

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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