

# In Da Wind (Mike's Radio)

## Trick Daddy

Trick Daddy feat. Cee-Lo

'Dro in the Wind[Talking]

Haha, haha

That's just the sound of the Hen'..

True Story.. Buddy Roe..

They say tell the truth, Shane and them (uh-huh)

Thank God for the thugs too... see![Trick Daddy]

I'm a ol' sneaky, ol' freaky, ol' geechy-ass nigga

Collard green, neckbone-eatin-ass nigga

Always wearin my jeans baggy saggy

You know Florida, Georgia, South CakalakyGrowed up eatin spam sandwiches

Sugar water and mayonnaise sandwich

Share the room with bout four mo' brothers

But one home for 'em and wattn't no mo' coversA little bad motherfucker (ah-ha)

Always rude and always in trouble

None of my teachers ain't like me (uh-huh)

But make it so bad, Pearl had seven mo' like melf you growed up the way I did

You gotsta understand, Trick love the kids

(Ooooooohh!) Trick love the kids[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

Drop the top and let the sunshine in

With the woodgrain, let the twinkies spin

Get you a glass, mix the Coke and the Hen'

It's quite alright, with the 'dro in the wind,

with the 'dro in the wind[Trick Daddy]

Cut me a seven-treis Chevy, put dubs on that bitch (uh-huh)

Candy apple green, niggaz lovin this shit (lovin this shit)

And wait a minute, I'll act a fool

Ya don't like how I'm livin? Bitch fuck you (uh-huh)That's right I'm a rude-ass nigga

Quick to do you, cut a fool-ass nigga

Weighin' in at bout a buck six-five

And a nigga can fuck, plus the boy gets live (that's right)You know legs, wings, and short thighs (short thighs)

Eat 'em up, beat 'em up, then switch sides[Cee-Lo]

Hot whore work her con-con, Valor to the floor

He oughta enjoy, with the loaded four-four

Be sure and acquire more 'fore ya fuck with mine

Disrespect; I'll disconnect ya lineWith a sick SWAT, when shit's hot, ya get shot

The fire, the fury, ya fuck with it not

Ya stoppin' the grace, get out my space and my - face

Fore me and my ace-a lay down the whole placeRecognize, this is the verbalize

Surprise, fuckin' with me wrong way to wise nigga  
Hoes, clothes, shows, Vogues, golds  
Big ol' bankrolls, that's all a nigga know  
Throw yo' elbows, I'm sicker than I suppose  
Hoes unchose, 'cause my jewelry froze  
You know how it goes, these young niggaz don't want it like this  
Go off and get yo' gat, to silence the chit-chat, blast!  
So pass, outlast, bout cash  
Mo' sicky, talk tricky to the trick like trash  
Lo realer, a go-rilla, flow for mo' scrilla  
Come clean, lookin mean, but you ain't no killa!  
(Ooooooooooh!)[Chorus: Cee-Lo]  
Ooooooooooh!  
Ooooooooooh![Chorus]

Songwriters

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