

D4L, Trap Money

[Gucci Mane: talking]

I got trap money dawg,
Real talk, real spit like,
I aint even gotta rap.
I'm good nigga,
I make hits nigga.

Now da word on da street I work for a mil od da low nigga.
Shawty Lo in this mutha fucka wit me nigga,westside to zone 6 nigga,
Dats wats happenin nigga.

[Verse 1: Gucci Mane]

Ey mane you wanna rock gucci then that means you wanna die,
Soon as you shop wit Shawty Lo, tell me what you wanna buy.
I'm a rapper, slash trapper, and my lyrics so fye,
Every time tha drop come, throw my prices so high.

Give some work to my dawg, told em take it round thurr,
Soon as you get dat cake, bring it right back here.
I got trap money baby, I sell cris, not beers,
I got trap money baby, you can check my ears.

Half a mil for a deal homie why you sign that?
Where I had to cop that gola, they will neva find that.
Mix the yay with the soda, it come back to good use,
Wife beater on shawty, just to show my tattos.

I'm a zone 6 rapper, cash mil thats flat,
I aint talkin to you nigga, less u want a tic-tac.
Give some work to my dawg, he gone bring dat money back,
if i front a 100 pounds, he gone bring a 100 stacks.

[chorus:]

I got trap money [x3]
20 for a show, but it's really rap money
20 for a hole, and it's really trap money
[x1]

[Verse 2: Gucci Mane]

I'm ridin biggo, we be talkin real illego,
I be like 500 taco homes, 75 burritos
When I talk to my rocksta, be like where da bubaglot?
Twenty thousand pounds, we might bring dat to my trap spot

A Chinese plug wit dem pills, no lie,
Every time I shop wit him he like hurry up and buy.
Gotta rush wit my shoppin cause I really don't curre
Got a work and a deal, shawty under control.

Got a couple niggas buyin and he want a big part,
Hustle our melakim, melakim hustle us.
Got a groupie nigga buyin and he really can't walk,
And anotha nigga buyin and he really can't talk.

You might think that shit funny but I'm not a comedian,
Wanna-be trappers seem to lack da ingredients.
Gucci Mane and Shawty Lo, we pushin weight nigga,
I got trap money nigga, I'm a heavy cake nigga

[chorus]

[Verse 3: Shawty Lo]

I'm at da base, and Gucci at da trp house,
I'm in da kitchen and dat shit smellin real loud.
And I aint use nothin but a lil soda,

A lil water and it jumped back ova

30 minutes, thirty grand,
I'll bake dem cakes, I'm da baker's man.
I'll sell more shoes than baker's man,
I'll blow hundreds of grand and baker's man.
I got trap money, I got rap money,
And I don't rap, I connects da spits,
Do what I want, talk, blow on these
da blow taught me so I'ma teach da streets

[chorus]