

Trap Paris

Machine Gun Kelly

Ayy

Woke up in woke up in

Soundin' real godly

Quavo

Sonny rolling grams of wax

Woke up in Paris

Broke all the mirrors (that lean)

Watch me, last night was too turnt

They caught me fucking on camera

I ain't embarrassed

Pull up, back home, flag on, tats out, what the fuck is that 'bout?

I'm home-bred, hometown, been around the world, I'm back now

I'm Mr. Miyagi with wax in the sake

And I'm running the streets to the city like Rocky

Who da champ? Who da champ?

Diamond fangs like a vamp

Where's the package with the stamp?

Bust it open by the Lamb

Roll it up until I cramp

Uh, four rings on my hands, uh

Smoke rings from the grams, uh

Got a lady and a tramp

Bitch I made it from the trap

Gunner

I woke up in Paris

In the bed, with a bad bitch (bad bitch, bad bitch)

First I roll up the lesh

Then I went back for sex

Swear that pussy the wettest

I woke up in Paris

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Made it from the bottom, what you thinking of me? (what you thinking)

I made it from the bottom, what you thinking of me? (what you thinking)

When I was on the bottom, you didn't hang out with me (no way)

Now I got some dollars, they keep hanging with me (yeah)

Take a lot of Molly, that's your fantasy (that's your fantasy)

Pull up with a gang and stop playing with me (stop playing)

You took too much of Coco, it made your nose bleed (trippin)

Too turnt for the bando (too)

Shoot two times through the window (shoot)

Pop one off for the kid though (pop one)

Pop one off the extendo (shoot)

Old money like a Nintendo

Bring it back, this the reload (bring back)

Crips might call it a kilo (crip)

Bloods might call it a bilo (blood)

Put my wrist in a freezer (wrist)

Hit it up, turn it up to beast mode (yeah)

Bitch I made it from the trap (trap)

Whole thang in my lap

Bitch I made it from the trap (trap)

Got your girl in my lap (yeah)
Bitch I made it from the trap (trap)
Got the police running laps (yeah)
Bitch I made it from the trap
Bitch I made it out the trap

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