

Trap Boom

Three 6 Mafia

I make the trap - BOOM BOOM I got soft, I got hard, I got pills
, I got balls

Rocks under my balls, pistol in my drawers

A bird of blow on the table break quarters and halves off

For those who comin through this ain't Casino but I'm your dealer

Tony Montana, chill like Al Pacino in "Scarface" nigga

The jack boys talk a lot of noise but on the realla

Got killers posted up, e'ry Goldfinger's a trigger

Her-on is so intense, the syrup goin by the ounce

Put the money in my hands, cop your goods, and then you bounce

See I ain't the nigga that was up at five o'clock to sell no rocks

I'm the nigga that was out at midnight to drop off a block

In a tinted out Maxima, they low-key and quick

Snowin out the do' with a glock and a trunk full of bricks

I make the track BOOM BOOM without even touchin it

As for my black {?} I'm just supplyin it

I went to Key West and picked it up, back in Memphis broke it up

Call my nigga in, get our Crist', then we split it up

His dope sales are up, a nigga feelin bellish

His pockets swellin cause e'rything he's sellin

The heat is on the street, my niggaz gettin jealous

The chopper's on the seat to cut you up like relish

The hood ain't changed, got these niggaz still tellin

To lock this nigga up a two-time felon

This boy ain't bullshittin he'll kick in doors and kill 'em

And hide them bodies good that you cain't even smell 'em

He niggarrish and ignorant so FUCK who in your crib

This gangster life he livin it so fuck your wife and kids~!

These janky niggaz on the town I hope they know the biz

To all you federal tattletales, swap out where you live

You know the worst part about sellin dope is 80% of black people in jail

because of drugs, domestic violence and murder

So you should think about that

Get your life together my nigga