

Survivin' the Drought

Trick Daddy

Last year was a great year, ask the click
But this year was scarred to our last half of brick
Trying to survive in the drought where it ain't no blow
It ain't no [Incomprehensible] so with ain't no dough Yo 95 south sun roof moonlight
Po-pos tight down before the turnpike
The last lick went sour Fed's jammed the blow
But like a weather man it's a light chance of snow Lay low at the bottom at the tell
Wait patient for my Haitian to hit me on the cell
'Cause my Haitian cartel they always work
They even had shit when the Cubans were hurt My nigga hit back he ain't got no coke
He said the coast guard just knocked off the boat
He said them Fed's in Texas they out of control
Knocking off major bricks with the border patrol A nigga couldn't rap long 'cause the phones they be wired up
I be goddamned the whole East coast dried up
A nigga went from raw dope to cheap base
Ridin' 'round with the block Fed in the brief case Surviving in the drought where it ain't no blow
It ain't no piece, yo it ain't no dough
It ain't no bricks, no chips, no food
So tell me what the fuck am I suppose to do? Surviving in the drought where it ain't no blow
It ain't no piece, yo it ain't no dough
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So tell me what the fuck am I suppose to do? In the drought I look the dope fiend right in the grill
Slang him a Asprin or a vitamin pill
In the drought niggaz panic when that money stop
Start slinging wamis and them dummy blocks Hit the projects twurking in that 87 fleet drop
Set up shop with a 9 pack of sheet rock
Watcha a nigga get hot, now he wanna hit pop
He wanna brain wrestle he don't know I got my shit cocked 'Cause in the drought you get stuck like a thumb tack
Dixie man got a 20 pack worth of come back
A player fucked up till that drought go down
A nigga got to spread his hustle when the drought come 'round I'm stuck a player fucked up now I'm finna
come back up
It's back on with then pack playboy the blow flooded
The base heads happy and my workers show love it My dog hit the lick about two hundred birds
Off a Bahamian cruise ship that nigga got nerves
Now Cubans is beeping and the Haitians is calling
I'm back to slanging whole chickens popping cases and balling I got to put the team on so I'm looking them up
RJ he the chef, he be cooking them up, hookin' them up
While I'm whipping 'em, flipping breaking 'em down

With the straight razor chipping 'em We got 'em harder than hard plus we pitching soft ball
Jumping for that how high this year gone cost y'all
Since we the only niggaz wit it
It's the lick of a life time Coming up in the drought through the paroofeal pipe line
This time I'm gone sit on me 'bout ten
'Cause you never know when that drought coming again
Surviving in the drought, surviving in the drought Surviving in the drought where it ain't no blow
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