

Bet That

Trick Daddy

Sittin' high, still ridin' dem big whips
Still fly, still grindin', getting big checks
Still thuggin', still leanin' to the back, you can bet that
You can bet that I ride
I shine, nigga, you can bet that
I smoke, I drank, boy, you can bet that
Twenty-twos, twenty-fours all we roll...
I'm a dope rider fa' sho'

Everyday me and my dog - we wylin'
Seven-tre, seven-five dope ridin'
And we ain't trippin' on nothin', just vibin'
Big nine with me 'cause a fuckin' nigga tried me
They already know how I let him go
Kill his ass and make sho' at his funeral
How the hell a O.B. gon' try me?
I'm O.G. on and off TV, see
Middle fingers in the air, tell 'em fuck y'all
Tryin' to hate on my dawgs, hell, fuck, nah
Why you hatin' on a nigga like that?
Why you tryin' to stab a nigga in his back?
I know some niggaz don't like this
But them niggaz is the reason I'm like this
Fuck, niggaz done made me mad
I'm 'bout to snap 'n' put this K on his ass

Hey
I pull up Bentleys, lookin' like they not annoyed
Trunk popped up, lookin' like a Tonka Toy
If you don't like it, you know can get that Almond Joy (What?)
Deez nuts, nigga; wuddup, Trick? I got ya boy
I'm clickin' over, lemme tell her I got another call
Ridin' wit' my trunk popped up like I'm "Above the Law"
Tires wet and, nigga, they still drippin' Armor-All
Tell me you gon' fall, and I ain't got to use the arm at all
Bet Daddy finna trick 'em, finna flip the paper
Chamillinator, me and Trick - we finna shred a hater
Tip the dinner waiter, trick 'em like we finna date her
Get off ya sleeves, let 'em breathe like a ventilator
Hey, what can I say me and the king Of M.I.A
Finna, (hey) finna touch ya niggaz and ya finna pay
Stay wit' it; hey, you, we ain't finna play
Snatch ya off the wheels, and you can watch ya rims spin away

(In the club wit' my dogs - we wylin'
Two straight coup grey dome ridin')
Look at cha boy; got so many hoes
Look in his mouf; he got so many gold
(I'm sippin', and I'm goin'
Whole click, that's how we rollin')
Stay fly, stay right if ya didn't know
(And that's everywhere that we go)
All I wanna do is
Drive my Chevy through years
And let 'em sweat the candy paint
Ain't it right? Ain't it tight? Ain't it nice? Yes
Niggaz like, "Who painted that?"

Candy apple green, lookin' mean anywhere
Tweety seat with the digital dash
And a swat just right in the ass
{They wanna know what I got in here
I got shit when it hit, betta run 'em up outta here}
They ain't never heard nothin' like that
And they ain't even turned the bass up yet
{I love aggressive music
I smoke, I listen to it}
I drank so much, sometimes I think I need to quit, but I can't do it