

# Fuckin' Around

Trick Daddy

Why'all niggas keep fuckin around  
Fuckin' around, fuck round get stuck in the ground  
I ain't no busta see, why'all niggas better stop fuckin wit me

I hit the clown in the dirt  
Jump on the top wit a drop that nigga down in the dirt  
The first nigga quick to get it first  
Call the paramedics 'cause the police be stealing from the herse

I aim it at ya hat when I burst  
If I don't get a grammy I'm headed at the rat niggas first  
And I'm back full of perk strap on the curb  
Slap that bitch on the third

Nigga done caught wit a slurr  
Can't see shit but a blurr  
Crank up that Chevey let her purr  
We all from the curve

Bitch niggas runnin up nerve  
I ain't gone let you die  
And I (?) Tag a man  
Said you runnin from the hood and I'm packistan

Bitch I'm a mutha fuckin jacka man  
And Understand when the mutha fuckin crack is stayin

Why'all mutha fuckers better run 'cause we got bombs  
Plus we got guns that take off arms  
Got 4,4 that shoot the do' and got buck loads of that 84  
And like John Doe, hit ya city start killing every nigga who ain't feelin' t  
his rhyme

And ain't feelin' this vibe  
To many niggas goose neckin my ride  
But okay my A.K fully  
Why'all niggas watch how you step to me

And why'all young niggas back the fuck up  
And don't make me act the fuck up  
'cause it al' be another war  
I'll kill every mutha fucker that why'all know

That's yo' ma,pa, sister in law  
Yo' daddy yo dog and yo hoe  
Now I ain't claim to be a saint  
And no got damn serial killer

I just want to know my nigga what made you disrespect a nigga  
What you thought I was a buster, sucker, a rapper, or actor  
Nigga rat to the cracker yep they'll protect ya but one day fuck nigga I'm g  
one catch ya

Been got my be 's got my cheese  
Fuck nigga you don't play wit a G'  
Cock back aim and squeeze  
Now ya ass on the ground wit the trees

My ol' boy didn't raise no snitch  
My Ol' girl didn't raise no bitch  
You outta line I'll kill you bitch  
Not put that shit on my chick

Man I pull bout 26 bitches  
Gotta perk shit 26 inches  
On the concrete nigga  
Gotta lace on the concrete nigga

At least when I rap a lot  
Break down hoes in the trap a lot  
Fuck nigga I got crypt for days  
Slip n' Slide wit them bnoys from Dade

305 to the 404, G' shit we'll take ya hoe  
Look dawg we'll take ya bricks  
Then you gone cop some candy shit  
Fuck nigga I hope it's worth it

Spray ya ass like a job from (?)  
Came here to suck a dick ATL Dade county and Trick

Aye, aye why'all suck ass niggas keep playin wit me  
Fuck around see me wit a A.K on the streets  
Start bussin makin mutha fuckers lay in the streets  
All 'cause of what a nigga say on the beat

Look, I'm a G' that's sayin the least  
From trapin to sprayin the heat to wearin the key  
Instead of all that attention you were payin to me  
You should of been mindin ya business and keepin it pimpin

But I know most niggas ain't built like that  
Just know old niggas get killed like that  
You don't want to fuck around wit Tip like that  
Look Flip when the body bag zip that's that

Niggas want to talk shit and cock duce  
Wit this fully automatic Mack 10's start shootin  
So you can run high and tell lies if you want to  
But when I fuck around and run up on you what you gone do