

Rick Ross

"Trap Boomin"

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[Intro:] Oh it's holiday season nigga
My trap beating harder than a bass drum
My trap beating harder than a bass drum
My trap beating harder than a bass drum
Holiday season
Damn son where'd you find that
[Verse 1:] These bitches eating pills like they Jolly Ranchers
She took a pill then turned into a belly dancer
I'm cooking up this dope with 2 fucking bowls
I need an extra hand, I needs 3 extra stoves
I can make it dance, do an avalanche
It's your final chance, get your wedding bands
I keep that white girl like a white man
East Atlanta Zone 6 you in trap land
My money got a vert, my shit jump out the gym
Bitches down to break they neck, just to look at him
She don't really like me but she love my rims
Yellow lamborghini same color my butter Timbs
[Chorus:] My trap boomin' hard, bitch I swear to God
My trap boomin' hard, bitch I swear to God
My trap boomin' harder than you trap booms
My goons money in the living room
My trap boomin' hard, bitch I swear to God
My trap boomin' hard, bitch I swear to God
My trap boomin' harder than you trap booms

My goons money in the living room
[Verse 2:] ARs and choppers ain't no hoe niggas gonna stop us
Your ol' lady so proper look at that pussy she poppin'
Holiday season bitch
ARs and choppers ain't no hoe niggas gonna stop us
Your ol' lady so proper look at that pussy she poppin'
ARs and choppers ain't no hoe niggas gona stop us
Your ol' lady so proper look at that pussy she poppin'
I pull out the Rolls and make that top go to droppin'
When I pull out my money
Even these hoe niggaz watchin'
I hit a lick and went and bought a wing stop
I sprinkle lemon pepper in that re-rock

I took my time I had to build a fortress
Straight flossin' my closet look like Walter's
Step out the Benz I got my Gucci skully on
Shout out my Nigga Gucci know his money long
Got my bond money, I got my lawyer fee
Shout out the BrickSquad, my shoes a quarter key
[Chorus:]My trap boomin hard bitch I swear to God
My trap boomin hard bitch I swear to God
My trap boomin harder than you trap booms
My goons money in the living room
My trap boomin hard bitch I swear to God
My trap boomin hard bitch I swear to God
My trap boomin harder than you trap booms
My goons money in the living room

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