

# Trap House

Gucci Mane

In the Trap house, In The Trap House, In The Trap House  
Gucci Mane Check It

Choppa on the floor pistol on the coach  
Hood rich so I never had a bank account  
Junkies going in junkies going out  
Made a hundred tho (usand) In My Trap House  
Money kinda short but we can work it out  
Made a hundred tho (usand) In My Trap House  
Bricks going in, Bricks going out  
Made a hundred tho (usand) In My Trap House

I'm tired of selling bricks I wanna go legit  
I wonder can I sell 11 mill like 50 Cent  
Cause platinum ain't enough I got too many vices  
I love to smoke weed love to shoot dices  
Say my life style extravagant I talk cash shit  
Bitches say I'm arrogant well god damn Gucci cockie then  
But at the same time young hoes be jocking slim  
Gucci ain't shit, Bitch I beg your pardon  
I'm independent but I'm balling like a major artist  
I stay high like giraffe pussy In My Trap House  
Smokin' rubber cushie

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Jumped out the whip everybody looking  
Big clouds of smoke but ain't nobody cooking  
(females) (Girl their go Gucci Mane  
I want his autograph 'cause I'm his biggest fan)  
Yellow hummie with the yellow feet  
Yellow diamonds the same color as chedda cheese  
And I'm smoking on that purple shit  
They call me temp service 'cause I'll work a bitch  
Money long like Shaq feet  
Running dough like a sprinter at a track meet  
I heard he got that soft white  
Extended clips make them busters get they mind right

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In my trap house watchin Sports Center  
In the kitchen cooking but I ain't cooking dinner

Splash it with the water whip it make it harder  
17 for 'em the same number as Qunice Carter  
Say I'm working with wit a mill or better  
Married to the game me and ?? live together  
Street smart niggah never listen to the teacher  
You can catch me in the bathroom smoking reefer  
Prices low like Wal-Mart  
Bricks on I-9 get ya shopping cart  
Knee deep in the dope game  
I'm not a farmer but I'm known to push them collard greens

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