Trap Queen Freestyle

Yo Gotti

Remy Boyz, yeaahhhh
1738

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

The Rollie rose gold
And the car, it needs help cause it's got suicide doors
And she keep the trap clean, cause she a trap queen
20 bands in some denim, we call 'em trap jeans
I'm like hey, wassup, hello, and then I'm like goodbye
When the pack be gettin' low, the plug on the way
He bringin' us another load
It's 64 a show and 750 for an O
And all my niggas hittas, they gon' let that pain go
They like "Gotti get money, " I'm like, "How the fuck you know?
"
Pull up in that Wraith, I gotta let that money show
My niggas in NY, they be fuckin' with the snow
My niggas in New Jersey, they know all about the blow
And I'm the trap king, nigga, plug goin' strong
The page is touchdown and my niggas goin' long
If you ain't gettin' money then you know your trap wrong
Old school flip, we call that shit a trap phone

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!