In Da Wind

Trick Daddy

Hah, that's just the sound of the Hen'
True Story, that's what we call it
Thank God for the thugs too
Buddy Roe
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
I'm a ol' sneaky, ol' freaky, ol' geechy-ass nigga
Collard green, neck bone eatin' ass nigga
Always wearin' my jeans baggy saggy
You know Florida, Georgia, South Cakalaky
Growed up eatin' spam sandwiches
Sugar water and mayonnaise sandwich
Share the room with 'bout four more brothers
But one home for 'em and wantin' no more covers
A little bad motherfucker always rude and always in trouble
None of my teachers ain't like me
But make it so bad, Pearl had seven more like me
If you growed up the way I did you gots to understand
Trick love the kids, Trick love the kids
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
Cut me a seven-treis Chevy, put dubs on that bitch
Candy apple green, niggaz lovin' it, lovin' it
And wait a minute, I'll act a fool
Ya don't like how I'm livin'? Boy foolish
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
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 line
With 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 place
Recognize, 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, cuz my jewelry froze
You know how it goes, these young nigga don't want it like this
Go off and get yo' gat, to silence the chit-chat, blast!
So pass, outlast, 'bout cash
More sicky, talk tricky to the trick like trash
Lo realer, a gorilla, flow for more skrilla
Come clean, lookin' mean, but you ain't no killa! Trick love the kids!
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With the 'dro in the wind
Look at what we got, the rims and all the 'dro
The 'dro and all the smoke, my throat, it makes me choke
Like a serial killer was squeezin' on my throat box
In the clutches of danger but not a stranger on the block
Is it the cheeferry reefer beat blowin' my chest up?
Beat right from the club try my best not to mess up
A professor of this lyrical thang
I'll take the purist strain of this slang and inject it into your veins
Did your heart stop man? Drop-top fame
Aviator shades with a rear front face
Movin' through the dirty at a slow pimps pace
Kinda like the turtle and the rabbit in the race
To the finish line, I jump the pair of Reeboks
So bright, so fresh, snow white but no socks
Then I slipped on some of that O with the wind
I'm bustin' straight out the path like a three piece of va-lac-tic
Before you slack it you gotta prepare it and mack it

When your jack it over tragic, not intended for any illegal purposes'
It's like anthrax and small pox in surplus to murder us
Ya gotsta understand Trick love the kids! Trick love the kids!
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