

## Antonio Banderas, Gary Brooker, Peter Polycarpou, "Boy"

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[Trick]

I tellin ya boy I got them boys  
Dog I be tryin to tell em

Verse 1: Trick Daddy, The Lost Tribe

You can't catch me boy  
Don't upset me boy  
Touch me my dog a wet 'cha boy  
Never disrespect me boy  
Dog you better check ya' boy  
Cause I'll never thirty-eight 'cha I'll tech ya boy  
Pray to God protect ya boy  
Cause when it's on it's like Electra boy  
I know you wanna go home but we ain't gone let 'cha  
boy  
And if my money ain't right you better stretch it boy  
Cause when it's bout that bread I'm sweat 'cha boy  
You see I'm riding round in a lexus boy  
Cause we rob a lot like a Texas boy  
And if ya aint Slip-N-Slide I'll wreck ya boy  
Give me fifty feet stay out my section boy  
Disrespecting hoes like we sexist boy  
You know a nigga keep a Smith and Wesson boy  
I don't mean no harm just protection boy  
We can shoot it out like a Western boy

Chorus: repeat 2x

I suggest you don't be (fucking with me)  
And if you don't wanna die (don't be fucking with me)  
Don't wanna lose ya' life (don't be fucking with me)  
And if you ain't slip-n-slide (don't be fucking with me)

Verse 2: (Trick Daddy)

I went ahead and bought that Benzo boy  
That bitch with 20-inch Lorenzo's boy  
And the big crib is hittin boy  
Bought me rollie with them bulletproof windows boy  
Cause them jack boys you know that got the energy boy

Fuck if I offend ya boy  
Got a place I'll send ya' boy  
And a clip I'll lend ya' boy  
Tell the morgue that a real nigga send ya' boy  
Cause I bend ya' boy  
And I want every dime that ya' got boy  
I need some D's on my drop boy  
And two ki's in the spot boy  
See the real niggaz just want stop boy  
Huh, we on top boy

Chorus:

I suggest you don't be (fucking with me)  
And if you don't wanna die (don't be fucking with me)  
Don't wanna lose ya' life (don't be fucking with me)  
And if you ain't slip-n-slide (don't be fucking with me)

Verse 3: The Lost Tribe

You can't fuck with the south boy  
Watch'cha mouth boy  
Fucking with the tribe in this game a take ya' out boy  
In 95 south find another route boy  
It ain't hard for us to show you what we 'bout boy  
Leave ya' dead with out a trace boy  
I'm at 'cha funeral and I can't see ya' face boy  
Ya brain is a terrible thing to waste boy  
And ain't 'cha way to fast for ya' pace boy  
It aint no thang for me to catch another case boy  
Stay in ya place boy  
Cause I'll have ya' ass erased boy

Verse 4: The Lost Tribe

When this shit hit the fat you gone feel it boy  
You wanna fuck around with Faith I'ma seal it boy  
I put a hole in ya' can't nobody heal it boy  
We got this shit locked can't nobody steal it boy  
I'm tryin' to stash somethin' close to a million boy  
Is ya' with me lost tribe (yeah I feel ya boy)  
This shit serious boy  
I know ya curious boy  
You wanna know why we livin luxurious boy  
You hearin righteous funk boogie on this track here boy  
You better straighten up and learn how to act here boy  
Ain't no smack here boy  
You get jack here boy  
And when we finish you'll never come back here boy

Chorus:

So I suggest you don't be (fucking with me)  
And if you don't wanna die (don't be fucking with me)  
Don't wanna lose ya' life (don't be fucking with me)  
And if you ain't slip-n-slide (don't be fucking with me)

Verse 5: JV & The Lost Tribe

Niggaz' like us we off glass hope ya heard me boy  
My dogs deal dirty early in the morning boy  
Ain't no yawning boy  
I gotta keep a eye on what we earning boy  
Keep them things turning boy  
Who you referring boy  
I'll burn ya' boy  
Mind ya' business cause this here don't concern ya' boy  
I'm trying to warn ya' boy  
I'll toy turn ya' boy  
Ya betta move the way Slip-N-Slide tell ya boy  
Ya betta have me fo I Big Worm ya boy  
I'll put some fire to that ass that'll learn ya boy

So I suggest you don't let me get 'cha boy  
Guarantee a right cross gone split 'cha boy  
Is this ya' boy  
Then ya better come and get 'cha boy  
Go to the morgue and enlist ya' boy  
And if ya' violate my turf I'm gone get with 'cha boy  
Man, ain't nobody gone miss ya boy  
Last thing you wanna do is go and piss me boy  
Get the picture boy  
Fuck ho's get richer boy  
Keep one eye open for the snitcher's boy  
That bullet proof vest want protect ya' boy  
I got a chopper in the trunk that a wet 'cha boy  
You better pray and hope God don't forget 'cha boy  
[..]  
Fucking with me {until fade}  
- Trick Daddy comes in after 4th fucking with me to  
say:

Don't fuck around and let 'em get 'cha boy  
Cause if you do I'm going all out with 'cha boy {until  
fade}

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