

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 back
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]