

## Trick Daddy

### "Trick Loves The Kids"

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Trick Love The Kids (Explicit)

(Trick Daddy)

HAA.. true stern, buddy rolls,  
they say tell the truth shaney  
thank god for the thugs too....

(Trick Daddy)

See.. Ima Sneek ol' freek ol' Gitcha' ass nigga  
Colardgreen neck bone , eatin ass nigga  
Always wearing my jeans baggin , Saggin  
north florida , georgia , south Kacka lacki  
i rolled up these spama sandwiches - ya  
Sugar water ate mannoinase sandwiches  
Shared a room with 'bout four more brotha's  
but one home phone , wasnt no mo' cova's  
A little bad muthafucka  
Always rude , and always in trouble  
None of my teacha's ain't like this ,  
What make me so bad pearl had some one like me  
You grew up the way I did , you gosta undastand Trick  
love the kids

(Cee-lo)

Ohhhhhh-Ohhhhhhhh Trick love da kids  
Drop the top and let the sunshine in,  
Wit dope wood grain , let the twankys spin  
get you a glass mix the coke and the henn'  
its quite all right let the 'dro in the wind  
let the 'dro in the wind.....

(Trick Daddy)

Caught me a chevrolt chevy an put dubs on that bitch  
Candy apple green , nigga's lovin' this shit ( lovin' this  
shit)  
an' wait a minute ill act a fool , you'll like how im livin  
bitch fuck you  
Thats right ima ruda ass nigga ,  
quick to do you cut a fool ass nigga  
Weighin at bout'a buck six-five ,  
And the nigga can't fuck , plus the boy gets lied (thats

right)

You know legs when they show thighs, (Show thighs)  
Eatem' up Beatem' up then switch sides

(Big Boi)

Hot for the gonga, i fall to the floor  
Kiall the indo with a loaded 44  
isha in the choir boy for you fuck wit i  
Disrespect ill diconnect yo' line  
Wit a 6-watt , shiishhii hot, you get shot  
The fire the fury you fuck wit it not  
Cause out of the grave, hair my face and my fade  
For me and my age to lay down the whole place  
Not denied , this is to verbalize , Suprise  
Fuck your women roommate wild nigga  
Hoes , clothes , shows , vouges , gold  
big ol ' backrows thats all a nigga knows  
Throw yo' elbows , im sniffin a lots a coke  
Hoe's unchose how my jewlery froze  
You know how it goes the youngest is only like that  
Go off and get your head and silence yo' chit chat  
So cash our last out cash flow ,  
Sticky talk ricky to the trick like trash low  
Filla up oprah of loaf alone  
Trilla come clean lookin mean but you aitm no killlllaaaa

(Cee-lo) X-2

Ohhhhhhhh- Heyyyyy  
Drop the top and let the sunshine in,  
Wit dope wood grain , let the twankys spin (Right on)  
get you a glass mix the coke and the henn'  
its quite all right let the 'dro in the wind  
let the 'dro in the wind..... Ohhhhhhhh

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