

# N Word (Explicit Album Version)

## Trick Daddy

(Chorus)

I spit game wit the n word  
Brothers make slang for n word slang  
I slang cane and others thangs for n word slang  
And lease be the blame for n word nigga(Trick Daddy)  
You know me nigga  
I don't know you my nigga  
Here's what must go through my nigga  
Go get with ya crew my nigga  
Tell rush round here for I do why'all niggas  
Cause I'm straight chillin my nigga  
Ex-con ex-dope dealer my nigga  
I ain't trippin but I'm chillin my nigga  
And I ain't scared of none of why'all niggas  
I will count my flow right in front why'all niggas  
I will kill ever one of why'all niggas  
Cock my 45 and go to gunning why'all niggas  
I will ever one of why'all niggas

Nigga(Chorus)

(Deuce Poppito)

I am off da my nigga  
Smoking marijuana in the range my nigga  
Getting brains  
Real niggas do things my niggas  
We spittin flames with motherfuckin thangs nigga  
I will take it to ya whole squad my nigga  
Word to god my nigga  
I got ? but rather get hard my nigga  
? at the neighborhood park my nigga  
What you say young nigga  
Slip n slide ain't got guns young nigga  
Got funds young nigga  
Dumb nigga  
Get ya for motherfuckin ones  
And turn you news into none

Nigga(chorus)

(C.O.)

Yo my nigga  
I'm c.o. nigga

You better slow yo roll my nigga  
Nigga  
And that's word to buddy roe my nigga  
So why should I give a fuck about a ho nigga  
I'm a go get ya nigga  
I can get the ? to da floor (let em know ny nigga)  
That's how it go my nigga  
I'm go lock it down from the door my nigga  
That's fo sho my nigga(Trick Daddy)  
And I got ya back my nigga  
Everywhere I go I be strap  
You bet my nigga  
And on top of that do be a ?  
Its all good you know I got stacks my nigga  
We rob banks my nigga  
And we are the only ones smoking stank my nigga  
We runnin through the bitches that you can't my nigga  
Fuckin round with us we will leave you stank my nigga  
Nigga(chorus) - 2X  
(Deuce Poppito)  
What's up my nigga  
I'm bout to nut my nigga  
Bout to but the gat to ya gut my nigga  
What's up I'm bout splash me a nigga  
Bout mash me a trigga  
I'm bout to blast me a nigga  
You shouldn't have played with my cock my nigga  
It smells like gun smoke my nigga  
You bout to bleed to ya death my nigga  
Take ya last breath my nigga  
What you think this my nigga  
I will slide in ya crib  
And put six in ya wig my nigga  
That's how we play my nigga  
With a a.k. hide in ya driveway my nigga  
You can run but you can't get away my nigga  
I'm go let the click spray my nigga  
From the shy to the m.i.a. my nigga  
Slip n slide niggas don't play my nigga(chorus)

Songwriters

YOUNG, MAURICE Published by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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