

# Trick Trick, My Name Is Trick Trick

[Conversation:]

What's up man?

What's up kid, what's goin on?

What's the deal? Been hearin a lot of shit about you lately, man.

Yeah, man, I heard they said you whooped [Trick Daddy] and sayin that you broke your arm. And motherfuckers is sayin, uh, you still fucking wit that work.

Seeing that my name happens to be the topic of discussion, in everybody's conversation, all across the nation.

I'm gon' hit it, cause people gotta lie just to kick it.

It's a program plan so get wit it.

Now listen to me, I started bangin' when I turned thirteen.

Affiliation with felons had me linked to a team.

Seven Mile BK rep the set.

Click, Boom, GBK from east to west.

Back then we wasn't friends wit a na' 'notha crew.

Gang fights after school had me labeled as a fool.

Run yo shoes, run yo jewels. Sheepskins, top tens. Check 'em in.

Blocks and ink pens was the weapon, till I got a three-fifty-seven,

When Dougie Fresh had just dropped All The Way to Heaven.

Tough chains, I got from everybody else.

I present to you, Myself.

My name is Trick-Trick.

I'm from the ghetto.

I fuck's wit Hip Hop, R&B,

Not Heavy Metal.

I'm still a gangsta.

So please believe it.

I got that choppa'.

Bring the drama you will see it.

(bi-atch!)

Wasn't no way to taim us, we love beef.

The OG's that trained us, they loved streets.

It's hard to lie for that.

If I believed it in my heart, it's hard to die for that.

If the homie get killed, it's hard to ride for that. (what?)

It's hard to ride for that. Ride for that.

I'm on yo head niggas.

Still the fact of the matter remains, I can't change.

I'm addicted to this game.

So when these fag-ass rap niggas split the track,

And can't do none of the shit that they spit on wax,

Bump into me, then mug like it's something to see.

Anybody can get they ass whooped fuckin wit me.

So close your mouth and stop spreading the shit you heard.

I'm at the point where I can clip a motherfucka with words.

Move that work, top charts, and gang to fame.

Everybody in the streets know, that..

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(Ohh shit, there he go again.)

I been in the pen, copped out, probated and did it again.

I paroled the homie own, It's time to shine.

But kept getting arrested for violent crimes.  
That's right. Believe the witness, it's all my fault.  
My guess is, beat the witness, till he can't talk.  
I was taught, gone and do, what you gotta do,  
to make sure they don't tell on you. Oooh.  
But people still say what they heard anyway.  
I get birds everyday, I got indited back in May.  
Trick Daddy broke my arm?  
Come on, you saw the tape, ain't no body breaking shit this way.  
And further more, all these rap niggas that I had to run in to,  
Got they ass whooped cause they had it comin to 'em.  
I don't whoop na' nigga for nothin.  
You got stomped then you had to do something. Bi-atch!

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Didn't I motherfuckin tell ya? Didn't I motherfuckin tell ya?  
I told you goddamnit.  
Shiit, goddamn... [laughter]