

Trick Daddy f/ Young Buck "Straight Up"

Visit "[Straight Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Trick Daddy]

Our father who art in heaven
Hallowed thy be thy name, thy kingdom come
All our G's would've been gone (would've been done)
If it wouldn't for thug holiday (ahh man)

[Verse 1: Trick]

In this life I live, I done see niggaz deal
Seen niggaz steal and done seen niggaz kill
And them same niggaz there, them be the main ones
that tell
There's a lotta tension in the air, so nigga easy on them
pills
I rather be the bitch that's squeezing than the nigga
that's bleeding
See I'ma drink my liquor and I'ma smoke my weed
And I'ma stay far away from y'all buster motherfuckers
Y'all sucker motherfuckers, man fuck you
motherfuckers
I'm being convicted of a thug living and drug dealing
Been a two time convicted felon ever since I was a lil'
nigga
My first words was curse words, shit, the first bid I did I
was just a lil' kid
And I was raised by pimps, hoes and mobsters
Taught the game by dope boys and robbers
I ran the steets with goons, I broke the rules with fools
I used to take my motherfucking tool to school

[Chorus: Trick]

See I been thuggin all my life, trying to live right, you
ain't even got ask
I got that Hen in my cup, smoke in my lungs, what you
know about that
You already know (straight up), You already know
(straight up)
You already know (straight up), You already know
(straight up)
You already know (straight up), Straight up (straight up)

[Verse 2: Buck]

These feds crazy trying to take me down and book me
Throw me on death row and do me like Big Tookie
Got me running from them rookies and poppin at the
seargent
Tried to tell not to push me now look what you done
started
And you got these rap artists thats beefing on these
songs
But I really will kill so I'm leaving that alone
I'm a grown ass man that ain't about playing
Ten G's will get you killed, family will die for twenty
grand
Blow my nose with a Gucci rag smoking on a cuban
You damn right I know they mad, cuz half of em' losing
I slip a another clip into my A.K.
Stay with Trick in M.I.A. when I come and get the yae
See the Chevy got a stash spot
I can fit a hundred in the back and just mash out
Hope I make it home, it they catch me then I'm gone
So we put it on the line
Everyday we on the grind gotta hustle til' you shine

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Trick]

My blood line is a level above the thug line
And according to the cat scan I ain't a ordinary man
See I run off oil and I breathe off chronic
I power up off money like a motherfucking bionic
I travel through time with a military mind
Strapped with a Russian A.K. and a German made nine
And don't mad at the ?????? they ain't the one trying to
attack us
It's slimy ass niggaz and red neck ass crackers
Y'all better lower your weapons (lower your weapons)
Before my niggaz get to steppin
Cuz shit can get real crazy if it was a thug invasion
Imagine a whole bunch of Cuban niggaz and Haitians
Rebellion on your ass
For the shit you did to us in the past
See y'all ??? ????? and even arrested fiends
It took you fifteen years to close the ave
It's going to be twenty more before they close the
???????
Now where my motherfucking twenty one soldiers at
Now where my D Boy big gun toters at

[Chorus]

