

# Microwave

## Joey Trap

Stack my money 6'6 like my nigga Kobe

Since a nigga 16 running from the police

Used to get it from the plug sell it to the dope fiends

Once I made like 20 bands spent it on a Rollie

Yeah my shawty hella bad tell her shake it mad quick

Know a shorty out in Harlem she suck mad dick

We gon take em to a party we all get lit

Never leave the house with out it I love my stick

Look

Bitch

Money in your safe but your shit ain't never safe

Run into your crib

Take it all except the microwave

Made 100 bands in 20 minutes

Issa money day

I don't give a fuck about your problems bitch I'm getting payed

Look

And I'm back up on my shit again

Someone get they girl that bitch back up on my dick again

Aye

Yeah I'm back up on my shit again

Someone get they girl we was riding in a fuckin Benz

Yuh

And I'm gassing

I don't give a fuck light that blunt I don't pass it

In that whip out in traffic

Skirt off skirt off

Bitch I'm the fastest

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>