

# Trap Queen - Fetty Wa Feat. Miri Ben-Ari, Afrostringz, Young D Lyrics

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## "Trap Queen"

(RGF Productions)

Remy Boyz, yeah

1738, ayy

I'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 remix it for low

She my trap queen, let her hit the bando

We be counting up, watch how far them bands go

We just set a goal, talking matching lambos

At 56 a gram, 5 a hundred grams though

Man, I swear I love her how she work that 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 (my baby)

I just left the mall I'm getting fly with my baby, yeah

And I can ride with my baby (my baby)

I be in the kitchen cooking pies with my baby, yeah

And I can ride 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

I'm like, "Hey, what's up? Hello"

I 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 living fifty thousand K, how I stand tho

If you checking for my pockets, I'm like

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In love with the money, I ain't never letting go

I be smoking dope and you know Backwoods what I roll

Remy Boy Fetty eating shit up, that's fasho

I'll run in your house, then I'll fuck your ho

Re-Remy Boyz or nothin', Re-Re-Remy Boyz or nothin', yeah

Yeah, you hear my boy

Soundin' like a zillion bucks on the track

I got whatever on my boy, whatever

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, huh, RGF Productions

Squad

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