Take It to da House

Trick Daddy

[Intro]
("Get down!") Yessuh, (uh huh uh huh uh huh..)
Slip-N-Slide Records
Uhh, fin' to take it to da house
Just get on up and ("Get down!")[Sung]
Callin my peoples all across the world
This song goes out to all the boys and girls
You want them thugs to come and turn yo' party out
You better take it to da house, (c'mon) now (uh uh uh)
(uh.. yessuh!)[Money Mark]
Slip-N-Slide get loose
Mo' punch than your bowl of juice
And ain't nobody mo' jiggier then us
Stuff so ruff it causes head rush like what?
Give it to me bring it here
Don't stop girl shake it here shake it there
Let Money Mark get off in yo' derriere
We off da chain fo' the whole year
So if you look with a big ol' butt
live in yo' own crib and make yo own bucks (yessuh!)
Hit me up, Tre+ dot com
and tell me where you from, uhh..[J.V.]
Smoked out, choked out, we get
off da chain like we just broke out
You don't know bout me J. Dot
When I come though all the haters get hot
Cause I got mo' hoes, mo' dank
Mo' cheese in da bank, mo' rank
My dawgs on dubs, yours ain't
My dawgs do whatever, yours cain't[Chorus: Slip-N-Slide]
Cause we them niggaz that's gon' make you
get up out yo seat and ("Get down!")
..
We don't play we - take it to da house
M.I.A. - take it to da house
This the way we - take it to da house
Take it to da house - take it to da house
Three-oh-five - take it to da house
Boy we got dat fire - take it to da house

Slip-N-Slide - take it to da house
Take it to da house - take it to da house[Trina]
Okay play with it yo ain't no stoppin it
S-N-S and we rock rock rockin it
We gon' lock it and do our thang
Cause my dream team takin all the rings
I got, Tre+ who beatin much guts
and uhh, Deuce Pop' pimpin news non-stop an'
Lost Tribe to my side just vibin
And J.B. gon' ball with me
T double D, he off in that 'Xcursion
Swervin all on the curve with a virgin
And I'm Trina, you heard my name
I'm still "Da Baddest" ain't a damn thang changed[Co]
Now it's time to get down with yo boy C.O.
It's me n Money Mark in the big freak show
Niggaz recognize, hoes do too
When I creep through the room with the Slip-N-Slide crew
Gimme room cause I'm buckwild man
I'll get'cha krunk, get'cha loose in the sand
Tre+ and we're runnin it still
Funk Boogie, spin the wheel![Chorus][Trick Daddy]
Well order two mo' bottles of Crissy Cris'
and get drunk pissy while you listen to this
All you rookie-ass niggaz don't try the shit
Some busta-ass niggaz can't buy a hit
Gimme a break, and a beat I can vibe with
A Nik Kwest(?) video and a fine bitch
'Bout fifty-five spins and a mic check
and you'll play my shit
I never had sex that costed
I fuck so much I'm exhausted
And this new shit I'm flossin
I got that cause I ran with the Dolphins, huh
Slip-N-Slide's fin' ta take it to da house
New hot shit, fo' you to ride out
And for the niggaz that tried there's nuttin left
Yo' hoe must think we somethin else
Fuck fame, we out to get paid
Born and raised in the County of Dade[Chorus]

Songwriters
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