

Trap Queen (feat. Quavo & Gucci Mane)

Fetty Wap

Remy Boyz, yeaahhhh
1738I'm like "Hey, what's up? Hello"
Seen yo pretty ass soon as you came in the door
I just wanna chill, got a sack for us to roll
Married to the money, introduced her to my stove
Showed her how to whip it, now she remixin' for low
She my trap queen, let her hit the bando
We be countin' up, watch how far them bands go
We just set a goal, talkin' matchin' Lambos
At 56 a gram, 5 a 100 grams though
Man, I swear I love her how she work the damn pole
Hit the strip club, we be letting bands go
Everybody hating, we just call them fans though
In love with the money, I ain't never lettin' go
And I get high with my baby
I just left the mall, I'm gettin' fly with my baby, yeah
And I can ride with my baby
I be in the kitchen cookin' pies with my baby, yeah
And I can ride with my baby
I just left the mall, I'm gettin' fly with my baby, yeah
And I can ride with my baby
I be in the kitchen cookin' pies with my baby I hit the strip with my trap queen cause all we
know is bands
I just might snatch up a 'Rari and buy my boo a Lamb'
I might just snatch her a necklace, drop a couple on a ring
She ain't wantin' for nothin' because I got her everything
It's big ZooWap from the bando, remind me where I can't go
Remy Boyz got the stamp, though
Count up hella them bands though
Boy how far can your bands go?
Fetty Wap I'm livin' fifty thousand
K how I stand though, if you checkin' for my pockets I'm like
And I get high with my baby
I just left the mall, I'm gettin' fly with my baby, yeah
And I can ride with my baby
I be in the kitchen cookin' pies with my baby, yeah
And I can ride with my baby
I just left the mall, I'm gettin' fly with my baby, yeah
And I can ride with my baby
I be in the kitchen cookin' pies with my baby I'm like "hey, what's up, hello"
Seen yo pretty ass soon as you came in the door
I just wanna chill, got a sack for us to roll

Married to the money, introduced her to my stove
Showed her how to whip it, now she remixin' for low
She my trap queen, let her hit the bando
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Man, I swear I love her how she work the damn pole
Hit the strip club, we be letting bands go
Everybody hating, we just call them fans though
In love with the money, I ain't never lettin' go I be smokin' dope and you know Backwoods what
I roll

Remy Boyz, Fetty eating shit up that's fasho
I'll run in ya house, then I'll fuck your ho
Cause Remy Boyz or nothin', Re-Re-Remy Boyz or nothin' (She my trap queen)
Yeah, you hear my boy
(She my trap queen)
Soundin' like a zillion bucks on the track
(She my trap queen)
I got whatever on my boy, whatever
(And I get high with my baby)
Put your money where your mouth is
Money on the wood make the game go good
Money out of sight cause fights
Put up or shut up, huh?
Nitt Da Gritt, RGF Productions
(ZooWap)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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