

## Trap Queen

Niykee Heaton

I'm like, "hey, what's up? Hello"  
Seen your pretty ass soon as you stepped in that door  
I just wanna chill, got a sack for us to roll  
Married to the money, introduced her to my stove  
Showed her how to whip it, now she remixin' for low  
She my trap queen, let her hit the bando  
We be countin' up, watch how far them bands go  
We just set a goal, talkin' matchin' Lambos  
Got 50, 60 grand, five one hundred grams though  
Man, I swear I love her how she work the damn pole  
Hit the strip club, we be letting bands go  
Everybody hating, we just call them fans though  
In love with the money, I ain't ever letting go

And I get high with my baby  
I just left the mall I'm getting fly with my baby, yeah-ahh  
And I can ride with my baby  
I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeah-ahh  
[x2]

I'm like "hey, what's up? Hello"  
I know that you saw me soon as I walked in the door  
Say you wanna chill, tell me what you wanna know  
Married to the money I can feel you want it though  
Maybe we can get up out this spot and head home  
I'll be your trap queen if you get rid of them hoes  
We be countin' up, watch how far them bands go  
We can set a goal, talkin' matchin' Lambos  
Every time I ride you know I never ride slow  
Yeah I know you love it when you watch me get low  
Tell me how you want it, I ain't never saying no  
Everybody hating, we just call them fans though  
In love with the money, I ain't never letting go

And I get high with my baby  
I just left the mall I'm getting fly with my baby, yeah-ahh  
And I can ride with my baby  
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And I get high with my baby  
I just left the mall I'm getting pie with me baby, yeah-ahh  
And I can ride with my baby  
I be in the kitchen cooking pies with me baby, yeah-ahh  
I be in the kitchen cooking pies with me baby, yeah-ahh