

Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz "Stop Trippin'"

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(featuring Daddy T, Lil' Chris & Ludacris)

[Intro: Ludacris]

Ha ha yeah uh uh uh uh Ludacris, Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz drop it

[Chorus: Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz]

What's up, what's up, what's up, what's up
What's up, what's up, what's up, what's up, What's up!
Stop trippin ho, stop trippin ho, stop trippin ho, stop trippin ho, stop
Trippin ho, stop trippin Ho, stop trippin ho, stop trippin ho!
Shake it, pop it, wiggle it, bounce it
Shake it, pop it, wiggle it, bounce it
Shake it, pop it, wiggle it, bounce it
Shake it, pop it, wiggle it, bounce it

[Verse 1: Ludacris]

A, FUCK hoes, that's how I start my rhyme off
So take your ass to the doctor, hold your balls and cough
I take one to the head piece you take one to the dome
Click your heels GO HOME
Me and the rush we up in the back getting HIGH
I represent C.P. South Side until I DIE
And the haters want to know why I'm that nigga with the clout
It's because I'm coming in like toilet paper is running out
And I'm all about the paper when I'm coming from the heart
I get up in some ass, then break wind like a fart
From the start to the finish, diminish them in my spare time
Messing with hoes whose legs go back further than your father's hairline
Hit down when I get down make them sit down catch a fit now
Fussing and I'm cussing when I'm busting now who's the shit now ME
And I'm trying to let them know just how I'm flipping

Disturbing Tha Peace, tell these hoes to quit (trippin
hoe)

[Chorus: Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz]

[Verse 2: Daddy T]

Roll out the red carpets, let the game begin
Daddy T coming through to fuck all your freaky friends
Because every day is the same thing, baby I'm a player
Hit me on the beeper, hell yeah on my cell
Pick her up knock her down and drop her back out
Why you waiting on that bitch trying to stay in the
house?
I'm going to keep stabbing though stabbing though
Because your bitch is my trick
Why you kissing that hoe there for sucking my dick?
Because I don't give a fuck because I got a block of sex
Ready to get my nuts so Daddy T can catch a nut
Then it's back to the crib then let my pimping rest up
Because I got another nigga hoe to make me catch a
nut
While y'all suckers throwing stuff about these hoes that
bringing out the hen
Fuck it, in the back of baby body Benz
See I expose these hoes for the freaks that they be, so
enemies try to act
Sharp, sharp

[Chorus: Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz]

[Verse 3: Lil' Chris]

No matter where I'm at, no matter where I go
It's just like this on and off the road
I let them suckers get mad, players keep playing
Fuck all those who don't like what I'm saying
Get tricked if you want to, better learn the game
Because all around the world it's the same old thing
They thinking them hand cuffs going to keep me from
getting they hoes
You can lock them in the safe, I'm going to break the
code
Can't change no freak, this shit forever
She's going to sneak and do it anyways, so you might
as well let her
How you figure because she's pregnant she starts
fucking, you crazy?
Y'all is still coming through and feeding the baby
Better believe I dig them down every chance I get
But don't quote me bitch because I ain't said shit, said
shit, said shit...

[Chorus: Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz]

[Verse 4: Lil' Chris, (Ludacris)]

I rolled out the headville (uh huh) pulled up in tight
pocket (what)
Pushed up on a tight little something and just had to
knock it
In the biginning we was tripping and shit (uh huh)
I was showing old girl how to line up a stick (ha ha)
She got happy when she hit that not in the side, (what)
gave me a hug
And I was ready to fuck
Because her body was so soft
I'm thinking guaranteed cutting, going to knock her off
Play my hand right
What's up let's hit this honeycomb hide-out
Tell your friends your with me and let's ride out (ride
out!)
But you know they had a fat girl in the bunch (uh huh)
Talking shit, I'm about to punch her ass in the stomach
(ha ha)
I understand big girl wants to nut (yeah)
All she had to do was ask, I would have fucked (ha)
Discrimination ain't in Lil' Chris (Lil' Chris!)
Everyboby know mad bagging they don't want it

[Chorus: Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz]

[Outro: Ludacris]

Ludacris, Daddy T, Backdoor Joey, Lil' Jon & The East
Side Boyz, DJ Smurf
Drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop

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