

Trigga Happy aggiN (Explicit Lyric LP Version)

Geto Boys

[Intro]

Today's special is Geto dope processed in Fifth Ward, Texas
We sell so much of this until they want to know what we put in it
OK, I'm gonna share this recipe with y'all
Hey John, gimme an ounce of that ether Fifth Ward bass
Yeah, aw yeah!
Yo Doug! Give me a half a key of uncut drums
Aw yeah! Yeah!
Say Red, give me a pound of them horns with red (???) cents in it!
Yeah, aw yeah!
Yeah, aw yeah!
Say fellas, give me ton of everything and cut it with the trigger happy
motherfuckin' Geto Boys[Verse 1 -- Bushwick]
We needed money, so I robbed a liquor store
Down on your knees she hesitated, I kicked the whore
Wanna go for bad, bitch I go for broke
Pulled out the 9, think it's a game, she said nope
Out comes the manager, mother' thought I was bluffin him
She knew I was serious, so did he when I busted him
Come on motherfucker I ain't playin' so give it up
She said the cops are comin', does it look like I give a fuck!
You're lucky I ain't horny, I'd be rockin' ya
She let down her hair, pulled up her skirt and said what's stoppin' ya?
Bitch you must mistake me for a lollygag
'cause if I get in that ass, they'll haul me off in a body bag
Gimme the money, I'm tired of the waiting shit
She said the box is empty
I said ain't that a bitch
Back to the safe you better open it fast
I'm gettin' tired, I'm about to melt a cap in your ass
I got all that money that I'm live, how you figure?
I'll forever be a trigga happy nigga(gunshots)
Don't fuck with me(gunshots)
You die motherfucker[Verse 2 -- Willie D]
Doin' crime in H-Town in my prime
Robbed the same motherfuckas 4 or 5 times
Where was the cops when I was rippin' off dividends?
Out writin' tickets to hard workin' citizens!
They ain't never been smart enough to catch me

But one day I went climbin' with a pussy
He got shot and hit the floor
I ran non-stop to my god damn front door
Stashed the cash and case
A clue led the motherfuckas to my place
I grabbed the bill cleaned my popper
And what did I hear a god damn chopper
Damn, ain't this a bitch, the motherfucker must've snitched
I thought about puttin some head to bed

But I played the stay instead

Surrender, the last day of November, made bond the first day of December
Promised myself when I see that snitch, I'd kill that son of a bitch!

We scrapped the slate every day
I just couldn't put the fuckin' gun away
Wait a minute, I'm full of those forties,
I caught his ass slippin' at a block party
Killed a motherfucka as he said D please

Put holes in his ass like rat cheese
Squash that shit, how ya figure?

I'll forever be a triggga happy nigga!(gunshots)

You die motherfuckerSay hello to my little friendDon't fuck with meYou stupid fuckYou die motherfuckerSay
hello to my little friend(gunshots)

I'll take you all to fuckin hell!(gunshots)

Don't fuck with meYou stupid fuck[Verse 3 -- Scarface]

Boys on my corner tryin' to run a day game

Sellin that phony shit, it's white but it ain't caine

Some stupid mother fucker said I owed him

I ain't payin' the mother fucker I don't play and I showed him

That if you come and front me with that bullshit

You card is filed and you'll die when I pull it

'cause life is a gamble when you fuck with a psycho

No pity on another it's a game, it's how life goes

I'm hip to all the tricks of the trade

Killin', and stealin' and gankin' niggas to get paid

But this time you bullshitted the bullshitter

and found out that I'm a triggga happy niggaDon't fuck with meYou stupid fuckYou die motherfuckerSay hello
to my little friend(gunshots)

I'll take you all to fuckin hell!Don't fuck with me!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.