Whoop That Trick

Terrence Howard (DJay)

What (16x)[Chorus]
Whoop that trick (16x)[Djay]
I'ma make these suckers recognize I ain't playin' hoe
If you violate off the top trick you gotta go
I den held in a lot of shit and I'm bout to flip
Now I think it's time to show you bitches who you fuckin' with
DJay that's the name and I came to bring the pain
Ana on my chest got me bustin' at you lemon lames
You ain't know you fuckin' with a street nigga
From the gutta pimp tight slash drug dealer
Born and raised in the "M" Memphis Tennessee
Before it's said and done you bitches gon remember me
This only the beginning I got a lot to say
It's been a long time and you got hell to pay
Ain't no love hoe just bring it the door
I'm bar none let my nuts hang to the floor
So if you want some this is your death wish
Better come correct cause I came to break you off trick[Chorus][Djay]
You think I won't beat that trick whoop that trick
Got me acting bucked and shit
Hoes telling me to calm down but I'm like fuck that shit
I'm already on that Hypnotiq and that Grey Goose
A couple shots of Hen that just gave me another boost
I'm feeling electrified you can see it in my eyes
Shirt soaking wet looking like I just got baptized
Sloppy drunk like a wino at a liquor store
But crunk like some sanctified folks catchin' the Holy Ghost
I don't think you understand this one right here might get banned
Setting off a riot like we living in afghanistan
But this the dirty dirty and that's the way it go
Security beat the mayne was acting like some hoes
But you den fucked up you better call the the law
I'ma break this Moet bottle cross your fucking jaw
And that's for anyone that's for everyone disrespected D
Watch your back boy cause you bout to get your ass beat[Chorus][Djay]
I came to bust a nigga head leave him bloody red
Fighting for his life as they rush him to the Med
This what happens when you get caught up in the mix
All that jaw jacking got your ass in a bunch of shit

This that Memphis drama boy you know we came to get buck
I thought you came deep nigga where your backup
Your clique they some cowards they scattered out like roaches
That bottle cross your head got you leaking losing focus
See this is what we mean when we shut down the club
Niggaz started gangsta walking and we tear that bitch up
We some straight hood niggaz from the ghetto and the projects
Fuck the police cause we know we the suspects
Make you wonder what's next bitch guard your grill
If they play this in the club then they beat yo ass for real
My advice would be to chill M-Town niggaz sick
Get caught without a warning and get your ass whooped quick bitch[Chorus]
Whoop that trick (7x)

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

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