

Flame

"Trap Money"

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[Hook:]

Trap money good but the wrath only pilin'...
(I don't think they hear me...)

[Verse 1: Thi'sl]

He say he paid the cost to be the boss
He want that new bent, top off
He say he burn the block, hot sauce
He say the world is his but look at what it cost
See his daddy was a dope boy
Uncle was a dope boy
Brother was a dope boy
Sister was a dope girl
Cousin was a dope boy
Only thing that he knew was dope boy
Now everybody that I named in jail or dead
It's like the devil putting that money on they head
See the trap money good
But the wrath is pillin'
You and god got beef
You don't want them problems
Cause why we getting fast that money good
But believe me it won't help you when they put you in
that wood
Boy

[Hook:]

Trap money good but the wrath only pilin'...
(I don't think they hear me...)

[Verse 2: Young Noah]

Back in the day I had a lot of pay
But then I got saved
Took a pay cut by the way I'm still blessed
Money can solve some problems but if you on the
wrong side
Of when he crack that sky it's gonna be grotesque
It's gonna be a hot mess
Surrounded by dead flesh eternally hopeless
You better listen to the sound of the Holy Ghost
Stumping bumping jumping up in your chest

That money won't last it'll pass like gas
It'll fade like grass fast
Whiplash in your face like car crash
If you keep on living in darkness
Homeboy I know you ain't heartless
Rick Ross done fed you that garbage
This is not a diss
This is just a word for the dope boy
Trapping and rapping dealing with life challenges
All I'm trying to tell them is
They can be better than they can be better men
Lawyers doctors high school letter men
Why are you settling for the same thing locked up your
partner them
Why would you follow them, why would you model
them
They ain't did nothing but fail
Jesus Christ I pray you follow him

[Hook:]

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(I don't think they hear me...)

[Verse 3: Flame]

I see you in these streets out here trying to get it
You never sleep trying to triple your diggets
I know your model is money over everything
Mr. Ice cream man moving hurricane
You got that trap money, got you feeling hood rich
Got you feeling good with
Racks on racks and hood chicks
But after that you could get
Caught up with some fed time
Or god forbid they hit the kid with rad-di-tat tat bed
time
Or worst than that you keep trapping
Oscar winner keep acting
Like you don't hear the lord calling
One day he's gon' wreak havoc
Ask the real Rick Ross
All that money can get lost
God's gon' ask how you respond to his son on a bloody
cross

[Hook:]

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