

Traphouse

Fredo Santana

Fuck her 9 to 5, I be in the trap house
Pockets so fat, don't make me bring them racks out
.30's with the tecs out, nigga you get stretched out
I don't need no job, I be in the traphouse
I be in the trap house, I be in the trap house, fuck her 9 to 5
, I be in the trap house
I be in the trap house, I be in the trap house, I don't need no
job, I be in the trap house

My neighbors hate me, well I don't give a damn
Cause I be in the trap, sellin' hard movin' grams
I got that fuckin' work and I'm textin' Uncle Sam
Yo bitch in love with me, cause I'm a hood nigga
Robbin' me shit, I wish you would nigga
Countin' all this money, you wish you could nigga
A real street nigga get that understood nigga
I'm servin pace no patience, this drug money contain it
A snitch nigga I hate it, real nigga can't fake it
Yo bitch see me I take her, I tip the bitch like a waitress
Don't fuck with niggas they haters, You keep the bitch she basi
c
I switch hoes like I switch clothes, I put up on my 24
My cars filled with coke, My shoe I fill with dope
I don't chase after no hoes, got shooters trained to blow
They kill a nigga for that dough, couple bricks on the road
You scared nigga go to church, you scared nigga go to church

[Hook]