

# A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie, Booby Trap

Uh, uh  
Uh, uh  
Yeah, look (Ayy)

Making up my mind, I need two hoes at a time  
Then I told her ass, "Forget it", cause I seen that shit on Reddit  
I ain't got no time to ball  
All my broskies keep a mop  
And I keep one right beside me, got to Elliot a lot  
My heart cold as a brick, I call London for the hit  
I treat Booby Trap like Starlets, hunnid thousand on a car  
Got Chanel purse on my joggers, I don't even need a stylist  
Huh, yeah, okay-okay

Call the bank, pull up the Brink's  
Might buy you a cuban, I ain't got no time to link up  
Yeah, got "C Michaels" on my tee  
Quarter million dollars, I got something on my sleeve  
Used to call up darlin', now I go to Starlets  
When I wanna clear my mind, throw two hundred at a time  
Used to be in projects, now I'm making projects  
Used to be in the PJ's, now I'm stuck to the PJ

I can tell what's on your mind, Illuminati, got three eyes  
If I pull up with my guys, we ain't coming here to fight  
Word to mother we gon' win, you know London, that's my twin  
I keep Jeffery on my mind, free Thugger, that's my slime  
Free V12 and Montana, out the mother fuckin'-  
You know I've been bangin' since Santana, used to rock them bandanas  
To the side, baby, talk to me nice  
Book a flight, if you don't let me hit, I'm sending you back, night  
I'm in Miami, come to Booby Trap, I'm throwing a bag night  
The way she took my soul, It's like she's trying to make a sacrifice  
In the day time, diamonds bussin' like a disco ball  
We bring the lights out, hoodie on, I'm feelin' like a thief at night

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