

# Trick Daddy, Dro In The Wind

(feat. Big Boi, Cee-Lo)

[talking]

Hah, haha

That's just the sound of the Hen'..

True Story.. Buddy Roe..

They say tell the truth, Shame the Devil (uh-huh)

Thank God for the thugs too...

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

Drop the top and let the sunshine in

With the woodgrain, let the twinkies spin

Get you a glass, mix the Coke and the Hen'

It's quite alright, with the 'dro in the wind,

with the 'dro in the wind

[Trick Daddy]

I'm a ol' sneaky, ol' freaky, ol' geechy-ass nigga

Collard green, neckbone-eatin-ass nigga

Always wearin my jeans baggy saggy

You know Florida, Georgia, South Cakalaky

Growed up eatin spam sandwiches

Sugar water and mayonnaise sandwich

Share the room with bout four mo' brothers

But one home for 'em and wattrn't no mo' covers

A little bad motherfucker (ah-ha)

Always rude and always in trouble

None of my teachers ain't like me (uh-huh)

But make it so bad, Pearl had seven mo' like me

If you growed up the way I did

You gotsta understand, Trick love the kids

(Ooooooohh!) Trick love the kids

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

[Trick Daddy]

Cut me a seven-treis Chevy, put dubs on that bitch (uh-huh)

Candy apple green, niggaz lovin this shit (lovin this shit)

And wait a minute, I'll act a fool

Ya don't like how I'm livin? Bitch fuck you (uh-huh)

That's right I'm a rude-ass nigga

Quick to do you, cut a fool-ass nigga

Weighin' in at bout a buck six-five

And a nigga can fuck, plus the boy gets live (that's right)

You know legs, wings, and short thighs (short thighs)

Eat 'em up, beat 'em up, then switch sides

[Cee-Lo]

Hot whore work her con-con, Valor to the floor

He oughta enjoy, with the loaded four-four

Be sure and acquire more 'fore ya fuck with mine

Disrespect; I'll disconnect ya line

With a sick SWAT, when shit's hot, ya get shot

The fire, the fury, ya fuck with it not

Ya stoppin the grace, get out my space and my - face

Fore me and my ace-a lay down the whole place

Recognize, this is the verbalize

Surprise, fuckin with me wrong way to wise nigga

Hoes, clothes, shows, Vogues, golds

Big ol' bankrolls, that's all a nigga know

Throw yo' elbows, I'm sicker than I suppose

Hoes unchose, cuz my jewelry froze

You know how it goes, these young niggaz don't want it like this

Go off and get yo' gat, to silence the chit-chat, blast!

So pass, outlast, bout cash  
Mo' sicky, talk tricky to the trick like trash  
Lo realer, a go-rilla, flow for mo' scrilla  
Come clean, lookin mean, but you ain't no killa!  
(Ooooooooooh!) (Trick love the kids!)

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

[Big Boi]

Look at what we got; the rims and all the 'dro  
The 'dro and all the smoke, my throat, it makes me choke  
Like a serial killer was squeezin on my throat box  
In the cluthces of danger but not a stranger on the block  
Is it the cheeferry reefer beat blowin my chest up?  
Beat right from the club try my best not to mess up  
A professor of this lyrical thang, I'll take the purist strain  
of this slang and inject it into your veins  
Did your heart stop man? Drop-top fame  
Aviator shades with a rear front face  
Movin through the dirty at a slow pimps pace  
Kinda like the turtle and the rabbit in the race  
To the finish line, I jump the pair of Reeboks  
So bright, so fresh, snow white but no socks  
Then I slipped on some of that O with the wind  
I'm bustin straight out the path like a three piece  
of va-lac-tic, before you slack it  
You gotta prepare it and mack it, when your jack it over tragic  
not intended for any illegal purposes'  
it's like anthrax and small pox in surplus to murder us  
(Ya gotsta understand Trick love the kids!)  
(Trick love the kids!)

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]