

# 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)

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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

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