

# Trap House

King Los

Woke up in a trap, fuck is goin' on?  
Man look at my watch, I've been here too long  
It's like they got me chained, they don't want me to leave  
Just trynna feed my fam, but they don't want me to eat

Feel like I'm in a nightmare nigga  
I'm a fuck around and spaz  
All my niggas in the feds  
They was bustin' down them stacks  
I got no choice in the matter and matter of fact see your man  
Gotta man up so man understand I'm a stand up no playin' I'm sayin'  
I get it I get it my nigga, the fuck would you do?  
West side rollin' on your bitchass  
Came up with some East side niggas known to get cash  
Whiplash from the drop-top  
Quick fast then the Glock popped  
And whip crack in the crock pot (BOP, BOP)  
How the Glock go, my the clock go  
Mighty fast when a nigga ain't got shit  
Got sick, when I ain't have money  
That was withdrawals  
Now I withdraw like I'm 6'4  
Yeah that's big ballin', you heard?  
Yeah I'm John Wall and nobody can guard 'em  
Chris Paul and I'm Melo, I'm all in that Garden  
My Rolex say hello to all of my darlings, you heard?  
Real shit all in my lines, all in my mind  
Had to get my mama out the ghetto  
Need my brother outta prison  
Get the money out the system  
Just a Baltimore nigga  
Wasn't even supposed to get it

Woke up in a trap, fuck is goin' on?  
Man look at my watch, I've been here too long  
It's like they got me trapped, they don't want me to leave  
Just trynna feed my fam, bitch I'm from the streets

I know you should cuff your bitch  
I know I could get the brain  
I know y'all don't go this hard  
I know I go 'gainst the grain  
I know, I know about strugglin'  
I know I go gets the change  
I know niggas who spit them hollows  
Follow niggas and bust they brains  
Trust they gang, more than mama  
So broke can't afford any drama  
This shit is too real, bullshit if you will  
But I don't advise that, been scrapin' that Pyrex  
They workin' that stove like they searchin' for gold  
Man, they basically pirates  
The fuck is the IRS? We hustle nigga  
Last time I caught a paycheck, it's a safe bet  
That it wasn't a nine-to-five  
My nigga caught a case, I had to face that  
Streets was the test, I had to ace that

Get this money ASAP, ugh  
They clap, we clap  
Hope the concrete is soft as you want it to be  
Cause niggas takin' street naps, yeah street naps  
If we ever relapse, hold on, everybody relax  
We read traps, let the '44 flex  
Cause we really in the trap, like a full court press  
And my niggas in the feds, go forward don't stress  
Hold your head my nigga, I'm a for sure bet  
Get that new Ferrari on 'em, bet the boy gon' flex  
Whores on deck, B'more is on next  
Haters keep askin', is he gon' do it? Yes  
Guess they never woke up in the trap

"Hey! Watch your fingers ladies!  
The doors are closing, and they'll be shut til' the morning too  
So overnight, you can dream about what freedom feel like  
What pussy feel like, what holdin' your baby feel like  
What kissin' your bitch feel like, but until then...  
You my bitch! Lock they asses down! Lock it down! "