

# Trick Daddy, Gotta Let You Have It

(feat. Buddy Roe)

[Buddy Roe]

Now I gotta let you have it  
Rappin' fire from my automatic  
Now I gotta let you have it  
Rappin' fire from my automatic

[Trick Daddy]

I just might have to toss this nine  
Across your mind  
Across that line  
I'm running straight up in your mammy's house by mine  
Puttin' this fire up in this old bitch mouth by mine  
And openin' fire  
And I ain't swearing no niggas  
Give the deed up until four niggas  
Ain't sympathizing with you hoe niggas  
I'm just realizing what this thug shit for nigga  
You in the middle of a war nigga  
Now I gotta let you have it  
The whole clip  
Fucking up the whole trip  
Now you fucking with the boogie man  
This shit deeper than Nino Brown  
And I ain't see no clown  
Nigga nigga nigga

[Buddy Roe]

Now I gotta let you have it  
Rappin' fire from my automatic  
Now I gotta let you have it  
Rappin' fire from my automatic

[Trick Daddy]

I got some niggas that'll bump with you  
Play with your kids and eat lunch with you  
Then fuck around and kill your ass  
I close shop  
With 2 shots from a far away glock  
Then leave you dead to rot  
In a empty lot  
And this thug shit simply not  
To be taken light  
Well y'all fake less I'm taken life  
Then I'm taking off  
To the old hood  
To check on a old girl  
To make sure it's still all good  
Then it's back to the streets  
To finish this beef  
Looking for them same niggas that's looking for me  
And about three blocks  
From where they set up shop  
Sell weed and lay some rocks  
They got these old cops  
Working they're spots  
And young niggas on the roof with red dots  
When me and my clique scrap and we scared not

[Buddy Roe]

Now I gotta let you have it  
Rappin' fire from my automatic

[Buddy Roe]  
I'm paranoid cause I'm hearing things  
Time served  
Only out a few months, associated with birds  
They want to pop it, I got bad nerves  
Peep  
Mini-14 on the front seat  
You want to be there for your kids, nigga play with it  
His Grams missing, who did it, I'ma deal with it  
So fuck I care about the shorty  
Cause nigga you been known  
Skip town  
With my pound  
With my dudes 'round  
Now nigga how you playin', I done counted that  
You wanted work, all you had to do is fucking ask  
My cuban friend  
Want his ends  
Instead of you flipping them divedends  
Making millions  
Popping then  
Silly rabbit  
You done started static  
Now I gotta let you have it  
Rapping fire from my automatic  
You left me stuck  
And so you outta luck  
Cause you done fucked my credit up  
ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST  
Nigga what

[Buddy Roe]  
Now I gotta let you have it  
Rappin' fire from my automatic  
Now I gotta let you have it  
Rappin' fire from my automatic  
Now I gotta let you have it  
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