

Trick Daddy "Shut Yo Face (Uncle Fucka)"

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(feat. Trina)

[Terrance and Phillip]

U-N-C-L-E fuck you, Uncle Fucka....Do right!

Hey, hey
ugh
Slip-n-slide, nigga...

[Chorus x2]

Uncle fucka whatcha say? MOTHERFUCKER!
Shut yo fucking face

[Verse 1, Trick Daddy]

Everybody wanna be the big boy
Sling king with the biggest names in the game
In the wood grains big grins big chains
big things on the big mane
Motherfuckers done lost they brain
This shit ain't fun, the bullshit ain't done
Gonna have to get the gun now, gotta learn how to run
now
Cuz you the one now
That they be talking bout when they hanging out
Trying to play ya how to drain you out
Two shots rang you out, tried to slide in the game, you
out
Think it's the game about, sheit
Ask or repeat anybody you know used to be big back in
the day
They probably been in the grave or ?? from the heat of
the cage
Them niggas is dead

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2, Trina]

Did I approve for you to talk to me?
Motherfuckers like you, hell, I preach it to 'em
First hand I teach 'em no psychic, bitch, hell I reach it to
'em
No bus no fuss dogg, no sucks in the Lex, dogg

Don't see no checks dogg, and stop beggin when it's
wet, dogg
But you could bet dogg
That you don't know no hoe that'll hide the work
Two clips inside the purse, fuck me I'ma ride you first
fuck hard till the condom bursts, but umm...

I need my ???? Lee tight figero
White gold with the X and O's
You putas betta know Trina is a betta hoe
Oh you don't know?

[Verse 3, Trick Daddy]

Y'all betta quit fucking with me, I ain't got too much to
lose
I got a lot to prove, so fuck motherfuckers and hoes
Gotta get the dough, save it up till I pay my dues
And break the rules, Motherfuckers that is trying to
hold me down
Think you can hold me down
Hoes didn't know me, bet they ass know me now
Since I'm in Dolby now
Bitches, I play with 'em and hoes, I lay with 'em
And women, I just kiss 'em while unzipping they denims
And run up in 'em *[what]*
These bitches they all the same
These bitches they all for change
These bitches got game

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 4, Trick Daddy]

If it ain't 'bout bread, save that
Broke bitches wanna know why I say that
If the going price is right and not too high
Goddammit, I'll pay that
I want two or three or four of 'em
So um, I could get my nigga to throw 'em
See my hoes horny get my flow on
With dough you can't go wrong
I roll with killas, niggas that count the dough and know
Never to trust a hoe, thug niggas
That'll shoot yo ass, execute yo ass
My overtime niggas be grabbin it
My doggs on the bow ain't having it
Plus down south niggas got AK's
'Cuz when you raise the day you be savages

[Chorus x4]

