

Ludacris

"She A Trip"

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feat. Mac Miller

I be like damn, she got a way about her
And everybody always got something to say about her
She's so fine, she's so classy, but that bitch mean

Everybody wanna throw a little dirt up on her but that
bitch clean
Quit hating on her, recognize her from a mile away
When she be walking and it's hard to find the words to
say
When she be talking, disrespect it, pay no never mind
Well, she just trill, when dressing up she known to take
her time
Then go and kill it, hit the club and make these bitches
sweat
Not even trying, turning heads just off her silhouette
And I ain't lying, I'mma say somebody taught her well
She never slip and I think she's out here casting spells
I'm tryina tell you, she a trip

Trip, trip, trip
That bitch a trip
Trip, trip, trip
That girl a trip
Trip, trip, trip
Yeah, that girl a trip

That pussy stay wet, fuck and keep her in check
Wanna have her impressed, she wanted out of your jet
She a trip, she wanna ride it, gonna flip
She a trip, she wanna ride it, gonna flip

No matter what she always wanna grind
They say she know just what to do to stay up on my
mind
She send me pics of her naked posing like in a
magazine
I wanna hit her like a drum whenever she gonna shake
it like a tambourine
Yeah, that percussionist, she always got the latest bag

Plus your gang stupid and she never fights and never
nags
She'll keep it moving, got no time for games, lames,
false claims
Calling out names, dames, all on the same thing, man
End of discussion, what you thought she'll call you for a
loo?
Now what's expected you might even let her drive your
coupe
She'll never wreck it, she respect the finer things
Diamond rings, diamond chains, Donna Karan and
Vera Wangs
Get a grip, she a motherfucking trip

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That bitch a trip if I ain't never seen it
I get up in the gut she be telling me to beat it
Like I fucking mean it, I can't believe it
Got a nigga thinking that maybe I done met my match
So I put her in the tracking, yes, in fact, you'll catch me
spend these stacks
Call up in Sacks I ain't never been the one to trip
Like what am I doing, but there's something about the
way that she ride that dick
My mind is ruined and she's using it to her advantage
She loved that I'm grown, but I think she got some
other victims, I'm not alone
Who'd of thought this bad bitch was out here pimping?
Catch a nigga slipping, ripping tags off the latest
clothes, in fact she's so bad
That she can't go nowhere without a bunch of niggas
trying to holla
But she all about that, about that, 'bout that, 'bout that
dollar
She a trip

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