

Don't Trip (feat. Lil Wayne) (Dirty)

Trina

Go by the name of Weezie F.
An fuck 'em out the belly store with ten bags?
Fly as a muthafucka girly on my staple
'Cause her friends say I'm a tummy sucker
Don't go below the navel
I'm up in Lil' Hatti
I'm blowin' on Jamaica
I'm in the pimper beemer
I'm with a salt shaker
Now I'm in Dade County
I see some thick bitches
I try to holla at 'em
But they all trick bitches
I think Trina sexy
Mama ya wine fine
And on the hush hush
We need some quiet time
Yea I'm a ridah ma
The Birdman's boy
He own cash money
I pre-own cash money
Yea and I put her on cash money
She start wobblin' that ass for me
She start modelin'
She see the models in the Maybach
She call me Weezie F. Baby
And she make sure she say that See a fly nigga baby, yeah I don't trip
Just give em lil' thigh
Mama give em lil' hip
And if you see a fly bitch
Nigga holla don't trip
Break her off a few dollars
Take her on a few trips
Give em lil' die
Mama give em lil' hip
Then you give 'em lil' wind up
Give em a lil' dip
And if you see a fly bitch
Nigga holla don't trip

Break her off a few dollars
Take her on a few trips Now I'm the daughter of a madam
Inside of a pink phantom
If ya man got that cash
Then best believe I met him
'Cause I'm sharp as a machete
And I cuss like Freddie
Niggas call me Betty Crocker
'Cause my cakes stay plenty
Got stacks on top of stacks
Cup in the meal ticket
No matter the consequence
My emphasis is to get it
It's Trina Weezie F. Baby
Mannie handle the scripts
It's all reminiscent to
Gladys Knight and the Pips
All my niggas jump around
Girls jump on that dick
It ain't gonna be no standin' around
Now lets get crunk in this bitch
And ladies
Show em yo shit
A lil' hip a lil' thigh
More pressure for the eye
And the more a nigga try
You can find me stretched out
In my 850i
Or my big 600
Believe Trina done it
Believe them diamonds studded
Stay flooded like a damn
Chase grams cause I am what I am
Don't give a damn
Go See a fly nigga baby, yeah I don't trip
Just give em lil' thigh
Mama give em lil' hip
And if you see a fly bitch
Nigga holla don't trip
Break her off a few dollars
Take her on a few trips
Give em lil' die
Mama give em lil' hip
Then you give 'em lil' wind up
Give em a lil' dip

And if you see a fly bitch
Nigga holla don't trip
Break her off a few dollars
Take her on a few trips
Back to the lesson at hand
Stick to my plan
When it comes to seein' man after man
Don't give a damn about his car or his friends
Wh Wh Wh Wh What
Cause I'm gonna make my on ends
That's Wh What's up
Ladies lets say you want a man
But don't know how to do it
Dirty dance with em
Put a lil' back into it
Look at yo wall shorty
End up at the mall sporty
Try to dog waddy?
Make em spend it all on ya
Yep and make that nigga ball for ya
Then have him beggin' for that kitty cat
Wining and dining for that ass
Give him none of that
Just let him know
Say make a bitch rich
Cause the badest bitch taught you that
See a fly nigga baby, yeah I don't trip
Just give em lil' thigh
Mama give em lil' hip
And if you see a fly bitch
Nigga holla don't trip
Break her off a few dollars
Take her on a few trips
Give em lil' die
Mama give em lil' hip
Then you give 'em lil' wind up
Give em a lil' dip
And if you see a fly bitch
Nigga holla don't trip
Break her off a few dollars
Take her on a few trips

Songwriters

THOMAS, BYRON O. / CARTER, DWAYNE / DORSEY, CHRISTOPHER NOEL
Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>