Trick Daddy, Survivin The Drought

Verse1:(duece)

Last year was a good year ask the click But this year was scared down to our last half of brick Trying to survive in the drought wher it ain't no blow It ain't no piece yo it ain't no dough Yo 95 south sun roof moon light Popos tight down before the turnpike The last lick went sour feds jammed the blow But like a weather man it's a light chance of snow Lay low at the bottom at th tell Wait patient for my haitian to hit me on the cell Cause my haitian cartell they always work They even got shit when the cubans were hurt Nigga hit back he ain't got no dope He said the coast gaurd just knocked off the boat He said the feds in texas they out of control Knocking off major bricks with the boarder patrol A nigga couldnt rap long cause the phones they be wired up I be God damned the whole east coast is dried up A nigga went from raw dope to cheap base Ridind round with the block fed in the breif case

(chorus)

Surviving in the drought where it ain't no blow It ain't no piece yo it ain't no dough It ain't no bricks no chips no food So tell me what the f**k am I suppose to do (repeat 2x)

Verse:2(duece)

(conversation)

In the drought I look the dope fiend right in the grill Slang him a asprin or a vitamin pill

In the drought niggas panic when that money stop Start slinging wamis and them dummy blocks Hit the projects twurking in that 87 fleet drop Set up shop with a 9 pack of sheet rock Watcha a nigga get got Now he wanna hit pop He wanna brain wrestle he don't know I got my shit cockd Cause in the drought you get stuck like a thumb tak Dixie man got a 20 pack worth of come back A player f**ked up till that drought go down A nigga got to spread his hustle when the drought come round Im stuck a player f**ked up now I'm finna come back up Its back on with then pack playboy the blow flooded The base heads happy and my workers show love it M y dog hit the lick about two hundred birds Off a bahamian cruise ship that nigga got nerves Now cubans is beeping and the haitians is calling Im back to slanging whole chickens popping cases and balling I got to put the team on so I'm looking them up Ri he the chef he be cooking them up While I'm whipping em flipping breaking emdown With the straight razor chipping em We got em harder than hard plus we pitching soft ball Jumping for that how high this year gone cost yall Since we the only niggas wit it Its the lick of a life time Coming up in the drought through the paroofeal pipe line

Thise time I'm gone sit on me bout ten Cause you never know when that drought coming again Surviving in the drought, surviving in the drought

(chorus) repeat 2 x

Music playes until song fades off