

# Trigga Happy

## Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Heh heh

Yeah, goddamn its that old gangsta shit right there boy  
Goddamn shit, heh heh This is Dope Fiend Willy from the last muthafuckin' record

I want the ten piece, hey I got me some

Now I dont give a fuck but uh huh, yeah you all

Aint gonna know nothin 'bout this O.G. shit

Unless you start knowin' somethin' about Uzis and shit

So uh? Now this 380 was a bitch who used to ho' up on my block

She lived on Smith-N-Wesson with that pimp, Mr. Glock

Now Glock had many bitches, he sold pussy by the pound

And bitches jocked his trigga every time he came around

Big baller, big game shooter

Until he met that crazy muthafucka, Mr. Ruger Now Ruger was a pimp too, he had his own hoes

Mrs. Hollow Tip and Neener who wore hoish clothes

G-string up the ass with the big fat clitoris

Drinkin that Colt 45 cuz shes a gangsta bitch

I love my neener and my neener loves me

Muthafuckas think Im crazy cuz Im trigga happy Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga

Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga

Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga

Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga Heh heh, well goddamn Smith-N-Wesson

Heh heh heh, I got me a colt 45 back at the muthafuckin' house

Heh heh, yeah, Im ready to do somethin

With one of these little ol young muthafuckas Heh heh yeah, but I think maybe a ol ten piece

Hook me up, muthafucka, I know you got that shit

Yeah muthafuckin Dope Fiend Willie in the house

Dont give a fuck about no nigga, heh muthafucka shit Mr. Snubnose slangin the yay out the bullet shed

And Mrs. Mossberg blowin up his [unverified]

And the shit, it dont be gettin' no better

You gotta watch for that crooked ass cop Officer Beretta

Put your ass in a sling, check out that skinny ass bitch deuce deuce Thinking she miss thing and Mr. Technine  
lookin' for some convo

And he jammed and stuttered when he could had a hoe  
But he still knockin' boots from hell to heaven  
Nigga got a page about three feety seven gettin' paid for the cot  
So now he got a deal with that bitches pimp Mr. Glock  
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga  
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga  
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga  
Yeah yeah I like that new shit boy  
Yeah heh heh trigga happy, trigga happy heh trigga happy, nigga  
Yeah I like that shit, Im 'bout to go over here  
And talk to these girls over here damn, baby what you got on and shit?  
Now every niggas wavin' peace to the  
nine  
Cuz glock hit the block in a jeep drinkin' cheap wine  
With his nigga AK drug kingpin gotta find Mr. Technine do his ass in  
Niggas plottin' hits plottin' schemes but Mr. Technines got an AR-15  
An O.G. nigga from the hood got his cash on rollin' fly brooms  
Smokin' chronic to the fuckin' dome  
And Mr. Glock got the word from his people  
Mr. Technines havin a party at The Desert Eagle  
So right in front of the club when he checked his beeper  
Technine blasted his ass with the street sweeper  
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga  
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga  
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga  
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga  
Goddamn shit fuck y'all and your folks got these days  
That old chronic shit look at that!  
Goddamn boy, let me get another hit of that shit goddamn  
You ol trigga happy muthafuckin' youth

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>