

Eddy Grant

"Boy"

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[Trick]

I tellin ya boy I got them boys
Dog I be tryin to tell em

Verse 1: Trick Daddy, The Lost Tribe

You can't catch me boy
Don't upset me boy
Touch me my dog a wet 'cha boy
Never disrespect me boy
Dog you better check ya' boy
Cause I'll never thirty-eight 'cha I'll tech ya boy
Pray to God protect ya boy
Cause when it's on it's like Electra boy
I know you wanna go home but we ain't gone let 'cha
boy
And if my money ain't right you better stretch it boy
Cause when it's bout that bread I'm sweat 'cha boy
You see I'm riding round in a lexus boy
Cause we rob a lot like a Texas boy
And if ya aint Slip-N-Slide I'll wreck ya boy
Give me fifty feet stay out my section boy
Disrespecting hoes like we sexist boy
You know a nigga keep a Smith and Wesson boy
I don't mean no harm just protection boy
We can shoot it out like a Western boy

Chorus: repeat 2x

I suggest you don't be (fucking with me)
And if you don't wanna die (don't be fucking with me)
Don't wanna lose ya' life (don't be fucking with me)
And if you ain't slip-n-slide (don't be fucking with me)

Verse 2: (Trick Daddy)

I went ahead and bought that Benzo boy
That bitch with 20-inch Lorenzo's boy
And the big crib is hittin boy
Bought me rollie with them bulletproof windows boy
Cause them jack boys you know that got the energy boy

Fuck if I offend ya boy
Got a place I'll send ya' boy
And a clip I'll lend ya' boy
Tell the morgue that a real nigga send ya' boy
Cause I bend ya' boy
And I want every dime that ya' got boy
I need some D's on my drop boy
And two ki's in the spot boy
See the real niggaz just want stop boy
Huh, we on top boy

Chorus:

I suggest you don't be (fucking with me)
And if you don't wanna die (don't be fucking with me)
Don't wanna lose ya' life (don't be fucking with me)
And if you ain't slip-n-slide (don't be fucking with me)

Verse 3: The Lost Tribe

You can't fuck with the south boy
Watch'cha mouth boy
Fucking with the tribe in this game a take ya' out boy
In 95 south find another route boy
It ain't hard for us to show you what we 'bout boy
Leave ya' dead with out a trace boy
I'm at 'cha funeral and I can't see ya' face boy
Ya brain is a terrible thing to waste boy
And ain't 'cha way to fast for ya' pace boy
It aint no thang for me to catch another case boy
Stay in ya place boy
Cause I'll have ya' ass erased boy

Verse 4: The Lost Tribe

When this shit hit the fat you gone feel it boy
You wanna fuck around with Faith I'ma seal it boy
I put a hole in ya' can't nobody heal it boy
We got this shit locked can't nobody steal it boy
I'm tryin' to stash somethin' close to a million boy
Is ya' with me lost tribe (yeah I feel ya boy)
This shit serious boy
I know ya curious boy
You wanna know why we livin luxurious boy
You hearin righteous funk boogie on this track here boy
You better straighten up and learn how to act here boy
Ain't no smack here boy
You get jack here boy
And when we finish you'll never come back here boy

Chorus:

So I suggest you don't be (fucking with me)
And if you don't wanna die (don't be fucking with me)
Don't wanna lose ya' life (don't be fucking with me)
And if you ain't slip-n-slide (don't be fucking with me)

Verse 5: JV & The Lost Tribe

Niggaz' like us we off glass hope ya heard me boy
My dogs deal dirty early in the morning boy
Ain't no yawning boy
I gotta keep a eye on what we earning boy
Keep them things turning boy
Who you referring boy
I'll burn ya' boy
Mind ya' business cause this here don't concern ya' boy
I'm trying to warn ya' boy
I'll toy turn ya' boy
Ya betta move the way Slip-N-Slide tell ya boy
Ya betta have me fo I Big Worm ya boy
I'll put some fire to that ass that'll learn ya boy

So I suggest you don't let me get 'cha boy
Guarantee a right cross gone split 'cha boy
Is this ya' boy
Then ya better come and get 'cha boy
Go to the morgue and enlist ya' boy
And if ya' violate my turf I'm gone get with 'cha boy
Man, ain't nobody gone miss ya boy
Last thing you wanna do is go and piss me boy
Get the picture boy
Fuck ho's get richer boy
Keep one eye open for the snitcher's boy
That bullet proof vest want protect ya' boy
I got a chopper in the trunk that a wet 'cha boy
You better pray and hope God don't forget 'cha boy
[..]
Fucking with me {until fade}
- Trick Daddy comes in after 4th fucking with me to say:

Don't fuck around and let 'em get 'cha boy
Cause if you do I'm going all out with 'cha boy {until fade}

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