

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