

# 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 trigga 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 trigga 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.

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