

# Trap Queen (feat. Quavo & Gucci Mane)

## Fetty Wap

Remy Boyz, yeaahhhh  
1738I'm like "Hey, what's up? Hello"  
Seen yo pretty ass 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  
At 56 a gram, 5 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 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  
I be in the kitchen cookin' pies with my babyI hit the strip with my trap queen cause all we  
know is bands  
I just might snatch up a 'Rari and buy my boo a Lamb'  
I might just snatch her a necklace, drop a couple on a ring  
She ain't wantin' for nothin' because I got her everything  
It's big ZooWap from the bando, remind me where I can't go  
Remy Boyz got the stamp, though  
Count up hella them bands though  
Boy 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  
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  
I be in the kitchen cookin' pies with my babyI'm like "hey, what's up, hello"  
Seen yo pretty ass 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  
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Man, I swear I love her how she work the damn pole  
Hit the strip club, we be lettin' bands go  
Everybody hating, we just call them fans though  
In love with the money, I ain't never lettin' go I be smokin' dope and you know Backwoods what  
I roll

Remy Boyz, Fetty eating shit up that's fasho  
I'll run in ya house, then I'll fuck your ho  
Cause Remy Boyz or nothin', Re-Re-Remy Boyz or nothin' (She my trap queen)  
Yeah, you hear my boy  
(She my trap queen)  
Soundin' like a zillion bucks on the track  
(She my trap queen)  
I got whatever on my boy, whatever  
(And I get high with my baby)  
Put your money where your mouth is  
Money on the wood make the game go good  
Money out of sight cause fights  
Put up or shut up, huh?  
Nitt Da Gritt, RGF Productions  
(ZooWap)

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

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