

Trick Daddy

"Sns"

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f/ Deuce Poppi, Tre+6

All aboard!!!

We ride, we ride

We ride, we ride

We ride, we ride

[Hook]

S-N, S-S-N-S

S-N, S-S-N-S

S-N, S-S-N-S

S-N, S-S-N-S

We sendin' this to all you (All you)

So you can do (Do it, do it) what you want to (Bop, bop,
bop)

This is the funk (That funk) it's something new (Uh-huh)

We sendin' out this message to

[Money Mark]

All the pretty little young and sexy women

And they great-great grandma's love they way we are

Make them shake they body, bodies

It's the number one clique who love to party

We from the bottom, M-I-A

Came to have a ball and y'all, it's okay

Money Mark and the S-N-S, we don't play

No day, no way, WHAT YOU SAY?

[J.V.]

I got my eye on a victory that'll take my crew down in
history (Huh!)

[C.O.]

S-N-S so fresh so clean, and can't none of y'all fuck wit
my team

Anything less than that, it's just a dream

We gotta be sittin' on top ya'know wha'I mean

Y'all done slipped so we slidin' in

We sellin' records like Goofy trapped again

Bet yo ass this shit won't stop

You know C.O. got shit on lock (Huh)

Big boy takin' over the block

Got kids on the curb goin' (Bop, bop...)

[Deuce Poppi]

Now hold up, wait a minute

Let me get a lil' gangsta wit it

Can you pig and pop the Belve

And swig your jaw rap out we live it

Poppi gon' get it, seven digits

Seats in the six coupe made of lizards

And we won't stop like puffin' it

Whether it's crack or rap hustlin'

Cuz we drop the hits that'll funk the hardest

Radio gon' play this regardless

S-N-S, bust like an SKS

Betta ask somebody who the best (Yes)

[Hook]

[Trick Daddy]

Call me - Rosco, Peeko Tran

And I come through in that seven tre thang (Uh-huh)

Play wit us, spray the damn thang

See down here that's an e'eryday thang

It's guns and greens on dub dukes

Cop deuces half price from the boosters

See thugs wasn't big enough

You wanted beef wit the thugs, but the club wasn't big
enough

All the G's to the V.I.P.

Hoes follow along right after me

It's - SNS in this bitch

Matter fact, I be the best in this shit

Put me on your next remix

Now count the spins that you get (Uh-huh)

See shit get crazy dogg

I'm takin' this shit way back to the eighties y'all

We're packed in jumbo jets

Line it up, the boy bought to bring it back

For

[Hook x2]

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