

SNS / Roland (Skit)

Trick Daddy

Sns / Roland (Featuring Deuce Poppi, Tre+6)All aboard!!!We ride, we ride

We ride, we ride

We ride, we ride[Hook]

S-N, S-S-N-S

S-N, S-S-N-S

S-N, S-S-N-S

S-N, S-S-N-S

We sendin' this to all you (All you)

So you can do (Do it, do it) what you want to (Bop, bop, bop)

This is the funk (That funk) it's something new (Uh-huh)

We sendin' out this message to[Money Mark]

All the pretty little young and sexy women

And they great-great grandma's love they way we are

Make them shake they body, bodies

It's the number one clique who love to party

We from the bottom, M-I-A

Came to have a ball and y'all, it's okay

Money Mark and the S-N-S, we don't play

No day, no way, WHAT YOU SAY?[J.V.]

I got my eye on a victory that'll take my crew down in history (Huh!)[C.O.]

S-N-S so fresh so clean, and can't none of y'all fuck wit my team

Anything less than that, it's just a dream

We gotta be sittin' on top ya'know wha'I mean

Y'all done slipped so we slidin' in

We sellin' records like Goofy trapped again

Bet yo ass this shit won't stop

You know C.O. got shit on lock (Huh)

Big boy takin' over the block

Got kids on the curb goin' (Bop, bop...)[Deuce Poppi]

Now hold up, wait a minute

Let me get a lil' gangsta wit it

Can you pig and pop the Belve

And swig your jaw rap out we live it

Poppi gon' get it, seven digits

Seats in the six coupe made of lizards

And we won't stop like puffin' it

Whether it's crack or rap hustlin'

'cause we drop the hits that'll funk the hardest

Radio gon' play this regardless

S-N-S, bust like an SKS
Betta ask somebody who the best (Yes)[Hook][Trick Daddy]
Call me - Rosco, Peeko Tran
And I come through in that seven tre thang (Uh-huh)
Play wit us, spray the damn thang
See down here that's an e'eryday thang
It's guns and greens on dub dukes
Cop deuces half price from the boosters
See thugs wasn't big enough
You wanted beef wit the thugs, but the club wasn't big enough
All the G's to the V.I.P.
Hoes follow along right after me
It's - SNS in this bitch
Matter fact, I be the best in this shit
Put me on your next remix
Now count the spins that you get (Uh-huh)
See shit get crazy dogg
I'm takin' this shit way back to the eighties y'all
We're packed in jumbo jets
Line it up, the boy bought to bring it back
For[Hook x2]

Songwriters

YOUNG, MAURICE / SMITH, LASANA / EVANS, COREY / SEYMOUR, MARK / COLON, EUGENE

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