

# Trick Daddy "Bout Mine"

Visit "[Bout Mine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Bitch I'll kill ya, fo' night

I'm goin' all way out 'bout mine  
Best in a biscuit shot 'bout mine  
Hoes get slapped in the mouth 'bout mine  
Prices stay the same and they drop 'bout mine

I'm goin' all way out 'bout mine  
Best in a biscuit shot 'bout mine  
Hoes get slapped in the mouth 'bout mine  
Prices stay the same and they drop 'bout mine

You fucks with T Double D then you fucks with we  
Now you runnin' round duckin' me  
Young nigga with a AK better than Ananda Lee  
I send them killers where ya mama be  
I be money M to the Izzay, R to the Kizzay  
Come through choppin' ya block I don't plizzay

Got dolo for the low, then hit the 2 way  
Peace to Uncle Lisle I miss him everyday, hey  
Love dough and love to hate hoes  
Love to pull nigga bout mine lil' nose  
Nigga tryna hold me back, I'm throwin' 'bows  
I'm a treal ass nigga, that's how shit goes

You can never fuck with me, I'll just flow harder  
CL 6 sittin' low on those bar kits  
I'm a Philly man, but I don't blow garbage  
Got sweet dick, most of these hoes got it  
Ain't no love, you see how the Feds do us  
Wanna eat like rust and some for tear Lucas  
Haul that blunt to a nigga share mucas  
Body on 'em so what, look up we had shooters

Take all tinted route  
Hand guns, razor blades comin' out of the mouth  
Borderline rapper, come see me but twin 49 rapper  
It's more to mine rapper  
Saw that rhyme after, yeah, got the right gat  
Eat with the 2 way they scared to write back  
Lay down like this? No like 'dat

No whoever ran, make 'em come back like crack

You better worry bout you, don't worry bout me  
I pop three, out the drop-e  
I smoke broccoli, you know we got D  
Duece Poppi and T double D  
We got them AK shells and they hot as hell  
Crackin' back to the white meat like lobster tails

Poppin' shells, quick to crack your breastbone  
Tore his head off 'cause he had his vest on  
12 gauge, shoot ten times for haters  
Niggas curlin' up like activators  
Fake ass thugs, stop with them lies  
You ain't rapped like that when Tupac was alive

I'm goin' all way out 'bout mine  
Best in a biscuit shot 'bout mine  
Hoes get slapped in the mouth 'bout mine  
Prices stay the same and they drop 'bout mine

I'm goin' all way out 'bout mine  
Best in a biscuit shot 'bout mine  
Hoes get slapped in the mouth 'bout mine  
Prices stay the same and they drop 'bout mine

I'm not gonna fuck with you nigga  
'Cause I don't know you my nigga  
So don't you fuck with me or my dogs  
Nigga I'm for real about mine, and my dogs ready to  
kill bout mine  
I chill, smoke crip and send orders  
Off all those po-po's and armed forces, fuck 'em  
They don't wanna see me fly, I don't trust 'em  
They probably wanna see me die, that's why  
Hold the fire, and keep it closed and keep an open eye

For them haters and hoes, 'cause I don't play about  
mine  
Goin' deep, pray about mine  
Know baby had to spray about mine, AK about mine  
Nigga that you've been warned too many times  
How you feel bout yours, fuck I'm ten times worse  
You gettin' revenge but nigga mine will get you cursed  
So please don't fuck around with me  
'Cause my dogs will bust around at he  
Whoever obsessed, me boy, don't test me boy  
Touch me, my dog'll wetcha boy

Most niggas get rich, get goats  
I went out and got guns, united my folks

Pour it out for the ones we lost, now bitch  
Throw it up 'fore I blow it up  
You ain't know I was a G muthafucka  
You don't really wanna see me muthafucka  
I'm a thug nigga , fo' life  
Bitch I'll kill ya, fo' night  
I'm goin' all way out bout mine

Best in a biscuit shot bout mine  
Hoes get slapped in the mouth bout mine  
Prices stay the same and they drop bout mine  
Runnin' in your grandmami house bout mine  
I ain't slippin', I got my nine  
Plus Duece got his, you better think twice bitch 'cause  
you got kids  
Plus, I know what you did, add that to the fact I know  
where you live  
Thug life and you know how it is  
Shit don't stop till a nigga get killed killed killed killed

I'm goin' all way out 'bout mine  
Best in a biscuit shot 'bout mine  
Hoes get slapped in the mouth 'bout mine  
Prices stay the same and they drop 'bout mine

I'm goin' all way out 'bout mine  
Best in a biscuit shot 'bout mine  
Hoes get slapped in the mouth 'bout mine  
Prices stay the same and they drop 'bout mine

Visit [Trick Daddy](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.