

Dro in the Wind

Trick Daddy

Trick Daddy feat. Cee-Lo
'Dro in the Wind[Talking]
Haha, haha
That's just the sound of the Hen'..
True Story.. Buddy Roe..
They say tell the truth, Shane and them (uh-huh)
Thank God for the thugs too... see![Trick Daddy]
I'm a ol' sneaky, ol' freaky, ol' geechy-ass nigga
Collard green, neckbone-eatin-ass nigga
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 wattrn't no mo' covers A little bad motherfucker (ah-ha)
Always rude and always in trouble
None of my teachers ain't like me (uh-huh)
But make it so bad, Pearl had seven mo' like melf you growed up the way I did
You gotsta understand, Trick love the kids
(Ooooooohh!) Trick love the kids[Chorus: Cee-Lo]
Drop the top and let the sunshine in
With the woodgrain, let the twinkies spin
Get you a glass, mix the Coke and the Hen'
It's quite alright, with the 'dro in the wind,
with the 'dro in the wind[Trick Daddy]
Cut me a seven-treis Chevy, put dubs on that bitch (uh-huh)
Candy apple green, niggaz lovin this shit (lovin this shit)
And wait a minute, I'll act a fool
Ya don't like how I'm livin? Bitch fuck you (uh-huh) That's right I'm a rude-ass nigga
Quick to do you, cut a fool-ass nigga
Weighin' in at bout a buck six-five
And a nigga can fuck, plus the boy gets live (that's right) You know legs, wings, and short thighs (short thighs)
Eat 'em up, beat 'em up, then switch sides[Cee-Lo]
Hot whore work her con-con, Valor to the floor
He oughta enjoy, with the loaded four-four
Be sure and acquire more 'fore ya fuck with mine
Disrespect; I'll disconnect ya line With a sick SWAT, when shit's hot, ya get shot
The fire, the fury, ya fuck with it not
Ya stoppin' the grace, get out my space and my - face
Fore me and my ace-a lay down the whole place Recognize, this is the verbalize

Surprise, fuckin' with me wrong way to wise nigga
Hoes, clothes, shows, Vogues, golds
Big ol' bankrolls, that's all a nigga know
Throw yo' elbows, I'm sicker than I suppose
Hoes unchose, 'cause my jewelry froze
You know how it goes, these young niggaz don't want it like this
Go off and get yo' gat, 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 killa!
(Ooooooooooh!)[Chorus: Cee-Lo]
Ooooooooooh!
Ooooooooooh! [Chorus]

Songwriters

Phalon Alexander; Jerome Andrew Bell; Gregory Bufford; Vaughan Carrington Mason; Andre Patton; Thomas
Calloway; Maurice Young; Corey Evans
Published by
CHRYSLIS MUSIC; FIRST AND GOLD PUBLISHING; NOONTIME TUNES; BUBBA GEE
MUSIC; WARNER-TAMERLANE PUBLISHING CORP
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>