

# 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)

