

Trick Daddy

"Gotta Let You Have It - Featuring Buddy Roe"

Visit "[Gotta Let You Have It - Featuring Buddy Roe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Now I gotta let you have it
Rappin' fire from my automatic
Now I gotta let you have it
Rappin' fire from my automatic

I just might have to toss this nine
Across your mind, across that line
I'm running straight up in your
mammy's house by mine
Puttin' this fire up in this old bitch mouth by
mine

And openin' fire and I ain't swearing no
niggas
Give the deed up until four niggas
Ain't sympathizing with you hoe niggas
I'm just realizing what this thug shit for nigga

You in the middle of a war nigga
Now I gotta let you have it
The whole clip fucking up the whole trip
Now you fucking with the boogie man
This shit deeper than Nino Brown
And I ain't see no clown, nigga, nigga, nigga

Now I gotta let you have it
Rappin' fire from my automatic
Now I gotta let you have it
Rappin' fire from my automatic

I got some niggas that'll bump with you
Play with your kids and eat lunch with you
Then fuck around and kill your ass
I close shop with two shots from a far away glock

Then leave you dead to rot in a empty lot
And this thug shit simply not to be taken light
Well y'all all fake less I'm taken life then
I'm taking off
To the old hood to check on a old girl

To make sure it's still all good

Then itÃ¢â€Œ™ s back to the streets to finish this beef
Looking for them same niggas thatÃ¢â€Œ™ s looking
for me
And about three blocks from where they set up shop

Sell weed and lay some rocks
They got these old cops working theyÃ¢â€Œ™ re spots
And young niggas on the roof with red dots
When me and my clique scrap and we scared not

Now I gotta let you have it
RappinÃ¢â€Œ™ fire from my automatic

IÃ¢â€Œ™ m paranoid 'cause IÃ¢â€Œ™ m hearing things
time served
Only out a few months, associated with birds
They want to pop it, I got bad nerves peep
Mini-14 on the front seat

You want to be there for your kids, nigga play with it
His grams missing, who did it, IÃ¢â€Œ™ ma deal with it
So fuck I care about the shorty
'Cause nigga you been known

Skip town with my pound with my dudes Ã¢â€Œ™ round
Now nigga how you playinÃ¢â€Œ™ , I done counted that
You wanted work, all you had to do is fucking ask
My Cuban friend want his ends
Instead of you flipping them dividends

Making millions popping then
Silly rabbit, you done started static
Now I gotta let you have it
Rapping fire from my automatic

You left me stuck and so you outta luck
'Cause you done fucked my credit up
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Nigga what

Now I gotta let you have it
RappinÃ¢â€Œ™ fire from my automatic
Now I gotta let you have it
RappinÃ¢â€Œ™ fire from my automatic

Now I gotta let you have it
RappinÃ¢â€Œ™ fire from my automatic
Now I gotta let you have it
RappinÃ¢â€Œ™ fire from my automatic

