

# Trap Bars

Young Scooter

[Intro: Young Scooter]

Cornell (Haha)

Black Migo Gang

You dig? True story

[Verse 1: Young Scooter]

Mask on, move low, creep silent

I promote bricks, I don't promote violence

Bitch, I'm from the 6, the king of pulling tricks

Black Amigo pay like twenty bitches' rent

Your baby mom included, yeah, she love Scooter

You right, I ain't gon' do it, I pay like twenty shooters

That's if they cross me, they'll kill 'em softly

Lately, I been kickin' shit like Bruce Lee

Won't do a show for less than twenty, don't approach me

You fake rappin' ass niggas never seen the streets

I gave you niggas a lot of lingo, you should thank Street

My opp went to prison, I got him shanked every week

Real talk, nigga, I never touched a boy

Boss shit, I made your bitch snort a line with Roy

I raised myself in the bricks, grew up a hustler

Zone 6 drug lord, got all the customers

[Interlude: Young Scooter]

Jugg, haha

Black Migo Gang, YSL, you dig? Yeah

We came a long way from Section 8, nigga, haha

Got slime in this bitch with me, you dig?

Count up

[Verse 2: VL Deck]

Whip a Nascar, tell 'em shoot a hundred round (Round)

VVS's on my neck, plus my bustdown (Aw yeah)

Mix the codeine with the Fanta, watch it turn brown (Brown)

Cavalli on the daily, lookin' like I'm sponsored by 'em (Go)

Lifestyle turnt, 'member nights of sellin' white (Yeah)

Ridin' in this new whip, clutchin' on my loaded pipe

I don't wanna serve you, heard you in black and white (Huh?)

Yeah, I'm out the trap but my gesture and my pocket right

Let me take you to the trap, bust a bale, clutch a strap

Bricks came saran wrapped, yeah, we with all of that (What else?)

Now I hit a button, and on the roof, the top fall back (Robot)

California blue face, copped it all for gas, jack

Came in focused, don't you be the one to send me back

And half of y'all my sons, how you hate the one that showed you that?

Bitch, you know I stomp for real, still active, I'ma handle that

Put signs by the chief, now they takin' hits for just a stack

[Verse 3: Young Thug]

Drop a kilo on your head (Whole thing)

Told him to call me when he dead

Nigga said, "We rollin' up in fifteen minutes," he was scared (Hah)

I got an ol' weak ass bitch tryna suck my dick way direct (Hold on, lil' bitch)

Ever since the first body, I been like, "Next, next" (Next)

Best believe I get respected, I'm the chef (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

I was just thinkin' like Chi-Town and he ran (Woo)

Percocets and Xans, crunch it up like candy (Like candy)  
I put twenty birds in the coupe, you can call me pigeon, nigga (Brr)  
I got a young crew out the zoo, you can believe they lickin', nigga (Slatt,  
let's go)  
If he cross me, we kill him softly (Shh)  
Twenty-two dollars just hit at the head, it sound like it's coughin' (Uh-uh-  
uh)  
I wrap some water around my wrist like I'm a dolphin (Like I'm a dolphin)  
I got some green diamonds like piss, ridin' down Slauson (Ridin' down skrrt)  
I got a tall bitch named Kate, I'm 'bout to slice her (Let's go)  
Soon as I f\*cked her, I passed her to Pimp 'cause I don't wife her (Yeah)