

# Trap Paris (feat. Quavo & Ty Dolla \$ign)

## Machine Gun Kelly

Ayy  
Woke up in, woke up in  
Soundin' real godly  
Quavo  
City rollie goes a flash Woke up in Paris  
Broke all the mirrors (that lean)  
Watch me, last night was too turnt  
They caught me fucking on camera  
I ain't embarrassed  
Pull up, back home, flag on, tats out, what the fuck is that 'bout?  
I'm home-bred, hometown, been around the world, I'm back now  
I'm Mr. Miyagi with wax in the sake  
And I'm running the streets to the city like Rocky  
Who da champ? Who da champ?  
Diamond fangs like a vamp  
Where's the package with the stamp?  
Bust it open by the Lamb  
Roll it up 'till I cramp  
Uh, four rings on my hands, uh  
Smoke rings from the grams, uh  
Got a lady and a tramp  
Bitch I made it from the trap  
Gunner  
I woke up in Paris  
In the bed, with a bad bitch (bad bitch, bad bitch)  
First I roll up the lesh  
Then I went back for seconds  
Swear that pussy the wettest  
I woke up in Paris  
In the bed, with a bad bitch (bad bitch, bad bitch)  
First I roll up the lesh  
Then I went back for seconds  
Swear that pussy the wettest  
Made it from the bottom, what you thinking of me? (what you thinking)  
I made it from the bottom, what you thinking of me? (what you thinking)  
When I was on the bottom, you didn't hang out with me (no way)  
Now I got some dollars, they keep hanging with me (yeah)  
Take a lot of Molly, that's your fantasy (that's your fantasy)  
Pull up with a gang and stop playing with me (stop playing)  
You took too much of Coco, it made your nose bleed (trippin)  
Too turnt for the bando (too)  
Shoot two times through the window (shoot)

Pop one off for the kid though (pop one)  
Pop one off the extendo (shoot)  
Old money like a Nintendo  
Bring it back, this the reload (bring back)  
Crips might call it a kilo (crip)  
Bloods might call it a bilo (blood)  
Put my wrist in a freezer (wrist)  
Hit it up, turn it up to beast mode (yeah)  
Bitch I made it from the trap (trap)  
Whole thang in my lap  
Bitch I made it from the trap (trap)  
Got your girl in my lap (yeah)  
Bitch I made it from the trap (trap)  
Got the police running laps (yeah)  
Bitch I made it from the trap  
Bitch I made it out the trap  
I woke up in Paris  
In the bed, with a bad bitch (bad bitch, bad bitch)  
First I roll up the lesh  
Then I went back for seconds  
Swear that pussy the wettest  
I woke up in Paris  
In the bed, with a bad bitch (bad bitch, bad bitch)  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>