

# Traphandz (feat. Yo Gotti & 2 Chainz)

## Bun B

Trap hands, trap hands, yes Trap hands, hallelujah  
I run this shit, Rick The Rules  
I'm gettin' bitches, stackin' mula  
Trap hands, hallelujah  
Trap hands, hallelujah  
I run this shit, Rick The Ruler  
I'm gettin' bitches, stackin' mula  
Trap hands, hallelujah  
Trap hands, hallelujah  
I run this shit, Rick The Ruler  
I'm gettin' bitches, stackin' mula  
Trap hands, hallelujah

What's up my G? You must be new up in the trap  
So let me tell you how they do up in the trap  
They rep the south and bang that Screw up in the trap  
And they gon' sip more than a mothafuckin' two up in the trap  
You see them boys is comin' down up in the trap  
They poppin' trunk, bangin' surround up in the trap  
They got them bricks and got them pounds up in the trap  
Don't fuck around because them boys'll lay you down up in the trap  
You see I'm from the trap, and I done done the trap  
And boy when I was in the trap I used to run the trap  
And just 'cause you from the hood don't mean you from the trap  
But if you are then put them trap hands up and thunder clap  
Trap hands, hallelujah  
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I'm gettin' bitches, stackin' mula  
Trap hands, hallelujah  
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I run this shit, Rick The Ruler  
I'm gettin' bitches, stackin' mula  
Trap hands, hallelujah I am!  
Everything I touch, it turn to gold  
Built my whole career in front of the stove  
Duckin' DA and FBI while I was sellin' O's  
Nothin' but mini choppers, Dracos and extendos at my shows (yeah)  
I'm a gangsta and I rap for gangstas, this that gangsta shit  
Took my rap check,  
went and bought some bricks, that's that hustlin' shit  
Yeah, that's that hustlin' shit, yeah, you on some sucka shit  
Yeah, they don't benefit, yeah, I can't fuck with it  
I used to cook up in the trap, write my verses in the trap

You get nervous in the trap 'cause you ain't 'bout it, they just cap  
Fuckin' bitches in the trap, I'm from the trenches and the trap  
Killin' rats so all snitches come up missin' in the trap Trap hands, hallelujah

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I run this shit, Rick The Ruler

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Trap hands, hallelujah What's up Bun? UGK for life

2 Chainz!

I barely made the flight from here to Gangsta Paradise

To rearview mirror pair of dice to Benihana extra rice

I make them clap their hands when I fill up arenas

Had a felony before the misdemeanor, make 'em kiss the ring-a (true)

I had a handkerchief filled with dirty snot

Had a dirty Glock, cowards killed my partna in the parkin' lot

All they did was watch, them folks call the cops

Yeah I'm from the trap, from the corner lot

Mud in the soda pop

Came up out the mud, I was 'posed to rot

Then I switched it up, started snappin' like a photo op'

Terminator, Robocop, elevate the muscle car

Got a foreign broad just to match with the foreign car Trap hands, hallelujah

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Trap hands, hallelujah

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

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