

B.G. F/ Big Tymers, Hot Boys

"In Da Wind"

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[talking]

Hah, haha

That's just the sound of the Hen'..

True Story.. Buddy Roe..

They say tell the truth, Shane and them (uh-huh)

Thank God for the thugs too...

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

Drop the top and let the sunshine in

With the woodgrain, let the twinkies spin

Get you a glass, mix the Coke and the Hen'

It's quite alright, with the 'dro in the wind,

with the 'dro in the wind

[Trick Daddy]

I'm a ol' sneaky, ol' freaky, ol' geechy-ass nigga

Collard green, neckbone-eatin-ass nigga

Always wearin my jeans baggy saggy

You know Florida, Georgia, South Cakalaky

Growed up eatin spam sandwiches

Sugar water and mayonnaise sandwich

Share the room with bout four mo' brothers

But one home for 'em and wattrn't no mo' covers

A little bad motherfucker (ah-ha)

Always rude and always in trouble

None of my teachers ain't like me (uh-huh)

But make it so bad, Pearl had seven mo' like me

If you grewed up the way I did

You gotsta understand, Trick love the kids

(Ooooooohh!) Trick love the kids

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

[Trick Daddy]

Cop me a seven-tres Chevy, put dubs on that bitch (uh-huh)

Candy-apple green, niggaz lovin this shit (lovin this shit)

And when I'm in it, I'll act a fool

Ya don't like how I'm livin? Bitch fuck you (uh-huh)

That's right I'm a rude-ass nigga

Quick to do you, cut a fool-ass nigga
Weighin' in at bout a buck six-five
And a nigga can fuck, plus the boy gets live (that's
right)
You know legs, wings, and short thighs (short thighs)
Eat 'em up, beat 'em up, then switch sides

[Cee-Lo]

Hot whore work her Sean John velour to the floor
He oughta enjoy, with the loaded four-four
Be sure and acquire more 'fore ya fuck with mine
Disrespect; I'll disconnect ya line
With a sick SWAT, when shit's hot, ya get shot
The fire, the fury, ya fuck with it not
Ya stoppin the grace, get out my space and my - face
Fore me and my ace-a lay down the whole place
Recognize, this is the verbalize
Surprise, fuckin with me wrong way to wise nigga
Hoes, clothes, shows, Vogues, golds
Big ol' bankrolls, that's all a nigga know
Throw yo' elbows, I'm sicker than I suppose
Hoes unchose, cuz my jewelry froze
You know how it goes, these young niggaz don't want it
like this
Go off and get yo' gat, to silence the chit-chat, blast!
So pass, outlast, bout cash
Mo' sicky, talk tricky to the trick like trash
Lo realer, a go-rilla, flow for mo' scrilla
Come clean, lookin mean, but you ain't no killa!
(Ooooooooooh!) (Trick love the kids!)

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

[Big Boi]

Look at what we got; the rims and all the 'dro
The 'dro and all the smoke, my throat, it makes me
choke
Like a serial killer was squeezin on my throat box
In the cluthces of danger but not a stranger on the
block
Is it the cheeferry reefer beat blowin my chest up?
Beat right from the club try my best not to mess up
A professor of this lyrical thang, I'll take the purist
strain
of this slang and inject it into your veins
Did your heart stop man? Drop-top fame
Aviator shades with a rear front face
Movin through the dirty at a slow pimps pace
Kinda like the turtle and the rabbit in the race
To the finish line, I jump the pair of Reeboks
So bright, so fresh, snow white but no socks

Then I slip on some of that O with the wings
I'm bustin straight out the path like a three piece
of va-lac-tic, before you slack it
You gotta prepare it and mack it, when your jack it over
tragic
not intended for any illegal purposes'
it's like anthrax and small pox in surplus to murder us
(Ya gotsta understand Trick love the kids!)
(Trick love the kids!)

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

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