fuck a car  
Okay, acknowledgement is mandatory, better give me all of it  
I call atomic, dawg, like parliament  
Intolerant to the fuck shit when you fuck with this bloodline  
It be generations of retaliation, ain't no waitin' on it, ain't no hesitatio  
n, I swear  
You pull up on me, you can see the shit I say  
I have to catch a body, I can beat this shit, I pray  
Adhere to former drug dealer, ex-con, ho  
At 12, said I'd rather sell crack than push a lawnmower  
Hustle, get a bankroll, double up, boy  
And if you go against the grain, you a fuckboy, for real

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Real A-Town dope boy shit  
Shout out to West Side Crips  
Eastside Jody, my niggas Decatur Ice  
Duct Tape niggas, Trouble  
Shout out to Dez and the whole SPC  
Gucci, MPC group home  
Shout out to Robin Hood and Mike D  
Shout out to No Face, No Case