I Pop

Trick Daddy

If I pop, and I snap.
If I snap, a bitch gonna get slapped.
So, don't move, bitch, don't breathe.
You look better down on your knees.
They call me Champion King Ding-a-Ling.
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You know the boy ain't got no mannas.
With them hands on yo daddy, and slap yo mammy.
Shut up.
I'm talking. (Damn it)
All rise with a walk in. (Damn it)
Your honorable King Ding-a-Ling
Bitch, say my name.
I'm King Ding-a-Ling
Courts back in session.
Release the hoes.
Bitch, back to the scrolls.
You know daddy got a plan for you.
And daddy got a prize in his pants for you.
Champion, well, if we come together..
We should come as one.
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She's like he's so manish.
Yo, but she's so wit it
Cause she ain't wearin' no panties
I'm like here, kitty kitty.
What it do lil' mamma.
Yo, is them real titties.

Yo, and it was like Mardi Gras.

Cause she downed a drink
And she pulled out her left titty out.
Yea, bitch. That's what I'm talkin' bout.
Gettin' loose, go head wild out.
And, all I saw was ass n' titties.
VIP full of naked bitches.
Compliments of a nasty nigga.
Who else but me, King Ding-a-Ling.
They call me Champion King Ding-a-Ling.
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Good evening: Ladies, Gentlemen, Pimps and Whores, and the rest of you animals.
Dont'cha know that sex sells.
That's why my hundred dollar bills smell like pubic hairs.
She work hard for the money.
Accused of being a whore, but just an entrepreneur
An of course she's self-employed.
Learned that cause her momma was a whore before.
Game face cause ain't shit funny.
Daddy like, "Bitch, better have my money!"
Now, that's my kind of whore.
Go to sleep, and have dreams about King Ding-a-Ling.
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