

Trap Museum

Young Scooter

[Young Scooter:]
(Chophouze on the track)
Jugg, haha
Black Migo Marc in this bitch, you dig?
Day one nigga
You know I grew up 'round hustlers, nigga
Haha, real dope boy

They count me out, I'm right back in they face
You was rappin', I was dodgin' case
Makin' juggs, tryna fill the safe
Applying pressure like my DJ
Trap runnin' circles like a relay
I tote my own packs on that E-way
Half these rappers you hear today, I gave these niggas lane
But I can't rap about it all, it's too much to explain
I'm in the trap museum, I made the trap hall of fame
BMFBG and YSL, you know it's all the same
Scooter rap, but Street'll take your chain
Can't trust these hoes 'cause it's a dirty game

[Lil Keed:]
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Keed, talk to 'em)
I'm tryna count this money (This money)
Shit, that's on the daily (No cap)
We in that big boy Wraith (Skrrt)
Tell 'em we goin' to space (Let's go)
After we hit your ho (Let's go)
Now I'ma go and erase
Gucci with my Timbs (Yeah)
Yeah, I stay drip updated (Let's go)
Niggas ain't see me, need Visine (Visine)
We sendin' shots 'bout these diamonds (Brrt)
Better not stop at no red light, dawg
Know that these bullets, they flying (Skrrt)
Nigga know Bleveland a jungle (Woo)
Snakes I be with, they so giant (Slatt)
I stayed down and stayed humble (Humble)
Now these pants swole like horizons (Let's go)
Just like a pool, I'ma dive in (Woo)
These niggas food so we dinin' (Woo)
Walk in and changin' the climate
She tell me she love me, she lyin' (Okay, let's go)
Yeah (Okay, let's go)
What that tell you 'bout yourself? (Kill yourself)
Double CC on these belts
We gon' eat good, don't need no chef (Woohoo)
Nigga that play with these slimes might as well just kill hisself
Uh, uh, uh
Might as well bury hisself (Slime)
Yeah (Okay), I'm with Scooter (Okay, shit)
The Glock that we tote hold a ruler (Frr)
We snatchin' your chain, f*ck your jeweler (Yeah)

[Young Scooter:]
They count me out, I'm right back in they face
You was rappin', I was dodgin' case

Makin' juggs, tryna fill the safe
Applying pressure like my DJ
Trap runnin' circles like a relay
I tote my own packs on that E-way
Half these rappers you hear today, I gave these niggas lane
But I can't rap about it all, it's too much to explain
I'm in the trap museum, I made the trap hall of fame
BMF&B&G and YSL, you know it's all the same
Scooter rap, but Street'll take your chain
Can't trust these hoes 'cause it's a dirty game

I sold more pounds than these niggas sold albums
Never dropped an album, in the trap, I went platinum
I'm geekin', trippin' right now, man, I went diamond
Gave you niggas the recipe, Trap Hero perfect timin'
I'm so bossed up in Zone 6, I made myself a target
Black Migo known off in these streets for prices low like Target
Get a nigga knocked down, I pull up like White Chicks
A cocaine distributor, house full of white chicks
I'm with Keed
In every spot I got at least a hundred pounds of weed
All my cars push-start, came a long way from keys
See more keys than Alicia, goin' up to thirty-three
Goin' up on the prices, niggas tellin' too much
Keed, talk to these niggas, tell 'em shut the f*ck up
How you snitch on your right hand? Niggas quick to switch up
Nigga thinkin' 'bout that bitch, but she already been f*cked, Street

They count me out, I'm right back in they face
You was rappin', I was dodgin' case
Makin' juggs, tryna fill the safe
Applying pressure like my DJ
Trap runnin' circles like a relay
I tote my own packs on that E-way
Half these rappers you hear today, I gave these niggas lane
But I can't rap about it all, it's too much to explain
I'm in the trap museum, I made the trap hall of fame
BMF&B&G and YSL, you know it's all the same
Scooter rap, but Street'll take your chain
Can't trust these hoes 'cause it's a dirty game