

Trap Money

Stalley

I've been laid up in this trap for days
Trying to make this money in ways
I never imagined, minimum wage
I've been getting paper since back in the days
When dirty D was loadin' that K
Back in Yorkview, had to snorkel
When in December, them cold ass days
When the nights was blue and the days was purple
Bound to hurt you, hearts was broken
Stomach was empty, breaking curfew
Wild lil' niggas running through the back streets like Apaches
Ready to let the gat squeeze on the enemies
This... call freeze, from the cops
Who's breaking in lots
Leavin' with the matchbox Chevy's with convertible tops
And the chromed out stops
Perfect virtue, perfect clock
Up against time but we made it stop
Grind time, Primetime
Mama wanna know when I find time
The streets will kill me before I find mine
But I'm trying, to get rich, beyond design
So if I die, know I'll die trying
Until then, I'm fine, I'll find mine
Way back, I'm not blind
I remember the starting line of this maze
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