Trapped

Yo Gotti

I'm trapped in
I'm trapped in, I know it
Ayy
I know I'm trapped, I'm trapped, I'm trapped, I know I'm trapped
Yeah, yeah, ayy, look

I heard my niggas talkin' 'bout me, whispers gettin' closer (Uh)
Niggas say I ain't breaking bread, I don't even know you (Uh)
All the shit I bought you niggas, all the shit I taught you, nigga
Lil' disloyal, ungrateful nigga, I'm thinkin' I should off you niggas
Learned the hard way, keepin' it real may cost a nigga
All that love and bruh-bruh shit, they gon' cross a nigga (Cross me)
I know that I'm trapped, I know it (I know it)
I know I'm depressed, I show it (I show it)
I'm poppin' Xans, I'm paranoid, I'm fifty and oh, I'm Floyd (Floyd)
Streets ain't never defeatin' me, before I was rappin', I was a G
Money was always on time, my plug ain't never mistreated me
Okay, this the intro, so I'ma set the mood (What's up?)
You thinkin' twice? I am too (Yeah)
So ain't none of you niggas cool (Cool)
So now that you know (Know), what you want to do? (Huh?)
Ayy, free my nigga Five, I got your message, bro, I miss you too
Ridin' in the car with my enemy, them bullets gon' hit you too
And now that you ain't got nothin' against me, I ain't got nothin' ag
ainst you too, but
Rrr, rrr, rrr, I hope it hit you too
I want his mama to miss him, and I want your people to miss you too
Want that Gucci, Louis, Fendi, so you take them risks (Risks)
And you ain't workin' nine-
to fives, you overtime in kitchens (Kitchens)
You bought a Rollie and Cuban 'fore you bought yourself a house (Trap
ped)
Mama in the hood, you know you forced to move the house (Trapped)
You took niggas' work, they went and shot up mama house (Trapped)
You a selfish nigga, damn near took your mama out (Damn)
Niggas never thinkin' (Thinkin')
Nigga sippin' lean, drinkin', poppin' pills, sinkin'
Pussy niggas linkin', bad bitches winkin'
Me, eyes open, never blinkin' (Focused)
Ridin' with that Draco, Gotti, what the hell you thinkin'?
Word to Hov, slow it down, Gotti, woah (Woah)
Four hundred for the truck, this ain't the Lam', this the Rolls
Like a hundred-fifty difference, that's a Richard Mille more (Plain)
I'll say five bricks if we wanna talk in code
I'm trapped (It's like I heard the streets talkin' to me)
I'm really, really trapped
Doors closed, nowhere for me to go, nigga
I'm really, really trapped

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