

T. Rex

"Trap Muzik"

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(feat. Mac Boney)

This a trap
This aint no album
This aint no game
This a trap (trap muzik)
[Repeat 8x]

[1st Verse]

Welcome back to the trap
Niggas back in the trap
Wit another heavy chevy
Big dope boys and trap
All you rap niggas role out
I trap when it's cold out
Whack niggas flyin
But I stay down to I'm sold out
Cause down a hundred ground
Like a rapping in a dope house
Man wherever I be
The feds got me scoped out
Mother fucker let my nuts hang
Block out the duc canes
Cook it to it bubbles
Doulble fast as a mustang
I know you think you fuck man
But little showty tuff man
Been a long time
Since a nigg from Alanta
Spit this nuts game
That's a very few of real niggas
So how could they give nigga
The feelin that a real nigga
Would get around a real nigga
All they do is still niggas ideas
And rhythm wit em
Holla sumthin similar
Talking bout the hood
Like they hung in em
I got a million rhythms
Want em come get em

What bitch you pussy nigga
I'm just havin fun wit em
[chorus repeat 8x]

[verse 2]

Still telling niggas
I aint wholing I aint crolling
When the 12 hit the corner
I aint brolling I aint rolling
Keep the coat stretch out
Like Carl Louis Hamstring
Stepped on like I'm working
With the damn thing
Drible baby aint seen
What I do to a ounce of doe
A whip man on my pager
Like I pay you folks
To whip somemoore
I'm doper than the fluid cellur
I flip it all up by myself
I give my niggas recipes
So they can turn to sumthin else
They love to work
That's why I keep em comin
Like conlasons plate
We flip the cake
We move this shit from Georgia
Baby state to state
Attemadate
Niggas in the city
Who've been moving weight
Nobody loosing weight
They fuck with us
Cause you've been known to hate
Demonstrate
The way we turned the trout
Out in '98
Sarted out in '95
Started out with nicks and dimes
Niggas you done lost your mind
Thinking you could set up shop
Pimpin I respect the game
Lets take this to another block
[chorus repeat 8x]
[outro talk]

[outro verse]

Pimp squad
Showty still in the trap
When I spot a scene hot
With the man name Jon

And the collad green pot
On a lot of straight hen
And a lot of green pot
Compation in a range
Like he gotta be stop
Well maybe I will be
But probably not
Oh what the blood cloak
You try to knock em out and he sock
Listen to me I'm serious
Thinkin how did he not
End up way up
On the top of Detroit
If come where I was
You gotta be pop
And if you really want to pop
And I rather be dropped
Listen pops
Want to know a little more
About rap
Firts rule this is real
It aint just a record deal
Its a trap
[music continues]
[music fades]

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