

Trick Daddy, Sns / Roland

f/ Deuce Poppi, Tre+6

All aboard!!!

We ride, we ride
We ride, we ride
We ride, we ride

(Hook)

S-N, S-S-N-S
S-N, S-S-N-S
S-N, S-S-N-S
S-N, S-S-N-S

We sendin' this to all you (All you)
So you can do (Do it, do it) what you want to (Bop, bop, bop)
This is the funk (That funk) it's something new (Uh-huh)
We sendin' out this message to

(Money Mark)

All the pretty little young and sexy women
And they great-great grandma's love they way we are
Make them shake they body, bodies
It's the number one clique who love to party
We from the bottom, M-I-A
Came to have a ball and y'all, it's okay
Money Mark and the S-N-S, we don't play
No day, no way, WHAT YOU SAY?

(J.V.)

I got my eye on a victory that'll take my crew down in history (Huh!)

(C.O.)

S-N-S so fresh so clean, and can't none of y'all f**k wit my team
Anything less than that, it's just a dream
We gotta be sittin' on top ya'know wha'l mean
Y'all done slippin' so we slidin' in
We sellin' records like Goofy trapped again
Bet yo ass this shit won't stop
You know C.O. got shit on lock (Huh)
Big boy takin' over the block
Got kids on the curb goin' (Bop, bop...)

(Deuce Poppi)

Now hold up, wait a minute
Let me get a lil' gangsta wit it
Can you pig and pop the Belve
And swig your jaw rap out we live it
Poppi gon' get it, seven digits
Seats in the six coupe made of lizards
And we won't stop like puffin' it
Whether it's crack or rap hustlin'
'cause we drop the hits that'll funk the hardest
Radio gon' play this regardless
S-N-S, bust like an SKS
Betta ask somebody who the best (Yes)

(Hook)

(Trick Daddy)

Call me - Rosco, Peeko Tran
And I come through in that seven tre thang (Uh-huh)
Play wit us, spray the damn thang
See down here that's an e'eryday thang

It's guns and greens on dub dukes
Cop deuces half price from the boosters
See thugs wasn't big enough
You wanted beef wit the thugs, but the club wasn't big enough
All the G's to the V.I.P.
Hoes follow along right after me
It's - SNS in this bitch
Matter fact, I be the best in this shit
Put me on your next remix
Now count the spins that you get (Uh-huh)
See shit get crazy dogg
I'm takin' this shit way back to the eighties y'all
We're packed in jumbo jets
Line it up, the boy bought to bring it back
For

(Hook x2)