Don't Trip

Baked

[Intro]Uh Yea, Oh Yea
Trin' Bein I've Got Ya
Yea I'm On That Syzurp my
Ya Off Tha
Hey! Heyyy!
[1st Verse: Lil Wayne]Go by the name of Weezie F.
An fuck em out the belly store with ten bags?
Fly as a mutha fucka girly on my staple
Cause her friends say I'm a tummy sucker
Don't go below the navel
I'm up in Lil Haiti
I'm blowin on Jamaica
I'm in the pimp a beemer
I'm with a salt shaker
Now I'm in Dave County
I see some thick bitches
I try to holla at em
But they all trick bitches
I think Trina sexy
Mama ya wind fine
And on the hush hush
We need some quiet time
Yea I'm a ridah ma
The Birdman's boy
He own CA$H MONEY
I pre own CA$H MONEY?
Yea and I put her on CA$H MONEY
She start wobblin that ass for me
She start modelin
She see the models in the Maybach
She call me Weezie F. Baby
And she make sure she say that
[Chorus][Lil' Wayne]See a fly nigga baby yea I don't trip
Just give em lil thigh
Mama give em lil hip
[Trina]And if you see a fly bitch
nigga holla don't trip
Break her off a few dollars
Take her on a few trips

[Lil' Wayne]Give em lil thigh
Mama give em lil hip
Then you give em Lil whind up
Give em a lil dip
[Trina]And if you see a fly bitch
Nigga holla don't trip
Break her off a few dollars
Take her on a few trips
[2nd Verse: Trina]Now I'm the daughter of a madam
Inside of a pink phantom

If ya man got that cash
Then best believe I met him
Cause I'm sharp as a machete
And I cuss like Freddie?
Niggas call me Betty Crocker
Cause my cakes stay plenty
Got stacks on top of stacks
cup in the meal ticket
No matter the consequence
My emphasis is to get it
It's Trina Weezie F. Baby
Mannie handle the scripts
It's all reminiscent to
Gladys night in the pips?
All my niggas jump around
Girls jump on that dick
It aint gonna be no standin around
Now lets get crunk in this bitch
And ladies
Show em yo shit
A lil hip a lil thigh
More pleasure for the eye
And the more a nigga try
You can find me stretched out
In my 850i
Or my big 600
Believe Trina done it
Believe them diamonds studded
Stay flooded like a damn
Chase grams cause I am what I am
Don't give a damn
Go
[Chorus][3rd Verse: Trina]Back to the lesson at hand
Stick to my plan

When it comes to seein man after man
Don't give a damn about his car or his friends
Wh Wh WhWhat
Cause I'm gonna make my own ends
That's WhWhat's up
Ladies lets say you want a man
But don't kno how to do it
Dirty dance with em
Put a lil back into it
Look at yo wall shorty
End up at the mall sporty
Try to dog waddy?
Make em spend it all on ya
Yep and make that nigga ball for ya
Then have him beggin for that kitty kat
Wining and dining for that ass
Give him none of that
Just let him kno
Say make a bitch rich
Cause the baddest bitch taught you that
[Chorus][Beat Till End]

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