

Trap Queen

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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

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