

Trapstar
Trapstar
Grill in your mouth
Big rims on your car
You know I'm lookin for them
You see me lookin for them
Im always lookin for them
You known Im lookin for them

Im looking for that G boy, G boy
See ya rollin down my street boy, street boy
Oh yeah I need a trapstar, trapstar
Grill in your mouth
Big rims on your car

So fresh so clean
Nikes on his feet
Escalade on 23s
Pockets always deep
So tight so fly
Always wit a bad chick
Three car garage
Straight ballin like its nothin
He be on them hundred spokes and
He be where them boys be smokin
Go head blow ya horn
Baby I got what you want
Shawty we can get it crunk
Boy you know Im looking for them

Love it when he made
Hot wit an attitude
Passion of a thug
I cant wait to make up wit you
Ride for the boy
Die for the boy
I'll even take the stand and lie for the boy