

Fetty Wap, Trap Queen

I'm like, "Hey, what's up? Hello."

Seen your pretty ass soon as you came in that 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
Got 50, 60 grand, five hundred 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 ever letting go

And I get high with my baby
I just left the mall, I'm getting fly with my baby, yeah
And I can ride with my baby
I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeah
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I'm like, "Hey, what's up? Hello."

I hit the strip with my trap queen 'cause all we know is bands
I just might snatch a 'Rari and buy my boo a Lamb'
I just might snatch her a necklace, drop a couple on a ring
She ain't wanting for nothin' because I got her everything
It's big Zoo Wap from the bando, without dinero can't go
Remy boys got the stamp, count up hella them bands though
How far can your bands go?
Fetty Wap I'm living fifty thousand K how I stand though
If you checking for my pockets I'm like

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I be smoking dope and you know Backwoods what I roll
Remy Boy, Fetty eating shit up that's fasho
I'll run in ya house, then I'll fuck your hoe
'Cause Remy Boyz or nothing, Re-Re-Remy Boyz or nothing

Yeah, you hear my boy
Sounding like a zillion bucks on a track
I got whatever on my boy, whatever
Put your money where your mouth is
Money on the wood make the game go good
Money outta sight cause fights
Put up or shut up!
Eee! Nittdagrit
RGF productions