

In Da Wind

Trick Daddy

Hah, haha
That's just the sound of the Hen'..
True Story.. Buddy Roe..
They say tell the truth, Shane and them (uh-huh)
Thank God for the thugs too...

Drop the top and let the sunshine in
With the woodgrain, let the twinkies spin
Get you a glass, mix the Coke and the Hen'
It's quite alright, with the 'dro in the wind,
with the 'dro in the wind

I'm a ol' sneaky, ol' freaky, ol' geechy-ass nigga
Collard green, neckbone-eatin-ass nigga
Always wearin my jeans baggy saggy
You know Florida, Georgia, South Cakalaky
Growed up eatin spam sandwiches
Sugar water and mayonnaise sandwich
Share the room with bout four mo' brothers
But one home for 'em and wattn't no mo' covers
A little bad motherfucker (ah-ha)
Always rude and always in trouble
None of my teachers ain't like me (uh-huh)
But make it so bad, Pearl had seven mo' like me
If you grewed up the way I did
You gotsta understand, Trick love the kids
(Ooooooohh!) Trick love the kids

Cop me a seven-tres Chevy, put dubs on that bitch (uh-huh)
Candy-apple green, niggaz lovin this shit (lovin this shit)
And when I'm in it, I'll act a fool
Ya don't like how I'm livin? Bitch fuck you (uh-huh)
That's right I'm a rude-ass nigga
Quick to do you, cut a fool-ass nigga
Weighin' in at bout a buck six-five
And a nigga can fuck, plus the boy gets live (that's right)
You know legs, wings, and short thighs (short thighs)
Eat 'em up, beat 'em up, then switch sides

Hot whore work her Sean John velour to the floor
He oughta enjoy, with the loaded four-four
Be sure and acquire more 'fore ya fuck with mine
Disrespect; I'll disconnect ya line
With a sick SWAT, when shit's hot, ya get shot
The fire, the fury, ya fuck with it not
Ya stoppin the grace, get out my space and my - face
Fore me and my ace-a lay down the whole place
Recognize, this is the verbalize
Surprise, fuckin with me wrong way to wise nigga
Hoes, clothes, shows, Vogues, golds
Big ol' bankrolls, that's all a nigga know
Throw yo' elbows, I'm sicker than I suppose
Hoes unchose, cuz my jewelry froze
You know how it goes, these young niggaz don't want it like this
Go off and get yo' gat, to silence the chit-chat, blast!
So pass, outlast, bout cash
Mo' sicky, talk tricky to the trick like trash

Lo realer, a go-rilla, flow for mo' scrilla
Come clean, lookin mean, but you ain't no killa!
(Ooooooooooh!) (Trick love the kids!)

Look at what we got; the rims and all the 'dro
The 'dro and all the smoke, my throat, it makes me choke
Like a serial killer was squeezin on my throat box
In the cluthces of danger but not a stranger on the block
Is it the cheeferry reefer beat blowin my chest up?
Beat right from the club try my best not to mess up
A professor of this lyrical thang, I'll take the purist strain
of this slang and inject it into your veins
Did your heart stop man? Drop-top fame
Aviator shades with a rear front face
Movin through the dirty at a slow pimps pace
Kinda like the turtle and the rabbit in the race
To the finish line, I jump the pair of Reeboks
So bright, so fresh, snow white but no socks
Then I slip on some of that O with the wings
I'm bustin straight out the path like a three piece
of va-lac-tic, before you slack it
You gotta prepare it and mack it, when your jack it over tragic
not intended for any illegal purposes'
it's like anthrax and small pox in surplus to murder us
(Ya gotsta understand Trick love the kids!)
(Trick love the kids!)