

Trick Daddy

"Bet That Ft. Chamillionaire"

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[Chorus: Trick Daddy]

Sittin high, still ridin dem big whips
Still fly, still grindin, getting big checks
Still thuggin, still leanin to the baaack, you can bet that
You can bet that I ride I shine, nigga you can bet that
I smoke, I drank boy you can bet that
22's, 24's all we roll...I'm a dope rider fa' sho

[Verse 1]

Everyday me and my dog we wylin
7-Tre 7-5 dope ridin'
And we ain't trippin' on nothin', just vibin'
Big 9 with me 'cuz a fuck nigga tried me
They already know, how I let him go
Kill his ass and make sho' at his funeral
How the hell a O.B. gon' try me?
I'm O.G. on and off TV, see
Middle fingers in the air, tell 'em fuck yall
Tryin to hate on my dawgs, hell fuck nah
Why you hatin on a nigga like that
Why you tryin' to stab a nigga in his back
I know some niggaz don't like this
But them niggaz is the reason I'm like this
Fuck niggaz done made me mad
I'm 'bout to snap 'n' put this K on his ass

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Chamillionaire]

Hey
I pull up Bentleys, lookin like they not annoyed
Trunk popped up lookin like a Tonka Toy
If you dont like it you know can get that Almond Joy
(What?)
Deez nuts nigga, wuddup Trick, I got ya boy
I'm clickin' over, lemme tell her I got another call
Ridin' wit my trunk popped up like I'm "Above The Law"
Tires wet and nigga they still drippin' Armor-All
Tell me you gon' fall, and I ain't got to use the arm at
all
Bet Daddy finna Trick 'em, finna flip the paper

Chamillinator, me and Trick we finna shred a hater
Tip the dinner waiter Trick 'em like we finna date her
Get off ya sleeves let 'em breathe like a ventilator
Hey, what can I say me and the King Of M.I.A
Finna, (Hey) finna touch ya niggaz and ya finna pay
Stay wit it hey you we aint finna play
Snatch ya off the wheels and you can watch ya rims
spin away

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Trick Daddy & (Goldru\$h) - {both}]

(In the club wit my dogs we wylin'
Two straight coup grey dome ridin)
Look at cha boy go so many hoes
Look in his mouf he got so many gold
(Im sippin and I'm goin'
Whole click, that's how we rollin')
Stay fly, stay right if ya didn't know
(And that's everywhere that we go)
All I wanna do is
Drive my Chevy through years
And let 'em sweat the candy paint
Aint it right?, ain't it tight?, ain't it nice?, yes
Niggaz like, "Who painted that?"
Candy apple green, lookin mean anywhere
Tweety seat with the digital dash
And a swat just right in the ass
{They wanna know what I got in here
I got shit when it hit betta run 'em up outta here}
They ain't neva heard nuthin like that
And they ain't even turned the bass up yet
{I love aggressive music
I smoke, I listen to it}
I drank so much, sometimes I think I need to quit but I
can't do it

[Chorus]

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