

Gotta Stay Strapped

Juicy J

Yes I'm smoking weed always pussy
Let's go
I'm ridin with that package so I gotta stay strapped
Yes sir
I ain't tryna catch that pack so I gotta stay strapped
No sir
With two nines to your chest, we gon call you Warren
Sapp
For you rats that's tryna take cheese from the trap
I'm ridin with that package so I gotta stay strapped
Ride
I ain't tryna catch that pack so I gotta stay strapped
No Sir
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Doping and whipping, a groupie hoe on my dick
These hoes ain't in love with me, they in love with my
chips
No seat belt is strapped, but I gotta strap in my lap
Got rats comin for my cheese they gonna run across my
trap
Money on your head but you ain't gonna need a cap
Put your ass to sleep, take a permanent nap
I got plenty of tools, but I don't play with them
I go to sleep with all my bitches, yeah I lay with them
Homie I'm always strapped, like a green marine
In my cup I got that lean, that's that drink
Some of my niggas trappers, some of them crooks
If you think we ain't bout to bust, you dumb as you
look

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Got nine shots now Warren Sapp
All the heroine on my block, got junkies runnin laps
We ridin round with that strap, nigga checkin traps
All these bright eyed ass niggas eatin, so we fittin
snap
You gettin money, so we take yo money
Don't be lookin funny, gon spill ya onioin
Start runnin, hear that thang hummin, when you hear
that thang hummin

Niggas start runnin
Ain't gon chase ya, but I'm gon get ya
Ya homeboys, they goin with ya
It's a reaction, malt liquor
Young niggas, hair triggers
Cold blood, laid his ass out
All the lil niggas on the 150, they the ones that had
to clout
We the ones that had to go hard, and lay niggas head in
lap
On the rap
It's time to take the cheese from the trap

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I'm after the cheese, after the green, call it trap
Kermit
Straight hoppin, pistol poppin, we ain't got no permits
Been up in here for four / five days, call me hood
Hermit
Can't show no bread like Lenny on good times, had to
burn him
Now it's gonna learn him, you pancake niggas mouths
flippin
Banana chopper turn your niggas cherries into banana
splits
Gettin head like a fitted cap, from yo baby moms
Nigga mad, now he wanna do a pimp bodily harm
Project want [?], double barrel in your face
I'm on some rubber band business, Juicy J
Automatic guns, paper sacks, full of presidents
Every shell wiped off, I ain't leavin evidence

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