

Lp Da Original

"Fresh Out Da Trap"

Visit "[Fresh Out Da Trap](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, yeah, it's LP
This is for my in da hood
Hustlin', tryin to get a dolla, G7

Fresh out da trap uh
Fresh out da trap uh
By the end of the night
Double my stack huh
(Repeat x3)

The fiend came to me, she said she wanna eighty
I looked at her big belly, bout to have a baby
I said damn, yeah this is gettin' real
But I chipped her, if I don't then anotha will
It's such a shame but that's the game
It's LP if you didn't know my name
I ain't in it for the cars, pays and fame
I do this for the hood, man I'm tired of this pain
So kick back and start crushin' your dime sac
Clothes still smellin', I just finished a nine pack
I'm in the hood, where them roogers and nines at
Catch me grindin', where the fiends be sniffin' their
lines at

Fresh out da trap, uh
Fresh out da trap uh
By the end of the night
Double my stack huh
(Repeat x3)

Blunt in my lips, dope in my cheeks
Plus the feds cruising around, cash in my sneaks, uh
The block hot, like jerk chicken from grandma
Watch how you approach your boy, use your manners
I go hard for my city, cause I par wit' my mini
Getting dirty money, just like Diddy, yeah
Rex in the place, tech in the bag
And every hood gotta feel my swag
We chip dope buy the zips, and we loc with fifth
Get close and lip, your bitch on my dick, yeah
Henny and a yeah, only makin hits, yeah

I aint gonna stop till a young rich, yeah

Fresh out da trap uh
Fresh out da trap uh
By the end of the night
Double my stack huh
(Repeat x3)

Visit [Lp Da Original](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.