

Trick Daddy, Shut Up

(feat. Co, Deuce Poppito, Trina)

[Trick Daddy]

We gon' let the band deal with this
Ha ha, mmm-hmm
M-I-A Style, heh, old school
Uh hah..
Okay, shut up!

[Chorus: Trick Daddy]

Ah hah, okay, whassup? Shut up!
Ah hah, okay, whassup? Shut up!
Ah hah, okay, whassup? Shut up!
Ah hah, okay, whassup? Shut up!

[Trick Daddy]

Ridin round in my brand new ninety-nine, fo' do', Volvo
I got a pocket full of B's,
cocoa weed and ain't got no place to go tho'
But all my Boca Boys they know though, that's fo' sho' doe
(Are those Bugle Boy jeans you're wearin?)
Hell nah hoe, you know they Polo's
I been used again, accused again - this time
been wrong to chop somethin done by one of my union friends
Soon as they seen the Benz, hatin season was in
Hell cause they figured me for not understandin they reason bein
Heh, but I'm the man for this
While y'all was doin fine I was doin time just, prayin for this
Locked up, makin plans for this
Without all that fancy shit, way too advanced for this
Just Polo socks, tanktops and drawers up under my pants and shit
Shut up!

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

[Trina]

Okay who's +Da Baddest Bitch+
I been real, been rich, been had this shit
Big Benz, big house and shit
That's right, okay I been down with Trick
Okay it make sense to me
Cause if your money ain't right you speakin French to me
Miss Trina don't play with me
Or you can say Miss Bigg, that's okay with me
You need a grand just to speak to me
Okay, are you sure you wanna sleep with me?
Okay, you better be fo' sho'
Cause I done left niggaz like you stuck befo'
Okay, you can ball with me
Since you got a hot knot spend it all with me
Okay, y'all know what's up
Okay, uh huh, I ride, shut up!

[Chorus: Trick Daddy (4x)]

[Co (of Tre +6)]

This goes out to my niggeroles
and them pretty ass jazzy hoes, bitch what's up
C-O got a verse in the +Book of Thugs+
So when I come through bitch show me love
If you bout that flow, then raise it up
You got that funk, then blaze it up
I got two mo's of them phat hoes,

late night and I ready to bust
Are you okay? Look like you got a lot to say
Okay, come widdit
Niggaz keep hidin your hoes, what you do that fo'
Me and Money Mark been done hit it
Been done split it - okay playboy? Fuck you say boy?
Don't even much bring your hoe 'round C
Niggaz y'all better quit fuckin with me
Shut up!

[Chorus]

[Duece Poppito (of 24 Karatz)]
Lay down, playboy what's up
What about the slugs in your head and your gut
What's up with the keys to the truck
Your own nigga say you got B's in the cut
What's up with the safe, what the combo
Open that shit nigga fuck all the convo-sation
What's up wit'cha Haitian
Probably got birds at the safehouse, waitin
What's up, where you store the D?
I ain't found shit but a quarter ki
Nigga ya better not be playin me
You gon' bleed to death, you understand me?
Whassup, are you ready to go?
You ready to tongue kiss with the blue fo'fo'?
What's up fuck nigga say somethin
Set your crime, we ready to spray somethin
Gun play, how I got the stripes
2-4-K turned out the lights
Gun play, how I got the stripes
2-4-K turned out the lights

[Chorus: repeat 2X]