

Yung Wun & Trick Daddy

"Stomp"

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[Trick] One

[Yung Wun]

Y'all done fucked up now!

OH SHIT! AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

It's mine now! Who want it, HA?

D-S, Ryde or Die nigga, you heard that?

It's Yung Wun with the big gun, what you gon' do boy?

You betta sit down nigga don't play like that

Betta yet tell ya man to put down the gat

Before it get ugly, I'ma leave ya bloody, LIL BUDDY

I don't play with the gun smoke

For the East to the West Coast, nigga give up the ghost

No problem Barry; you don't no cemetery, homes

Just a pine box dropped off in the woods

A man to come home, six-oh-three be like that

Catch a case and come right back

To the block with a gat

Standin out in the track with a bumma hard

Bummin weed into the sack

Nigga let the weed smoke blow

I'm intoxicated trying to make a few hits in the head

Baby, cause I be wilder, big BALLER, call up with

quarter

Trying to make a few endz

be runnin from the police, never wanna follow the

Impala

(That's shit) And it ain't no stoppin it

Y'all niggas from Georgia ain't lockin it

Chorus: repeat 2X

Give it up, Give it up, G-G-Give it up

These down South boys ain't playin wit yall

y'all boys betta put em up, put em up what

Put em up, Put em up, P-P-Put em up

This is a stick up and y'all boys betta give it up

[Trick Daddy]

Look, I'm slippin right behind ya nigga

Don't try to hide cause I'll find ya nigga
I'm representin Dade County nigga
I gotta a clip for all ya slimmy niggas
Don't eva try me nigga
Don't try to run no bull shit like that ??? nigga
You know I'ma a fool for this
I gots two for this
I'll tear yo mammy and your crew plus you for this
Them Daddy dollars y'all
My shit harder Dog
I'm fron the city of Caprices and Impalas y'all
Ima go and kill this nigga
Kiss above this realest nigga
First nigga to take you to the bar and now you feel this
nigga
The respect you gotta give us
Slip-N-Slide and Ruff Ryders nigga
And all yo money can't buy this nigga
My exctacy got me wilin nigga
I'm twice that body nigga
About 100 miles an hour nigga

[Swizz Beatz]

Trick Daddy, Trick Daddy
Yung Wun, Yung Wun
Yo, Ball Out

Chorus: repeat 2X

Give it up, Give it up, G-G-Give it up
These down South boys ain't playin wit yall
y'all boys betta put em up what
Put em up, Put em up, P-P-Put em up
This is a stick up and y'all boys betta give it up

[YUNG WUN]

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH
Wait a minute God Damnit y'all done fucked up now
y'all gotta nigga from the A on the Ruff Ryde
Representin from the South
In a glass ???
This man got cash in mind
On the cash route
Niggas there with they ass out
Talkin bout YUNG WUN'S A BITCH (MAN)
That DS Cliq
Ima bout to pitch a fuckin fit
And start blowin this bitch
What you think my gun bust ice one
Down in Georgia
Six hours from Florida

Niggas get slaughtered
Boy where Im from
Problems gon get solved
By getting robbed
Causin tear drops and closed caskets
On tha glasses
Get beside theyself
And soficate from plastic
Face down on a mattress

Chorus: repeat 5X

Give it up, Give it up, G-G-Give it up
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y'all boys betta put em up, put em up what
Put em up, Put em up, P-P-Put em up
This is a stick up and y'all boys betta give it up

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