

## **Trick Daddy**

# **"Survivin The Drought"**

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Last year was a great year, ask the click  
But this year was scarred to our last half of brick  
Trying to survive in the drought where it ain't no blow  
It ain't no [Incomprehensible] so with ain't no dough

Yo 95 south sun roof moonlight  
Po-pos tight down before the turnpike  
The last lick went sour Fed's jammed the blow  
But like a weather man it's a light chance of snow

Lay low at the bottom at the tell  
Wait patient for my Haitian to hit me on the cell  
'Cause my Haitian cartel they always work  
They even had shit when the Cubans were hurt

My nigga hit back he ain't got no coke  
He said the coast guard just knocked off the boat  
He said them Fed's in Texas they out of control  
Knocking off major bricks with the border patrol

A nigga couldn't rap long 'cause the phones they be  
wired up  
I be goddamned the whole East coast dried up  
A nigga went from raw dope to cheap base  
Ridin' 'round with the block Fed in the brief case

Surviving in the drought where it ain't no blow  
It ain't no piece, yo it ain't no dough  
It ain't no bricks, no chips, no food  
So tell me what the fuck am I suppose to do?

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In the drought I look the dope fiend right in the grill  
Slang him a Asprin or a vitamin pill  
In the drought niggaz panic when that money stop  
Start slinging wamis and them dummy blocks

Hit the projects twurking in that 87 fleet drop

Set up shop with a 9 pack of sheet rock  
Watcha a nigga get hot, now he wanna hit pop  
He wanna brain wrestle he don't know I got my shit  
cocked

'Cause in the drought you get stuck like a thumb tack  
Dixie man got a 20 pack worth of come back  
A player fucked up till that drought go down  
A nigga got to spread his hustle when the drought  
come 'round

I'm stuck a player fucked up now I'm finna come back  
up  
It's back on with then pack playboy the blow flooded  
The base heads happy and my workers show love it

My dog hit the lick about two hundred birds  
Off a Bahamian cruise ship that nigga got nerves  
Now Cubans is beeping and the Haitians is calling  
I'm back to slanging whole chickens popping cases and  
balling

I got to put the team on so I'm looking them up  
RJ he the chef, he be cooking them up, hookin' them up  
While I'm whipping 'em, flipping breaking 'em down  
With the straight razor chipping 'em

We got 'em harder than hard plus we pitching soft ball  
Jumping for that how high this year gone cost y'all  
Since we the only niggaz wit it  
It's the lick of a life time

Coming up in the drought through the paroofeal pipe  
line  
This time I'm gone sit on me 'bout ten  
'Cause you never know when that drought coming  
again  
Surviving in the drought, surviving in the drought

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