

## **Any Given Sunday Soundtrack**

### **"Shut Up"**

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Song: Trick Daddy & Trina & Co & Duece Poppito

Trick Daddy:

We gon' let the band deal wit' this

Ha ha, uh

MIA Style, ha

Old School

Uh huh

Okay, Shut Up

Chorus: Trick Daddy (4x)

Ah ha, Okay

What's Up, Shut Up

Trick Daddy:

Ridin' 'round in my brand new, '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

Chorus: Trick Daddy (4x)

Trina:

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

Chorus: Trick Daddy (4x)

Co:

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  
Everbody 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

Chorus: Trick Daddy (4x)

Duece Poppito:

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 struted 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

Chorus: Trick Daddy (8x)

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