

Trina

"B R Right(feat. Ludacris)"

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[trina:] i want my ass smaked
[luda:] legs wide
[trina:] front back
[luda:] side to side
[trina:] pussy wet
[luda:] slip n slide
[luda:] yep everythin gon be alright

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[TRINA]
wait bitch, imma blow my kisses,
get pist and throw my dishes,
yall niggas know jus who this is,
woo woo, and the head so vicious.

with me, this shit gon cost,
you short? then thas yo lost,
you know this ass is soft,
make a nigga goto breakin off.

tell me that you love me baby,
get hot and fuck me crazy,
get a towel and wipe me off,
you want a bitch wit no type of flaws.

my gurls be shoppin hard,
these hoes be buyin cars,
in the club buyin bars,
nipples hard its a sign of braws.

from the niggas who gettin chese,
throw back in the crispy g's,
more wet? crist dont freeze,
laugh at the tab, cause this on me.

me and luda in the cut supreme,
doin things jus to touch the creme,
so many names wana fuck the queen,
i live a life like its jus a dream.

[CHORUS]

[LUDA]

get it right beother, jump,
gimme the beat then imma make it bump,
tell em wutcha wana hear, damn, lets get cam,
trouble witcha man, imma pop my trunk.

you aint seen no chicks like mine,
you aint seen no flicks like mine,
bet i make you cum next to the subwoofers and my
6x9's.

tell me that you like it raw,
tell me that my dick is plump,
i might make you famous, and buy you watches by
marice mc. crow

tell me if its new or old,
tell me if its hot or cold,
let me know if its black & bold,
say ludacris 6 million sold.

see i aint got no time for games,
and i aint got no times for lames,
how you lovin my souther slang,
ooo eee walla walla bing bang.

so anytime you need me call,
whether summer, spring, or fall,
it doesnt matter come one come all,
either get dropped or drop them draws.

[CHORUS]

[TRINA]

diamond, princess,
just mind, your buisness,
these rumors, are senseless,
your whispers, are endless.

we livin ghetto fab,
we spendin hella cash,
this girl is hella bad,
your choice is trailer trash.

too much, taste for whores,
you saw me grace, the stores,
your saw me work, the vibe
bitches, i works for mine.

one time, for these divas,
two times, for these visas,
third time i come im breezin,
the ice...just keeps on freezin.

hold up imma keep it goin,
back to back imma keep on goin,
platinum plaques, keepin it up,
wet sex, keepin it good.

look girl, you dont know my angle,
a hundred thou with a platinum bengal,
my niggas'll slow your roll,
pussy power, we in control.

[CHROUS]

yea, thas right...im back again...round two mother
fuckers. thas rite im
talkin greece. im a arrogant lil mother fucker huh? thas
rite im rich, im
that bitch, thas rite. im about show yall how to pimp this
shit. im fuckin
niggas in the face, the game is mine 2003, fuck that.
fuck all yall haters,
fuck all yall bitches, get a life. you got too much time
on your hands. i
want yall bitches to get a job, up your game. pimp your
game up baby, its
all about me this time, fuck that. fuck a dime, im a silva
dolla, holla.
catch me when i come off tour, fuck yall. im out.

[Thanks to tj@tre2.net for these lyrics]

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