

## 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