

## Young Jaye

### "Trap Files"

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I was chillin n da hood should I say da Trap  
Niggas lookin 4 da work n know exactly where I'm at  
Posted up I'm chillin stackin 2 da ceillin  
Tryna figure out da fastest way grind up on a million  
In a dope fein jacket she know dat I'm da man  
Gotta in come tax check N she spent 3 grand  
Keepa str8 shoota da girl got it bad  
Caught her n da backyard breakin down brillo pads  
Don't be cursin at my grandma watch ya mufuckin  
mouth  
See me n da street don't be cumin 2 her house  
There go robin ass Carlos I pay him no mind  
Last nigga tried 2 get shot his ass 4x  
Keep my ears 2 da street heard thru da grapevine  
Him and dem niggas steady runnin with plottin on mine  
Get how a live yea I'm ready 4 da static  
50 round clip n it's fully automatic  
Fresh outta work so I'm baggin up mo'  
Til' my lil cousin told me dat my p.o. at da doe  
Ain't dis boutta bitch  
Hit da corner burnin  
Curfews at 9 n it's only 7:30  
So now I'm at my aunt's house I need 2 use da kitchen  
No matta what I give her she be mufuckin trippin  
She ask 4 800 hundred I gave her what I got  
My shit ain't where I put who been fuckin with my pot?  
She said nobody  
I said I can't tell she said it's over there witcha' bags an  
ya' scale  
Gotta H-Town plate first thing n da moanin'  
Headed 2 his front doe b4 da nigga start yawnin'

[Chorus:]  
I'm talkin Trap files  
Trap files  
I'm talkin trap files  
Trap files  
I'm talkin trap files

I was cillin n da hood should I say da trap  
Niggas lookin 4 da work n kno exactly where I'm at

Posted up chillin stackin 2 da ceillin  
Tryna figure out da fastest way grind up on a million  
Heard dis nigga buyin' cars man dis mufucka krazi  
All dis playin phone tag nigga fuck u pay me  
Get smash like potatoes 4 thinkin shit gravy  
1 phone call il' have his whole body lazy  
Plotican with da hommies all convicted felons  
Been 2 prison 6x n ain't shit dat u can tellem'  
And he rite back at it  
Touchdown n December nigga dam near folded still I  
had 2 gang member First  
A nigga skool dem  
Den I roll da dice went I tell da folks shit I need dem n  
my life  
So now I'm pickin up my money  
Tuck my pistol n my pants bet him 20/20 mo'  
So I left it like a grand  
Dope game bitch u can play if u wanna  
Heard da feds snatch lil Tony dem' frum round da  
corner  
Heard da nigga got caught with 2 bricks and a lima  
Even picked up his girl n den they came n got his  
momma'  
Gotta motor y tap shuda' heard it n his tone  
Dis crack dummy ass nigga talkin reckless on da phone

[Chorus]

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