

Fetty Wap - Trap Queen

Tom: C

(com acordes na forma de G)

Capostrate na 5ª casa

I'm like "hey, what's up, hello"
 Seen yo pretty ass soon as you came in that 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
 Got 56 a gram, prob' a 100 grams though
 Man, I swear I love her how she work the damn 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 letting go

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

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I hit the strip with my trap queen cause all we know is bands
 I just might snatch a Ferrari and buy my boo a Lamb'
 I might just snatch her necklace, drop a couple on a ring
 She ain't want it for nothin' because I got her everything
 Bitch you up in the bando, without deniro can't go
 Remi boys got extendo, count up hella dem bands tho

How far can your Benz go?
 Fetty Wap I'm living fifty thousand K how I stand tho
 If you checking out my pockets hol' up

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I be smoking dope and you know Backwoods what I roll
 Remy Boy, Fetty eating shit up that's fasho
 Ill run in ya house, then I'll fuck your ho
 Cause Remy Boyz or nothing, Re-Re-Remy Boyz or nothing

[Final]

Acordes

