

Elbereth

"What You Trippin' Fo'"

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[Max Minelli] *Spoken*

So cold
Niggas so throwed
Young Max Minelli, nigga
One of Louisiana's finest
Check it,
Lone Star muthafuckin' Ridaz
Right chea
Young Happy P, SPM, Dope House 2000
Dope still sellin' itself, nigga
Pass what you ask
And we want mill. tickets, nigga
Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand
In small face hundred dollar bills
And one hundred thousand in quarters
Them 2000 quarters
Millennium shit
What the fuck is you trippin' fo', nigga?

[Baby Beesh]

The whole world wanna rumble
Hatas spittin' in my Gumbo
Tumble or even stumble, don't let that ball fumble
Pay attention to my bumble
Hustle 'till I pull a muscle
Hot as El Segundo when I'm comin' wit my thunder
Lettin' off a whole clip-a
Kick a door when I enter
Monumental
Known to chop a muthafucka for a pinna
Trigger finger got a splinter
You talkin' shit again-a?
I'll grab a switch and beat yo ass with an antenna
I'm a cold piece of worker
Blastin' wit my bazerka, bazooka Dope House trooper
So now you know the scoop-a
Cook it up like Betty Crocker
Quicker than Marshall Focker
Monster, like Chubaca
Sorry nigga, sianora

(Chorus)

[Baby Beesh]

So what you trippin' fo'
So what you trippin' fo'
So what you trippin' fo'
So what you trippin' fo'
So what you trippin' fo'
So what you trippin' fo'
So what you trippin' fo'
So what you trippin' fo'

[Happy P]

Now I'ma tell you like I told you before
Fuck a pig, fuck a hoe, and fuck federal
Niggas and bitches start to trip when yo boy get the
dough
Fool, I'ma go wild when my money get low
I heard you got some cash, but man we got more
Niggas in my face, swearin' to God they can flow
But nigga, I ain't trippin', but I ain't tryin' to hear that
Fuck all the yappin' homie, show me where the weed at
So I can cut the sweets, and taste the weed smoke
I got big plans wit me and Max and C-Loc
See we gon' wreck the game, and we gon' make a
killin'
When I was 16, I was hurtin' niggas' feelings
Foreal (foreal)

(Chorus)

[Baby Beesh]

So you made a little money, oh wow!
What the fuck yo punk ass fidna do now?
I've invested more money (more money)
In a crackhead's dream
Remember back as a fiend, when I was lackin' the
green
But now I'm playin' both sides of the fence
Pullin' licks, no fingerprints so no evidence
Ever since I was a youngster (youngster)
all I ever wanted to be was a hustler (hustler)
Cyber space, desperado
Hollow tips in my wallow
Guero about dinero
But swallow Tequila bottle
Follow my lead, huh
Follow my lead, huh
Beesh and Happy P fin ta make the block bleed, huh

(Chorus)

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