

# Trick Daddy, Fuckin' Around

[Chorus]

Yall niggas keep fuckin around  
Fuckin' around, fuck round get stuck in the ground  
I ain't no busta see, yall niggas better stop fuckin wit me

[Kase 1]

I hit the clown in the dirt  
Jump on the top wit a drop that nigga down in the dirt  
The first nigga quick to get it first  
Call the paramedics cuz the police be stealing from the herse  
I aim it at ya hat when I burst  
If I don't get a grammy I'm headed at the rat niggas first  
And I'm back full of perk strap on the curb  
Slap that bitch on the third  
Nigga done caught wit a slurr  
Cant see shit but a blurr  
Crank up that Chevey let her purr  
We all from the curve  
Bitch niggas runnin up nerve  
I aint gone let u die  
And I (?) Tag a man  
Said u runnin from the hood and I'm packistan  
Bitch I'm a mutha fuckin jacka man  
And Understand when the mutha fuckin crack is stayin

[Trick Daddy]

Yall mutha fuckers better run cuz we got bombs  
Plus we got guns that take off arms  
Got 4,4 that shoot the do' and got buck loads of that 84  
And like John Doe, hit ya city start killing every nigga who aint feelin' this rhyme  
And ain't feelin' this vibe  
To many niggas goose neckin my ride  
But okay my A.K fully  
Yall niggas watch how u step to me  
And yall young niggas back the fuck up  
And don't make me act the fuck up  
Cuz it al' be another war  
I'll kill every mutha fucker that yall know  
Thats yo' ma,pa, sister in law  
Yo' daddy yo dog and yo hoe  
Now I ain't claim to be a saint  
And no got damn serial killer  
I just wanna know my nigga what made u disrespect a nigga  
What u thought I was a buster, sucker, a rapper, or actor  
Nigga rat to the cracker yep they'll protect ya but one day fuck nigga I'm gone catch ya

[Chorus 2x]

[Young Jeezy]

Been got my B's got my cheese  
Fuck nigga u dont play wit a G'  
Cock back aim and squeeze  
Now ya ass on the ground wit the trees  
My ol' boy didnt raise no snitch  
My Ol' girl didnt raise no bitch  
U outta line I'll kill u bitch  
Not put that shit on my chick  
Man I pull bout 26 bitches  
Gotta perk shit 26 inches  
On the concrete nigga  
Gotta lace on the concrete nigga  
At least when I rap a lot  
Break down hoes in the trap a lot  
Fuck nigga I got crypt for days

Slip n' Slide wit them bnoys from Dade  
305 to the 404, G' shit we'll take ya hoe  
Look dawg we'll take ya bricks  
Then u gone cop some candy shit  
Fuck nigga I hope it's worth it  
Spray ya ass like a job from (?)  
Came here to suck a dick ATL Dade county and Trick

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

Aye,aye yall suck ass niggas keep playin wit me  
Fuck around see me wit a A.K on the streets  
Start bussin makin mutha fuckers lay in the streets  
All cuz of what a nigga say on the beat  
Look, I'm a G' thats sayin the least  
From trapin to sprayin the heat to wearin the key  
Instead of all that attention u were payin to me  
U should of been mindin ya business and keepin it pimpin  
But I know most niggas aint built like that  
Just know old niggas get killed like that  
U dont wanna fuck around wit Tip like that  
Look Flip when the body bag zip thats that  
Niggas wanna talk shit and cock duce  
Wit this fully automatic Mack 10's start shootin  
So u can run high and tell lies if u want to  
But when i fuck around and run up on u what u gone do

[Chorus]