

Trap Trap Trap (feat. Young Thug & Wale)

Rick Ross

Beep
Beep
I'm sittin' at the red light
My ankle monitor beepin'
Hadn't been charged
I think I see the beeper
Bounce I took my roof off at the red light
I took my roof off at the red light
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
Brown bag legend 'cause it's all cash
Brown bag legend when it's all cash
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
First one on the block, woah
I need mine off the top, uh
Over town, he got shot
Muddy died in Opa-locka
Couldn't save one lung
Hit 'em up, hmm, hmm
See the look on my face (woo!)
Like Carol City one state
Niggas hate on my sound
'Til I went the first round
Then I earned the Lombardi
Ain't no fuckboys allowed
Only fuck if she exclusive
Her favorite rapper Lil Boosie
To tell the truth I didn't ask
When it come to bitches I'm Gucci
I'm the wrong one to rob
In the jungle I'm Nas
In the label I'm Russ
In the trap I'm Rick Ross
Double M, Goldman Sachs
Just like Omar and Khloe
You can't dial for the packs
I sent you right back loaded
I took my roof off at the red light
I took my roof off at the red light
I took my roof off at the red light
Roof off at the red light

Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
Trap, trap
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
Trap, trap, trap, trap, sheesh
Brown bag legend 'cause it's all cash
Brown bag legend when it's all cash
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap I was tryna bet the whole map, Vegas, stay in the trap
Niggas talkin' 'bout raidin' the trap
Man I'm 'bout to go ape in the trap (nigga goin' ape shit)
Nigga watch your babies in the trap
Nigga cook a whole base in the trap
Young nigga slave in the trap
Nigga run base, base in the trap
I'm 'bout to get this shit movin', yeah
Answer the door with the Woolie, yeah
Wrist in the water, I need me a boat
I'm 'bout to get this shit cruisin', yeah
Stand at the store 'til you're woozy, woozy
Let's make a movie, movie, yeah
Movie, movie, movie
Bitch I'm richer than Tom Cruise, yeah
So many different meds on me
Fuck around, call the fed on me
Boom boom boom your head, homie
Draco got a lot of lead on it
You dead I took my roof off at the red light
I took my roof off at the red light
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
Brown bag legend 'cause it's all cash
Brown bag legend when it's all cash
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap Wale though
I ain't nothin' like the trap niggas
Goyard backpack nigga
Uber crates 'til the feds pull up
Woo woo, cataracts, nigga
I'm the type, holla at the wife
Her body yours, but her soul is mine
Adios, do a hundred 20
All she want is good dick and advice
Wraith, scrappin' my tires
Jameson 'til I'm fried
Famous here but I'm humble
Double M the Empire
Renzel got me all day
Kyrie, he LeBron James
Tired niggas say Folarin ain't top SportsCenter every day

I ain't nothin' like them trap guys
I mean I kinda do bag dimes
I kinda never do back down
Leave a nigga high via rap lines
Get a beat, leave it baptized
Mob ties, but it's black lives
Black lives, nigga, trap lives
Gimme five on the black side I took my roof off at the red light
I took my roof off at the red light
I took my roof off at the red light
Roof off at the red light
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
Trap, trap
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
Trap, trap, trap, trap, sheesh
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Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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