

## **Trick Daddy "'dro In The Wind"**

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Ha, ha, ha  
That's just the sound of the Hen', true story Buddy Roe  
They say tell the truth, Shane and them  
(Uh, uh)  
Thank God for the thugs too

Drop the top and let the sunshine in  
With the woodgrain, let the twinkies spin  
Get you a glass, mix the Coke and the Hen'  
It's quite alright, with the 'dro in the wind  
With the 'dro in the wind

I'm a ol' sneaky, ol' freaky, ol' geeky ass nigga  
Collard green, neck bone eatin' ass nigga  
Always wearin' my jeans baggy saggy  
You know Florida, Georgia, South Cakalaky

Growed up eatin' Spam sandwiches  
Sugar water and mayonnaise sandwich  
Share the room with bout four mo' brothers  
But one home for 'em and watt's no mo' covers

A little bad motherfucker always rude and always in  
trouble  
(Ah, ha)  
None of my teachers ain't like me  
(Uh, uh)  
But make it so bad, Pearl had seven mo' like me  
If you growed up the way I did  
You gotta understand, Trick love the kids  
(Ooh)  
Trick love the kids

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Cut me a seven-tries Chevy, put dubs on that bitch  
(Uh, uh)  
Candy apple green, niggaz lovin' this shit

(Lovin' this shit)  
And wait a minute, I'll act a fool  
Ya don't like how I'm livin'? Bitch fuck you  
(Uh, uh)

That's right I'm a rude ass nigga  
Quick to do you, cut a fool ass nigga  
Weighin' in at bout a buck six, five  
And a nigga can fuck, plus the boy gets live  
(That's right)  
You know legs, wings and short thighs  
(Short thighs)  
Eat 'em up, beat 'em up, then switch sides

Hot whore work her con con, Valor to the floor  
He oughta enjoy, with the loaded four, four  
Be sure and acquire more 'fore ya fuck with mine  
Disrespect, I'll disconnect ya line

With a sick SWAT, when shits hot, ya get shot  
The fire, the fury, ya fuck with it not  
Ya stoppin' the grace, get out my space and my face  
Fore me and my ace a lay down the whole place

Recognize, this is the verbalize  
Surprise, fuckin' with me wrong way to wise nigga  
Hoes, clothes, shows, Vogues, golds  
Big ol' bankrolls, that's all a nigga know

Throw yo' elbows, I'm sicker than I suppose  
Hoes unchosen, 'cuz my jewelry froze  
You know how it goes, these young niggaz don't want it  
like this  
Go off and get yo' gat, to silence the chit-chat, blast  
So pass, outlast, 'bout cash

Mo' sickly, talk tricky to the trick like trash  
Lo realer, a gorilla, flow for mo' scrilla  
Come clean, lookin' mean but you ain't no killa  
(Ooh, Trick love the kids)

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Look at what we got, the rims and all the 'dro  
The 'dro and all the smoke, my throat, it makes me  
choke  
Like a serial killer was squeezin' on my throat box

In the clutches of danger but not a stranger on the  
block

Is it the cheeferry reefer beat blowin' my chest up?  
Beat right from the club try my best not to mess up  
A professor of this lyrical thang, I'll take the purist  
Strain of this slang and inject it into your veins

Did your heart stop man? Drop-top fame  
Aviator shades with a rear front face  
Movin' through the dirty at a slow pimps pace  
Kinda like the turtle and the rabbit in the race

To the finish line, I jump the pair of Reeboks  
So bright, so fresh, snow white but no socks  
Then I slipped on some of that O with the wind  
I'm bustin' straight out the path like a three piece  
Of galactic, before you slack it

You gotta prepare it and mack it, when your jack it over  
tragic  
Not intended for any illegal purposes'  
It's like anthrax and small pox in surplus to murder us  
(Ya gotta understand Trick love the kids)  
(Trick love the kids)

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