

Fetty Wap - Trap Queen

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Tom: C
                                                               How far can your Benz go?
 (com acordes na forma de G )
                                                               Fetty Wap I'm living fifty thousand K how I stand tho
Capostraste na 5ª casa
                                                               If you checking out my pockets hol' up
I'm like "hey, what's up, hello"
Seen yo pretty ass soon as you came in that door
                                                               And I get high with my baby
I just wanna chill, got a sack for us to roll
                                                               I just left the mall, I'm getting fly with my baby, yeah
Married to the money, introduced her to my stove
                                                               And I can ride with my baby
Showed her how to whip it, now she remixin' for low
                                                               I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeah
She my trap queen, let her hit the bando
We be countin' up, watch how far them bands go
                                                               And I get high with my baby
We just set a goal, talkin' matchin' Lambos
                                                               I just left the mall, I'm getting fly with my baby, yeah
Got 56 a gram, prob' a 100 grams though
                                                               And I can ride with my baby
Man, I swear I love her how she work the damn pole
                                                               I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeah
Hit the strip club, we be letting bands go
                                                               I'm like "hey, what's up, hello"
Everybody hating, we just call them fans though
                                                               Seen yo pretty ass soon as you came in that door
In love with the money, I ain't never letting go
                                                               I just wanna chill, got a sack for us to roll
And I get high with my baby
                                                               Married to the money, introduced her to my stove
I just left the mall, I'm getting fly with my baby, yeah
                                                               Showed her how to whip it, now she remixin' for low
And I can ride with my baby
                                                               She my trap queen, let her hit the bando
I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeah
                                                               We be countin' up, watch how far them bands go
                                                               We just set a goal, talkin' matchin' Lambos
And I get high with my baby
                                                               Got 56 a gram, prob' a 100 grams though
I just left the mall, I'm getting fly with my baby, yeah
                                                               Man, I swear I love her how she work the damn pole
And I can ride with my baby
                                                               Hit the strip club, we be letting bands go
I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeah
                                                               Everybody hating, we just call them fans though
I hit the strip with my trap queen cause all we know is bands
                                                               In love with the money, I ain't never letting go
I just might snatch a Ferrari and buy my boo a Lamb'
                                                               I be smoking dope and you know Backwoods what I roll
I might just snatch her necklace, drop a couple on a ring
                                                               Remy Boy, Fetty eating shit up that's fasho
She ain't want it for nothin' because I got her everything
                                                               Ill run in ya house, then I'll fuck your ho
Bitch you up in the bando, without deniro can't go
                                                               Cause Remy Boyz or nothing, Re-Re-Remy Boyz or nothing
Remi boys got extendo, count up hella dem bands tho
                                                               [Final] Am C D
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Acordes

