

# Trap Talk

Gucci Mane

started out with blood money  
50k in drugs on me  
.....put thugs on me  
just pulled up in the club homey  
we just put my thugs on it  
home boy gettin his mug on  
hey i wanna get my buzz on  
fuck around ill put my gloves on  
say no robbin how i eat  
b.c 32 thats my street  
brick squad runners 10 million deep  
im tryin to sell 10 billion keys  
fuck what a bitch boy say to me  
aka i stay wit me  
mac 99 not far away my dogs dont even play wit me  
in my apartment 80 a piece  
stack a piece 80 g's  
old skool dope rider front  
off set shots 73  
you say he's a traper pleas  
i hang around with a gang of thieves  
they prolly charge 200g's then sell your ass a sak of leaves  
gucci mane fuck up the sound  
dead drunk like my uncle  
touch my brother dood n i'll cock and shoot or cut your throat  
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my cookers made a 50 pack i ran strait threw it  
got numbers in my blow spot my trap house boomin talkin trap talk  
bitch i bet up wit me talkin trap talk  
im still in my trap house aka my blow spot  
got some meny chops and glock no need to keep the door lockd  
bitch im talkin trap talk  
bitch i bet up wit me talkin trap talk  
55 white bricks fronted to me  
23 thous 5hunit a piece  
357 sit on top of the seats  
plus a air 15 aint far from my reach  
got a house on flashore sell nothin but dro  
apartment on the crest ware i get all the blow  
went from pan to preformin to a to the show  
now a 26 a shocks sit up unda the rows  
a nigga thing he playin wit me betta play wit his noise  
put a hole in his chest bout the size of a mole  
i gota j that swing my door n i pay them in coke i got cookers on my team th  
at snort and i pay them in coke  
my cookers made a 50 pack i ran strait threw it  
got numbers in my blow spot my trap house is boomin talkin trap talk  
bitch i bet up wit me talkin trap talk  
im still in my trap house aka my blow spot  
got some meny chops and glock no need to keep the door lockd  
bitch im talkin trap talk  
bitch i bet up wit me talkin trap talk  
theres not no one in the game wit more swagger than this  
i can score wit any ho wit just the flick of my wrist  
diamonds sittin on my finger cost ten brick of the sniff

for this matchin cardia 20 bags of tha pills  
you can talk n say your sick but i aint goin legit  
try n think of the newest murder gonna drop him again  
flow harder than running water  
tatted up like travis barker  
more swag than your baby father  
wrist colder than northan border  
lang gonna get you life in oreder  
squares dont get no likin on  
have my goons out back and slot-er  
fuck around find you stinkin partner  
thesis diamonds in this bitch look like newvo on my fist  
this shits with a twist so i keep a new bitch on my dick  
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