

Trina Feat. Trick Daddy "Shut Up!"

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We gon' let the band deal wit' this
Ha ha, uh, MIA Style, ha
Old School, uh, huh, okay, shut up!

Ah ha, okay
What's up? Shut up!
Ah ha, okay
What's up? Shut up!
Ah ha, okay
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Ah ha, okay
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Ridin' 'round in my brand new, '99, 4 do', Volvo
I got a pocket full of B's, cocoa weed
And ain't got no place to go tho'
But all my Boca Boys they know though
That's fo' sho' though

(Are those Bugle Boy jeans you're wearing?)
Hell nah, ho you know they Polo
I been used again, choosed again
This time been wrong to chop somethin'
Dumped by one of my union friends
Soon as they seen the Benz, hatin' season was in

Hell, 'cause they figured me
For not understandin' their reason being
But I'm the man for this
While y'all was doin' fine I was doin' time

Just, prayin' for this, locked up, make a plan for this
Without all that fancy shit, way too advanced for this
Just Polo socks, tanks tops and drawers up
Under my pants and shit, shut up!

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Okay, who's the baddest bitch?
I been real, been rich, bee don' had this shit
Big Benz, big house and shit
That's right, okay I been down with Trick

Okay, it make sense to me
'Cause if your money ain't right
You stick it French to me
Miss Trina don't play wit' me

Or you can say Miss Big, it's okay wit' me
You need a grand just to speak to me
Okay, are you sure you wanna sleep wit' me?
Okay, you better be fo' sho'
'Cause I don' left niggaz like you stuck befo'

Okay, you can ball wit' me
Okay, since you got a hot knot spend it all wit' me
Okay, y'all know what's up
Okay, uh, huh, I ride, shut up!

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This goes out to my nigga Rolls
And them pretty ass jazzy hoes, bitch what's up
Co got a verse in the 'Book of Thugs'
So when I come through bitch show me love

Everybody that flow, then raise it up
You got that funk, then blaze it up
I got 2 mo' of them phat hoes
Late night and I ready to bust

Are you okay
Look like you got alot to say
Okay, come wit' it
Niggaz keep hidin' your ho, what you do that fo'

Me and Money Mark bee don' hit it, been don' split it
Okay playboy, fuck you say boy

Don't even much bring your ho 'round C
Niggaz y'all better quit fuckin' wit' me, shut up!

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Lay down, playboy what's up?
What about the slugs in your head and your gut?
What's up with the keys to your truck?
Your niggaz ain't got B's in the cut

What's up with the safe, what's the combo?
Open that shit nigga fuck all the convo
Say Shin, what's up wit' ya hatian?
Party out, birds at the safehouse, waitin'

What's up why you strutted D?
I ain't 'bout shit but a quarter ki
Nigga ya better not be playin' me
You gon' bleed to death, you understand me

What's up you ready to go?
You ready to tongue kiss with the new 4-4?
What's up fuck nigga say somethin'
Set your crime, ready to spray somethin'

Gun play, how I got the stripes
2-4-K turned out the lights
Gun play, how I got the stripes
2-4-K turned out the lights

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