

The legendary DJ Scream  
The legendary Gucci Mane  
The young legend DJ Spinz  
And this Trap God 2 nigga

I guess run cool you a game but you just a fuckin lame  
I can put you up on something but you still wouldn't lie or nothing  
You know the game is to be sold man, pull up fore you lames might  
(Can't just give that shit to you nigga)  
I spent half of my life nigga sellin crack cocaine  
(... in this shit nigga)

I'm a victim of the dop game, I don't like the 9-9  
I don't like the main drop, I just like cocaine drop  
All I do is drop top, man I'm so goddamn hot  
If you got a old car then go get a new one  
If you don't got no script go and get yo 2 gun  
Got a bitch so fine with me, she make me wanna do some  
I told her baby call me Mr. Never Ever, you's a kill throwin  
Baby got that slow tone, my trap like a group home  
I'm bad with niggas but I'm good with bitches  
Language of man, sound superstitious  
I like the riches, no pot to piss in  
Three years going I ain't seen no Christmas  
Six months going I ain't seein no drop  
Work do good they don't ever get slow  
Putting bar doors on all my houses  
I'm a put her with all my flows

Talk a bitch, drag a bitch so bad I need a damn cover  
Pill niggas ain't turning shit down but my damn collar  
Police wouldn't let me tryina stand here by my damn collar  
Gucci Mane ain't never graduate but I'm a trap scholar  
Talk a bitch, drag a bitch so bad I need a damn cover  
Pimp, money turnin don't shit but my damn collar  
Police man be chasin, wanna grab me by my damn collar  
Gucci Mane didn't graduate, but guess what, I'm a trap scholar

Hit the club on Clinton Hill but yea I got them 30 dollars  
Drag a bitch so bad I need a goddamn dog collar  
Pull up in 3 Phantoms like I'm crib flow damn dollars  
And if your bitch with me, no need to call, don't even bother  
Limpin, screamin, pimpin, turn my trap to a damn brothel  
Need these pieces on my Charger, tryna dodge every pothole  
You ain't gotta worry bout yo bitch cause yo boys got er  
Said she want some dick, then guess what she gon get a whole lotta  
Nothing but I think I need a goddamn and a rider  
If this Rollie keep it rolling, for Wale I holy moly  
I'm golden, coming gold deep  
Can't remember these fuck niggas homey  
I'm a young nigga but I OG  
I'm bout to turn these to the old me  
And no OC, I could OD cause I drink so much damn codeine  
I'm solo, no codeine  
And these mackin letters of my homey  
Don't bump, I ain't talkin bout mollies  
Have more paint talkin bout coffee

I don't give a damn about you nigga and don't give a damn about the police

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