

# 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 wattrn'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 grew 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!)