

# T.I., Trap Muzik

(feat. Mac Boney)

This a trap  
This aint no album  
This aint no game  
This a trap (trap muzik)  
[Repeat 8x]

[1st Verse]

Welcome back to the trap  
Niggas back in the trap  
Wit another heavy chevy  
Big dope boys and trap  
All you rap niggas role out  
I trap when it's cold out  
Whack niggas flyin  
But I stay down to I'm sold out  
Cause down a hundred ground  
Like a rapping in a dope house  
Man wherever I be  
The feds got me scoped out  
Mother fucker let my nuts hang  
Block out the duc canes  
Cook it to it bubbles  
Double fast as a mustang  
I know you think you fuck man  
But little showty tuff man  
Been a long time  
Since a nigg from Alanta  
Spit this nuts game  
Thats a very few of real niggas  
So how could they give nigga  
The feelin that a real nigga  
Would get around a real nigga  
All they do is still niggas ideas  
And rhythm wit em  
Holla sumthin similar  
Talking bout the hood  
Like they hung in em  
I got a million rhythms  
Want em come get em  
What bitch you pussy nigga  
I'm just havin fun wit em  
[chorus repeat 8x]

[verse 2]

Still telling niggas  
I aint wholing I aint crolling  
When the 12 hit the corner  
I aint brolling I aint rolling  
Keep the coat stretch out  
Like Carl Louis Hamstring  
Stepped on like I'm working  
With the damn thing  
Drible baby aint seen  
What I do to a ounce of doe  
A whip man on my pager  
Like I pay you folks  
To whip somemoore  
I'm dooper than the fluid cellur  
I flip it all up by myself  
I give my niggas recipes  
So they can turn to sumthin else  
They love to work

That's why I keep em comin  
Like conlasons plate  
We flip the cake  
We move this shit from Georgia  
Baby state to state  
Attemadate  
Niggas in the city  
Who've been moving weight  
Nobody loosing weight  
They fuck with us  
Cause you've been known to hate  
Demonstrate  
The way we turned the trout  
Out in '98  
Sarted out in '95  
Started out with nicks and dimes  
Niggas you done lost your mind  
Thinking you could set up shop  
Pimpin I respect the game  
Lets take this to another block  
[chorus repeat 8x]  
[outro talk]

[outro verse]  
Pimp squad  
Showty still in the trap  
When I spot a scene hot  
With the man name Jon  
And the collad green pot  
On alot of straight hen  
And alot of green pot  
Compaton in a range  
Like he gotta be stop  
Well maybe I will be  
But probably not  
Oh what the blood cloak  
You try to knock em out and he sock  
Listen to me I'm serious  
Thinkin how did he not  
End up way up  
On the top of Detroit  
If come where I was  
You gotta be pop  
And if you really want to pop  
And I rather be dropped  
Listen pops  
Want to know a little more  
About rap  
Firts rule this is real  
It aint just a record deal  
Its a trap  
[music continues]  
[music fades]