

Trick Daddy, Whats Happnin!

(Intro (Airplane taking off in background))

Miiiiiaammiiii... (echo)

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

(Hook)

BOOM!! it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock yo' room

BOOM!! bitch what's happnin'? (WHAT?!)

BOOM!! bitch what's happnin'? (WHAT?!)

BOOM!! it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock yo' room

BOOM!! bitch what's happnin'? (WHAT?!)

BOOM!! bitch what's happnin'? (WHAT?!)

(Verse One - Trick Daddy)

Half step pussy ass nigga

Why you lookin' at a nigga like you wanna run one wit' me?

I got my big gun wit' me don't feel like doofin' I feel like shootin' FOOL!

And I don't like your attitude

You do shit that dem hoes on a rag'll do

Ol' faggot, you better watch your mouth

Fo' I be in front yo' house, when yo' ass come out

Ol' bitch ass, hold another nigga dick ass, BITCH ASS, NIGGA!

Keep lookin' at a nigga like you gonna tell somethin'

I'll fuck around and, kill ya!

So now that you set you ready, YO!

If this shit get silly I'm lettin' it go

First scrito in the front seat

You ever come my way, it's gon' be gunplay

HEEEYYY.. I ride wit' a AK, get high and spit five out the AK

Ok, let a nigga play and watch T-Double-D knock ya ass of the free seat

All my Dade County Chevy boys, who drive candy toys and tolt guns galore

And treat the Hummer like a Tonka toy

Got shit you niggaz ain't seen before

(Hook)

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(Verse Two)

Ying Yang and the T-Double-D

We, in this motherfucker crunk in this motherfucker

And our niggaz wit' a Miami boy

And I still like to play wit' my Tonka toy

I'm a Toys R Us kid, yes I is

You can't be serious, yes I is

You think I'm playin' than ask my brother

You still don't believe me than ask my mother

Because I love my gun, I play wit' my gun

Have fun wit' my gun, have sex wit' my gun

And I don't put a motherfucker out for fun

'Cause I ain't funna' get ya ass tryin' to run

I'ma bust one time, bust two times

And the third time yo' ass is mine

Go down for the count, "He can't get up!"

DAMN! he fell and he can't get up!

(Hook)

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BOOM!! bitch what's happnin'? (WHAT?!)
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(Verse Three)

You a soft mo'fucka, kind of gay mo'fucka
If you mad 'cause you like you never had mo'fucka
Fuck yo' ass mo'fucka, that's the past mo'fucka
And I know the fact make ya mad mo'fucka
It iiiiss.. what I thought nigga think it ain't
For reeeeaall... you lame and we off the chain
And the T-Double-D, we bolo
FUCK hoes niggaz ride by my Dolo
Get the keys to my car, and I jump in
Hit the Liquor store, buy my Cigars and 'gen
Get drunk and I'm off in the wind
Lookin' for a itty bitty pretty that could hold a sin

(Bridge)

We smokin', and ridin'
Don't tell nobody be quiet
Might cut it lil' butt it
Can't let this shit get done

(Hook)

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BOOM!! it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock yo' room
BOOM!! bitch what's happnin'? (WHAT?!)
BOOM!! bitch what's happnin'? (WHAT?!)

(Outro)

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Oh my god, from the south to the bottom
Trick Daddy Dollaz, Ying Yang Twins, beatin' ass
Collipark Music Incorporated
This that next level right here, it's that crunk party
All these niggaz doin' crunk music, we crunk party nigga
Be original wit' it, Hey man who really run the south?