

Terrance Howard, Whoop That Trick

I'ma make these suckas recognize I aint playing ho
If you violate off the top, trick you gotta go
I done held in a lot of shit and I'm bout 2 flip
Now I think it's time 2 show you bitches who you fuckin with
D JAY that's the name and I came to bring the pain
Ana on chest, got me busting at you lemon lames
Y'aint know? You fuckin with a street nigga
From the gutta, pimp type 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 along time, and you got hell 2 pay
Aint no love ho, just bring it 2 the door
I bar none let my nuts hang 2 the floor
So if you want some, this is yo death wish
Betta come correct because I came 2 break you off trick

(Chorus 16x)
Whoop That Trick (Get 'em)

(Verse 2)

You think I wont beat that trick, whoop that trick
Got me acting buck and shit
Hoes telling me 2 calm down but I'm like fuck that shit
I'm already on that hpnatiq and that grey goose
A couple of shots of hen, that just gave me another boost
I'm feelin electrified, you can see it in my eyes
Shirt soaking wet, looking like I just got baptized
Sloppy drunk, like a wine-o at a liquor store
But crunk like some sanctified folks catching the Holy Ghost
I don't think you understand this one here just might get banned
Settin off a riot like we livin in Afghanistan
But this the durty, durty, and that's the way it goes
Security be the main ones actin like some hos
But you done fucked up, you betta call the law
I'ma break this MOET bottle cross your fuckin jaw
And that's for anyone that ever disrespected D
Watch your back boy, cause you bout 2 get your ass beat

(Chorus 16x)
Whoop That Trick (Get 'em)

(Verse 3)

I came 2 bust a nigga head, leave him bloody red
Fighting 4 his life as they rush him 2 the med
This what happens when you get caught up in the mix
All that jaw jackin got your ass in a buncha shit
This that Memphis drama boy you know we came to get buck
I thought you came deep, nigga where yo back up?
Your clique, they some cowards, they scattered out like roaches
That bottle across your head got you leaking, loosing focus
See this is what we mean when we shut down the club
Niggaz started gangsta walkin, then we tear the bitch up
We some straight hood niggaz from the ghetto and the projects
Dump 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, you'll get your ass beat 4 real
My advice would be 2 chill. M town niggas sick
Get caught without a warning and get your ass whooped quick bitch

(Chorus 16x)
Whoop That Trick (Get 'em)

