

Trap Money

Flame

Trap money good but the wrath only pillin'

He say he paid the cost
To be the boss
He want that new Bent
Top off
He say he burn the block hot sause
He say the world is his but look at what it cost
See his daddy was a dope boy
Uncle was a dope boy/brother was a dope boy
Sister was a dope girl
Cousin was a dope boy
Only thing that he new was dope boy
Now everybody that I named in jail or dead
It's like the devil putting that money on they head

See the trap money good
But the wrath is pillin' you and God got beef
You don't want them problems
Cause why we getting fast that money good
But believe me it won't help you when they put you in that wood
Boy

Back in the day I had a lot of pay
But then I got saved
Took a pay cut by the way I'm still blessed
Money can solve some problems but if you on the wrong side of when
He crack that sky it's gonna be grotesque
It's gonna be a hot mess
Surrounded by dead flesh eternally hopeless
You better listen to the sound of the Holy Ghost stumping bumping jumping up
in your chest
That money won't last it'll pass like gas
It'll fade like grass fast
Whiplash in your face like car crash
If you keep on living in darkness
Homeboy I know you ain't heartless
Rick Ross done fed you that garbage
This is not a dis
This is just a word for the dope boy trapping and rapping dealing with life
challenges
All I'm trying to tell them is
They can be better then they can be better men
Lawyers doctors high school letter men
Why are you settling for the same thing locked up your partner them
Why would you follow them why would you model them
They ain't did nothing but fail
Jesus Christ I pray you follow him

I see you in these streets
Out here trying to get it
You never sleep trying to triple your diggets
I know your model is money over everything
Mr. Ice Cream man moving hurricane
You got that trap money got you feeling hood rich
Got you feeling good with
Racks on racks and hood chicks

But after that you could get
Caught up with some Fed time
Or God forbid they hit the kid with rad-di-tat tat bed time
Or worst than that you keep trapping
Oscar winner keep acting
Like you don't hear the LORD calling one day He's gon' reek havoc
Ask the real Rick Ross
All that money can get lost
God's gon' ask how you respond to His Son on a bloody cross