

Trap House (feat. Birdman & Rick Ross)

French Montana

You know my sneakers foreign nigga
(Yeah) What you heard?!
Bigger than life
Cookin' up!
Big money poppin' boy
Cookin' up!(Yeah)
Cccccookin' up!They talking bout me in the trap house
They asking bout me in the trap house
They talking bout me in the trap house
They asking bout me in the trap house
What the business is, stay up out of mine
What the business is, stay up out of mine
They talking bout me in the trap house
They asking bout me in the trap house
Niggas mad that I went and got my visa
Thirty on my wrist, had to roll my sleeve up
Damn right we rocking, damn right we copping
Fly cars we whipping, the fuck boys be plotting
Purple Jolly Ranchers, chain couple advances
Wrist and watch blang blue and white like Kansas
Right side turn wheel; Talk kush? We burn fields
Swore I seen the devil on my first meal
Had to kill the watch, nigga -- time served
I'm talking 9, 000 watts, nigga -- you ain't heard?
I talk money, some say I speak foreign
Whip foreign, watch foreign, bitch foreign
Told her to dance, and that bitch kept going
Cake, cake, cake, cake -- just throw it
I'm a boss, motherfucker
Pull up to the club just to floss, motherfucker
On the salt, motherfucker
Rich motherfucker, all the whips foreign
Take your bitch, motherfucker
Suck a dick, motherfucker
I'm the shit, motherfucker -- time to get up off the toilet
This is it, motherfucker; thirty-six, motherfucker
And you a bitch, motherfucker
All your bitches know it
Hit a lick, motherfucker; took a brick, motherfucker
Hundred bricks, nigga, like a hundred chips
Hundred whips, nigga, another hundred clips
Overseas, nigga, on some hundred shit
Flip a hundred things, moving on a hundred whips

All the mils counted, peep how it feels
Up top, nigga, doing big deals
Big chips, nigga, knowing how to kill
On the field, nigga, do this shit and do it real
Another flip, nigga
Stash the cash
We do this, nothing but some money on me
Another blast, nigga -- pussy
Curve, swerve, hit 'em with that chopper on me
Eleven hundred, flipped eleven hundred
Coke Boys in this bitch, move eleven hundred
Got them whole things in the sand
Uptown, filthy rich, rich gang

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>