

Trick Daddy "Straight Up"

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Our Father who art in Heaven
Hallowed Thy be Thy name, Thy kingdom come
All our G's would've been gone, would've been done
If it wouldn't for thug holiday

In this life I live, I done see niggaz deal
Seen niggaz steal and done seen niggaz kill
And them same niggaz there, them be the main ones
that tell
There's a lotta tension in the air, so nigga easy on them
pills

I rather be the bitch that's squeezing than the nigga
that's bleeding
See I'ma drink my liquor and I'ma smoke my weed
And I'ma stay far away from y'all buster motherfuckers
Y'all sucker motherfuckers, man fuck you
motherfuckers

I'm being convicted of a thug living and drug dealing
Been a two time convicted felon ever since I was a lil'
nigga
My first words was curse words
Shit, the first bid I did I was just a lil' kid

And I was raised by pimp, hoes and mobsters
Taught the game by dope boys and robbers
I ran the streets with goons, I broke the rules with fools
I used to take my motherfucking tool to school

See I been thuggin' all my life, trying to live right
You ain't even gotta ask
I got that Hen in my cup, smoke in my lungs
What you know about that

You already know straight up, you already know
straight up
You already know straight up
You already know straight up, straight up, straight up

These feds crazy trying to take me down and book me
Throw me on death row and do me like Big Tookie

Got me running from them rookies and poppin' at the
seargent
Tried to tell 'em not to push me now look what you done
started

And you got these rap artists that's beefing on these
songs
But I really will kill so I'm leaving that alone
I'm a grown ass man that ain't about playing
Ten G's will get you killed, your family will die for
twenty grand

Blow my nose with a Gucci rag smoking on a Cuban
You damn right I know they mad, 'cuz half of em' losing
I slip a another clip into my A.K.
Stay with Trick in M.I.A. when I come and get the yae

See the Chevy got a stash spot, I can fit a hundred
In the back and just mash out hope I make it home
If they catch me then I'm gone so we put it on the line
Everyday we on the grind gotta hustle 'til you shine

See I been thuggin' all my life, trying to live right
You ain't even gotta ask
I got that Hen in my cup, smoke in my lungs
What you know about that

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My blood line is a level above the thug line
And according to the cat scan I ain't a ordinary man
See I, I run off oil and I breathe off chronic
I power up off money like a motherfucking bionic

I travel through time with a military mind
Strapped with a Russian A.K. and a German made nine
And don't be mad at the [Incomprehensible]
They ain't the one who trying to attack us
It's slimy ass niggaz and red neck ass crackers

Y'all better lower your weapons before my niggaz get
to steppin'
'Cuz shit can get real crazy if it was a thug invasion
Imagine a whole bunch of Cuban niggaz and Haitians
Rebellion on your ass for the shit you did to us in the
past

See y'all those things and even arrested fiends

It took you fifteen years to close the ave
It's going to be twenty more before they close the
[Incomprehensible]
Now where my motherfucking twenty one soldiers at
Now where my D Boy big gun toters at

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