

# Shut Up (feat. Duece Poppito, Trina, & CO)

## Trick Daddy

[Trick Daddy]  
We gon' let the band deal with this  
Ha ha, mmm-hmm  
M-I-A Style, heh, old school  
Uh hah..  
Okay, shut up! Chorus: Trick Daddy Ah hah, okay, whassup? Shut up!  
Ah hah, okay, whassup? Shut up!  
Ah hah, okay, whassup? Shut up!  
Ah hah, okay, whassup? Shut up! [Trick Daddy]  
Ridin round in my brand new ninety-nine, fo' do', Volvo  
I got a pocket full of be 's,  
cocoa weed and ain't got no place to go tho'  
But all my Boca Boys they know though, that's fo' sho' doe  
(Are those Bugle Boy jeans you're wearin?)  
Hell nah hoe, you know they Polo's  
I been used again, accused again - this time  
been wrong to chop somethin done by one of my union friends  
Soon as they seen the Benz, hatin season was in  
Hell cause they figured me for not understandin they reason bein  
Heh, but I'm the man for this  
While y'all was doin fine I was doin time just, prayin for this  
Locked up, makin plans for this  
Without all that fancy shit, way too advanced for this  
Just Polo socks, tanktops and drawers up under my pants and shit  
Shut up! Chorus: repeat 2X [Trina]  
Okay who's +Da Baddest Bitch+  
I been real, been rich, been had this shit  
Big Benz, big house and shit  
That's right, okay I been down with Trick  
Okay it make sense to me  
Cause if your money ain't right you speakin French to me  
Miss Trina don't play with me  
Or you can say Miss Bigg, that's okay with me  
You need a grand just to speak to me  
Okay, are you sure you want to sleep with me?  
Okay, you better be fo' sho'  
Cause I done left niggaz like you stuck befo'  
Okay, you can ball with me  
Since you got a hot knot spend it all with me

Okay, y'all know what's up  
Okay, uh huh, I ride, shut up!Chorus: Trick Daddy (4x)[Co (of Tre +6)]  
This goes out to my niggeroles  
and them pretty ass jazzy hoes, bitch what's up  
see-O got a verse in the +Book of Thugs+  
So when I come through bitch show me love  
If you bout that flow, then raise it up  
You got that funk, then blaze it up  
I got two mo's of them phat hoes,  
late night and I ready to bust  
Are you okay? Look like you got a lot to say  
Okay, come widdit  
Niggaz keep hidin your hoes, what you do that fo'  
Me and Money Mark been done hit it  
Been done split it - okay playboy? Fuck you say boy?  
Don't even much bring your hoe 'round see  
Niggaz y'all better quit fuckin with me  
Shut up!Chorus[Duece Poppito (of 24 Karatz)]  
Lay down, playboy what's up  
What about the slugs in your head and your gut  
What's up with the keys to the truck  
Your own nigga say you got be 's in the cut  
What's up with the safe, what the combo  
Open that shit nigga fuck all the convo-sation  
What's up wit'cha Haitian  
Probably got birds at the safehouse, waitin  
What's up, where you store the D?  
I ain't found shit but a quarter ki  
Nigga ya better not be playin me  
You gon' bleed to death, you understand me?  
Whassup, are you ready to go?  
You ready to tongue kiss with the blue fo'fo'?  
What's up fuck nigga say somethin  
Set your crime, we ready to spray somethin  
Gun play, how I got the stripes  
2-4-K turned out the lights  
Gun play, how I got the stripes  
2-4-K turned out the lightsChorus: repeat 2X

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