Three 6 Mafia Feat. Project Pat "Trap Boom"

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I make the trap, boom, boom I make the trap, boom, boom I make the trap, boom, boom I make the trap, boom, boom

I got soft, I got hard I got pills, I got balls I got soft, I got hard I got pills, I got balls

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Rocks under my balls, pistol in my drawers A bird of blow on the table break quarters and halves off

For those who comin $\tilde{\mathbb{A}}$ ¢ $\hat{\mathbb{A}}$ \in $\hat{\mathbb{A}}$ $^{\text{IM}}$ through, this ain't Casino but I'm your dealer Tony Montana, chill like Al Pacino in $\tilde{\mathbb{A}}$ ¢ $\hat{\mathbb{A}}$ \in $\hat{\mathbb{A}}$ \in Scarface $\tilde{\mathbb{A}}$ ¢ $\hat{\mathbb{A}}$ \in $\hat{\mathbb{A}}$ \in 0 nigga

The jack boys talk a lot of noise but on the realla Got killers posted up, e'ry Goldfinger's a trigger Her-on is so intense, the syrup $goin \tilde{A} \not\in \hat{A}^{m}$ by the sunce

Put the money in my hands, cop your goods, and then you bounce

See, I ain't the nigga that was up at five o'clock to sell no rocks

I'm the nigga that was out at midnight to drop off a

In a tinted out Maxima, they low-key and quick Snowinâ€Â™ out the door with a Glock and a trunk full of bricks

I make the track boom, boom, without even touchin $\hat{A} \Leftrightarrow \hat{A} \in \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ it As for my black [Incomprehensible] I'm just supplyin $\hat{A} \Leftrightarrow \hat{A} \in \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ it I went to Key West and picked it up, back in Memphis broke it up Call my nigga in, get our Crist', then we split it up

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His dope sales are up, a nigga feelinâ€Â[™] bellish His pockets swellinâ€Â[™] up â€Â[~]cause e'rything he's sellinâ€Â[™]

The heat is on the street, my niggaz gettinâ€Â™ jealous

The chopper's on the seat to cut you up like relish

The hood ain't changed â€Â~cause these niggaz still tellinâ€Â™

To lock this nigga up a two time felon

This boy ain't bullshittinâ€Â™, he'll kick in doors and kill 'em

And hide them bodies good, that you can't even smell 'em

He niggarish and ignorant so, fuck who in your crib This gangster life, he livin \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} $\in \hat{A}$ $^{\text{TM}}$ it so, fuck your wife and kids

These janky niggaz on the town I hope they know the biz

To all you federal tattletales, swap out where you live

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You know the worst part about sellinâ€Â™ dope Is 80 percent of black people in jail Because of drugs, domestic violence and murder So you should think about that Get your life together my nigga

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