

In Da Wind (Ride Out Mix)

Trick Daddy

Drop the top and let the sunshine in
Slippin' slide and we add it again
T double D and a couple of friends
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
Collard green, neckbone eatin'
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 no mo' covers A little bad mo'
Always rude and always in trouble
None of my teachers ain't like me
But make it so bad, pearl had seven mo' like me
If you grewed up the way I did
You gotsta understand Trick love to kids
Trick love to kids Drop the top and let the sunshine in
Slippin' slide and we add it again
T double D and a couple of friends
It's quite alright, with the 'dro in the wind
With the 'dro in the wind Cop me a seven trees Chevy, put dubs on that
Candy-apple green, lovin' it
And when I'm in it, I'll act a fool
You won't like how I'm livin', boys
That's right I'm a rude Quick to do you, cut a fool
Weighin' in at 'bout a buck six-five in it
Plus the boy gets live
You know legs, wings, and 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 you with mine
Disrespect, I'll disconnect your line With a sick swat, when shit's hot, you get shot
The fire, the fury, could it not
You stoppin' the grace, get out my space and my face
For me and my ace-a lay down the whole place
Recognize, this is the verbalize, surprise with me wrong way to wise Hoes, clothes, shows, Vogues, golds
Big ol' bankrolls, that's all a know
Throw yo' elbows, I'm sicker than I suppose

Hoes unchosed, 'cause my jewelery froze
 You know how it goes, these young don't want it like this
 Go off and get yo' get, to silence the chit-chat, blast
 So pass, outlast, 'bout cash
 Mo' sick, 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 killer
 Trick love to kids
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 With the 'dro in the wind
 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 clutches 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
 Kind of like the turtle and the rabbit in the race
 Put 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 valactic, 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
 Trick love to kids
 Drop the top and let the sunshine in
 Slippin' slide and we add it again
 T double D and a couple of friends
 It's quite alright, with the 'dro in the wind
 With the 'dro in the wind

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