

« Trap Queen »

Kurt Hugo

Capo II

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Paroles :

I'm like hey, what's up, hello?
Seen your pretty face soon as you came in the door!

I just wanna chill, got a sack for us to roll
Married to the money, introduced her to my stove
Showed her how to whip it, now she remixin' for low
She my trap queen, let her hit the bando
We be countin' up, watch how far them bands go
We just set a goal, talkin' matchin' Lambos
Fifty, sixty grand brought a hundred grams though

Man, I swear I love her, how she working on the pole
Hit the strip club, we be letting bands go
Everybody hating, we just call them fans, though
In love with the money, I ain't never lettin' go

And I get high with my baby
I just left the mall, I'm gettin' fly with my baby, yeah
And I can ride with my baby
I be in the kitchen cookin' pies with my baby, yeah
And I can ride with my baby
I just left the mall, I'm gettin' fly with my baby, yeah
And I can ride with my baby
Ride with my baby
Ride ride

I hit the strip with my trap queen, cause all we know is bands
Might snatch a Ferrari and buy my boo a Lamb'
I might snatch her a necklace, drop a couple on a ring

She ain't wantin' for nothin' because I got her everything

And I'm up in the bando
With an arrow I can go
Remy boyz got the stamp though
Counting the bands though
How far can your bands go? Fetty Wap, I'm livin' fifty thousand
K how I stand though, if you checkin' for my pockets I'm like

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Ride ride

And I get high with my baby
(get) high with my baby yeah
And I can ride with my baby
I be in the kitchen cookin' pies with my baby yeah
Ride with my baby
I just love the mall I'm getting fly with my baby
I can ride with my baby
Ride with my baby
Ride ride