

## Trap Door

Joey Bada\$\$

[Intro:]

I went over to her house on Sunday morning.  
Her moms had just gone to church...

[Hook:]

Drive slow homie, drive slow  
Drive slow homie, drive slow  
Drive slow homie, drive slow  
Shit, my eyes low

[Verse:]

It's only one way this can work out  
Drop down, I'm a give you twenty if you scurred out  
You scurred now, call me the drill sergeant  
Charge in the apartment like a charger compartment  
I'm in the walls now, I'm wired up  
So now the higher up is trying to quiet us, uh  
Smoking on land, lord I light it up  
Just gettin fired up, now she coming like a fire truck  
She threw the towel in, score for me oh for she  
Cause she keep howlin' we showdown like shaolin  
Slow down for an hour then, sink it deep into the shallow end  
How you like beef girl? Keep swallowing  
Your food, I'm following your mood and it's blue and me too  
But I can't lie like I blew this green on you  
I blew it on the purple fume and I know I read your mind, right  
You're bright, you want green of all types like limelight  
Balance is the kiwi fused in the tunes  
Third eye sight, she rodent the car with three blind mice  
They chase cheese and don't think twice  
And for that, some niggas in the cut get sliced, she looking ba  
ck  
Now, cause she ain't met a nigga as real in the back  
Down as shack she throw it back for that, willingly  
She hope I catch children  
But the mag sheilding, in other words I wrap feelings

Yeah Joey that cat killin', villain  
I capture the cat in the trap, a door she sealing  
From sicilians to Miss Millins, to miss missin' [x2]

I keep it lit till I'm burnt out  
Could tell a chick bye look at how she turned out [x4]