

Stop Traffic (Ft. Pitbull)

Trina

[Chorus: x2 Pitbull]
Green means go
Yellow means slow
Red means stop
Now drop now roll
Girl you got a ass
Stopping traffic like a red [Repeat x2][Trina:]
I see the boys break they necks when I walk on by
Fat ol' ass thick ol' thighs
Mrs. Trina baddest bitch that's right
Diamond princess running 3.0.5
I still don't see nae hoe
And me I pimp niggas
Can't you tell by the Juelz my nigga
Ya whole career is worth one of them diamonds in my ear
And if you don't eat pussy
Get the f**k out of here
They will call you to the telly and set yo ass up
I'll call the jack boyz
Come through masked up
And all my girls in the club working fa a dub
Work that pole and let them hoes know whats sup ummmm[Chorus: x2 Pitbull][Trina:]
Addicted to the glamor life
But the gutter runs through my veins
That be little Mrs. Trina I'm off the chain
You name it I done it I did it I lived it I seen it
I ride fa my die fa my lie fa my bitches
T.R.I.N.A y they wanna hate I
Maybe cause I'm ballin' like a young A I
Or maybe cause I'm ballin' like Jim Jones fly high
I don't want coca money
I want Opra money
Vida loca money
You can keep that poker money
Once they taste this
They hucked like bases
And me I'm at the bar on patron with no chasers[Chorus: x2][Pitbull:]
Green means go
Yellow means slow

Red means stop
Now drop now roll
Girl you got a ass
Stopping traffic like a red [Repeat x2]

Songwriters

PEREZ, ARMANDO CHRISTIAN / GREGORY, JAMES / TAYLOR, KATRINA
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>