

Traphandz (feat. Yo Gotti & 2 Chainz)

Bun B

Trap hands, trap hands, yes Trap hands, hallelujah
I run this shit, Rick The Rules
I'm gettin' bitches, stackin' mula
Trap hands, hallelujah
Trap hands, hallelujah
I run this shit, Rick The Ruler
I'm gettin' bitches, stackin' mula
Trap hands, hallelujah
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I run this shit, Rick The Ruler
I'm gettin' bitches, stackin' mula
Trap hands, hallelujah

What's up my G? You must be new up in the trap
So let me tell you how they do up in the trap
They rep the south and bang that Screw up in the trap
And they gon' sip more than a mothafuckin' two up in the trap
You see them boys is comin' down up in the trap
They poppin' trunk, bangin' surround up in the trap
They got them bricks and got them pounds up in the trap
Don't fuck around because them boys'll lay you down up in the trap
You see I'm from the trap, and I done done the trap
And boy when I was in the trap I used to run the trap
And just 'cause you from the hood don't mean you from the trap
But if you are then put them trap hands up and thunder clap
Trap hands, hallelujah
I run this shit, Rick The Ruler
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Trap hands, hallelujah
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I run this shit, Rick The Ruler
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Trap hands, hallelujah I am!
Everything I touch, it turn to gold
Built my whole career in front of the stove
Duckin' DA and FBI while I was sellin' O's
Nothin' but mini choppers, Dracos and extendos at my shows (yeah)
I'm a gangsta and I rap for gangstas, this that gangsta shit
Took my rap check,
went and bought some bricks, that's that hustlin' shit
Yeah, that's that hustlin' shit, yeah, you on some sucka shit
Yeah, they don't benefit, yeah, I can't fuck with it
I used to cook up in the trap, write my verses in the trap

You get nervous in the trap 'cause you ain't 'bout it, they just cap
Fuckin' bitches in the trap, I'm from the trenches and the trap
Killin' rats so all snitches come up missin' in the trap Trap hands, hallelujah

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I run this shit, Rick The Ruler
I'm gettin' bitches, stackin' mula
Trap hands, hallelujah What's up Bun? UGK for life
2 Chainz!

I barely made the flight from here to Gangsta Paradise
To rearview mirror pair of dice to Benihana extra rice
I make them clap their hands when I fill up arenas
Had a felony before the misdemeanor, make 'em kiss the ring-a (true)

I had a handkerchief filled with dirty snot
Had a dirty Glock, cowards killed my partna in the parkin' lot
All they did was watch, them folks call the cops
Yeah I'm from the trap, from the corner lot
Mud in the soda pop

Came up out the mud, I was 'posed to rot
Then I switched it up, started snappin' like a photo op'
Terminator, Robocop, elevate the muscle car

Got a foreign broad just to match with the foreign car Trap hands, hallelujah

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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