

# Traphouse

Fredo Santana

Fuck her 9 to 5, I be in the trap house  
Pockets so fat, don't make me bring them racks out  
.30's with the tecs out, nigga you get stretched out  
I don't need no job, I be in the traphouse  
I be in the trap house, I be in the trap house, fuck her 9 to 5  
, I be in the trap house  
I be in the trap house, I be in the trap house, I don't need no  
job, I be in the trap house

My neighbors hate me, well I don't give a damn  
Cause I be in the trap, sellin' hard movin' grams  
I got that fuckin' work and I'm textin' Uncle Sam  
Yo bitch in love with me, cause I'm a hood nigga  
Robbin' me shit, I wish you would nigga  
Countin' all this money, you wish you could nigga  
A real street nigga get that understood nigga  
I'm servin pace no patience, this drug money contain it  
A snitch nigga I hate it, real nigga can't fake it  
Yo bitch see me I take her, I tip the bitch like a waitress  
Don't fuck with niggas they haters, You keep the bitch she basi  
c  
I switch hoes like I switch clothes, I put up on my 24  
My cars filled with coke, My shoe I fill with dope  
I don't chase after no hoes, got shooters trained to blow  
They kill a nigga for that dough, couple bricks on the road  
You scared nigga go to church, you scared nigga go to church

[Hook]