

Trap Shit

Young Nudy

You rap niggas pick and choose
You bitch niggas, I'm finna bruise (Yeah)
You niggas know I come to win (Win)
You niggas hate, you finna lose (You lose)
You ain't come in with no strap (No strap)
You know I came in with my strap (My strap)
(Yo, Pi'erre, you wanna come out here?)
You playin', your ass gettin' clapped (Get clapped)
And this right here ain't no rap (No rap)

My lifestyle 'bout this trap shit (That trap shit)
I been doin' this shit 'fore this rap shit (Yeah)
I'm known for bustin' and clappin' (Clappin')
I'm in the trap Saran Wrappin' (Wrappin')
Yeah, I like to tote, I like to tote, this smoke, I blow (I blow)
Yeah, you is a hoe (Yeah), you is a hoe and your partner's a hoe (They know it)
I get the money, you know it (You know it)
I got the racks, too much money to show it (Show it)
I got the money to blow, I spend this money, they spinnin' your folks (Your folks)
I got no type of heart (Uh-
uh), no type of heart, and ice on my chain (My chain)
I got that ice on my chain (Yeah), you touchin' this chain, we touchin' your brain (Bah)

Snatch a motherfucker face off (Yeah), yeah, just like his pocket (Cash)
I'm on the bullshit, let me in the industry, but they scared 'cause I'm really 'bout it ('Bout it)
These niggas pussy, I'm real (Yeah), these niggas hoes, I ain't (I ain't)
I'm gettin' money out the street, money out the rap, money in the bank (Word)
I do the shit they can't (They can't, nigga)
I do the shit they wanna do (Rich slime)
I be shootin', they ain't shootin' (Nah)
I got shooters that'll shoot too (Yeah)
I was a shooter before I had shooters, I keep a Glock, no ruler (No ruler)
I'm a teacher in these streets, pussy nigga, y'all niggas just some tutors (Tutors)
Y'all niggas just some wannabes (Wannabes)
I'm a big dog, yeah (Yeah)
I'm a real nigga, you wanna be (Real one)
I'm a real nigga, you can't be (Yeah)
I get money that you can't see (Can't see)
Bankroll, man, it's too large (Too large)
Too much money, man, it can't fold (Can't fold)
Show too much of her a-hole (Word)
Yeah, yeah, dope boy went gold, but a rap ain't went gold (Nah)
Give a fuck 'bout shit, so (Shit, so)
I'm in the trap tryna get his soul (Yeah)
Nigga hatin' 'cause I been on (Been on)
Zone 6, nigga, puttin' on (Put on)
Put on, or, nigga, put down (Put down)
Get down, nigga, lay down (Lay down)

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Everywhere I go, got a yotta, drankin' on lean out the bottle
Fuckin' on a IG model, beat her pussy like a pinata
Ice on clear like water, yeah, playin' in the field, no soccer, yeah
Get you stepped on for a dollar, yeah, stand too close, I'ma pop you, yeah
Link with the bros, we the mafia, kick down the door in designer gear
Spin through the block and get outta there (Brr)
Push up in a coupe, let a mop in here
I swap out and hop out and jump in a double-
R tall as a model [?] (Tall as a model [?])
Got shooters on shooters on shooters on shooters, it's a whole lot of 'em (W
hole lot of 'em, Pluto)

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