

Rich The Kid, Trap House Jumpin' Like Jordan (R

Got the trap house like Jordan
Pull up in a brand new foreign
300 on the dash and I paid straight cash
Take off on you niggas Jeff Gordon
AP, it cost me 50
Model ho yeah she with me
Livin' life like I'm Diddy
In the Kitchen with Whitney
Got the trap house jumpin' like Jordan
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AP, it cost me 50
Model ho yeah she with me
Living life like I'm Diddy
In the Kitchen with Whitney

Got the trap house jumpin' like Kobe
Cashed out, hundred K on a Rollie
You ain't one of me, nigga, don't talk to me, nigga
I'm a real ass nigga, you phony
In the kitchen whippin' up them babies
Make the Pyrex trap go crazy
Young nigga got money, young nigga got work
Young nigga got crack like the 80s
I'm winnin', I'm winnin', I'm dunkin', I'm dunkin'
I'm Jordan, you're not even Kobe
In the kitchen with a Pyrex pot
Where the whippin' in the pot too hot
Drinkin' lean, out the bottle
In the Aston Martin foreign with a model
Twenty racks on me, got tats on me
In the bed with six hoes like two times three

Trap house jumping like Jordan
AK shooting like bird
Row so hot I won't buy, break 33 like Bird
Fell out with my Js, I'm a true champ like Wade
I'm a true champ like LeBron
I don't got war without a gun
Got molly, got kush, I got pills, I got keys
And I feel like I'm running the town
My tide go up and down
My wrist go round and round
I fuck with plugs, no sockets
I look for them drugs, narcotics
The money ain't right, them grams ain't either
So nigga you just need to stop it

Trap house jumping like Jordan
Got that good dick and I'm scoring
I made 10 mill off of touring
I charge 50 for a chorus
And your bitch is coming with me
My nigga, my nigga, my nigga
I be the hottest out my city
My nigga, my nigga, my nigga
Trap house jumping like Drexler
That's Clyde nigga, that's high nigga
My nigga, I'm a fucking planet, you a star nigga
Motherfucking rock stars, hottest niggas by far
Rari sitting low, but higher than a top floor

Trap house jumping like Jordan

Two cribs, two foreign
Bitch you from out of the country
I flew that ho in from Florence
Trap house jumping like Spudd
Work it, jump out of the gym
Mac black on that rari
Forgiato on the rim
Trap house jumping like Stackhouse
Your bitch crib is my crack house
Pin that ho down, she tap out
Them drawers dropping like Pacquiao
Trap house jumping every day
We came up off of that yay
They ask if I'm a real coke boy
I tell em yay yay