

# Trap House

French Montana

You know my sneakers foreign nigga (Juheard!)  
Yeah, bigger than life

Cookin' up  
Big money poppin' boy  
Cookin' up  
Cookin' up

They talking bout me in the trap house  
They asking bout me in the trap house  
They talking bout me in the trap house  
They asking bout me in the trap house  
What the business is, stay up out of mine  
What the business is, stay up out of mine  
They talking bout me in the trap house  
They asking bout me in the trap house  
Trap house, trap house

Niggas mad that I went and got my visa  
Thirty on my wrist, had to roll my sleeve up  
Damn right we rock it, damn right we cop it  
Fly cars we whipping, the fuck boys be plotting  
Purple Jolly Ranchers, chain couple advances  
Wrist and watch ring, blue and white like Kansas  
Right side turn wheel, talk kush? We burn fields  
Swore I seen the devil on my first meal  
Had to kill the watch, nigga, time served  
I'm talking 9,000 watts, nigga, you ain't heard?

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You know my wardrobe foreign nigga  
You know my watch foreign nigga

I talk money, some say I speak foreign  
Whip foreign, watch foreign, bitch foreign  
Told her to dance, and that bitch kept going  
Cake, cake, cake, cake, just throw it  
I'm a boss, motherfucker  
Pull up to the club just to floss, motherfucker  
On the salt, motherfucker  
Rich motherfucker, all the whips foreign  
Take your bitch, motherfucker  
Suck a dick, motherfucker  
I'm the shit, motherfucker, time to get up off the toilet  
This is it, motherfucker, thirty-six, motherfucker  
You a bitch, motherfucker  
All your bitches know it  
Hit a lick, motherfucker, took a brick motherfucker

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They talking bout me in the trap house (Rich Gang)  
They asking bout me in the trap house

Hundred bricks, nigga, like a hundred chips  
Hundred whips, nigga, another hundred clips  
Overseas, nigga, on some hundred shit  
Flip a hundred things, moving on a hundred whips  
All the mils counted, big top fields  
Up top, nigga, doing big deals  
Big chips, nigga, knowing how to kill  
On the field, nigga, do this shit and do it real  
Another flip, nigga  
Stash the cash  
We do this, nothing but some money on me  
Another blast, nigga, pussy  
Curve, swerve, hit 'em with that chopper on me  
Eleven hundred, flipped eleven hundred  
Coke Boys in this bitch, move eleven hundred  
Got them whole things in the sand  
Uptown, filthy rich, rich gang

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Yeah, the hardest part of the business  
Is minding your own  
Walk in the room, all the whispering stops  
But you know, nosy people get in the face  
And real niggas get money  
You feel me?  
You ask about me in the trap house  
Every block  
Baby what up?  
Rozay  
They talkin' bout us in the trap house