

# 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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