

Djay

"Whoop That Trick"

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I'ma make these suckas recognize I aint playing ho
If you violate off the top, trick you gotta go
I've done hell, been through a lot of shit
And I'm about 2 flip
Now I think it's time 2 show you bitches who you fuckin
with
DJAY that's the name
And I came to bring the pain
Emblem on chest, got me busting at you in the lanes
Ya aint know? You fuckin with a street nigga
>From the gutta, pimp tight / (slash) drug dealer
Born and raised in the M-Memphis, Tennessee
Before it's said and done you bitches gon' remember
me
This only the beginning, I got a lot to say
It's been along time, and you got hell 2 pay
Aint no love ho, just bring it 2 the do'
?---I let my nuts hang 2 the flo'
So if you want some, this is yo last wish
Betta come correct me, cause I came 2 break you off
trick

Whoop That Trick (Get 'em) [16x]

[Verso 2]

You think I wont beat that trick, whoop that trick
Got me acting fucked and shit
Ho is telling me 2 calm down but I'm like fuck that shit
I'm all ready, I'm right here
All narcotic, with some gray goose
Another shot of hen, that just gave me another boost
I'm feelin electrified, you can see it in my eyes
My shirt soaking wet, looking like I just got baptized
Riled up, like a rhino in a liquor sto'
Like some sanctified folks catching the Holy Ghost
I don't think you understand
This one here just might get banned
Settin off a riot like we livin in Afghanistan
This the durty, durty, and that's the way it goes
Security be the main ones actin like some hos

But now you done fucked up, you betta call the law
I'ma break this ? bottle across your fuckin jaw
And that's for anyone who's ever disrespecting me
Watch your back boy, cause you bout 2 get your ass
beat

Whoop That Trick (Get 'em) [16x]

[Verso 3]

I came 2 bust a nigga's head
Leave him bloody red
Fighting 4 his life as they rush him 2 the meds
This is what happens when you get caught up in the mix
All that talk just got your ass in a buncha shit
This that Memphis drama boy, so we came to get
fucked
I thought you came with heat, nigga where's you back
up?
Your clique, they some cowards, they scattered out like
roaches
That bottle across your head got you leaking, loosing
focus
See this is what we mean when we shut down the club
Niggaz started gangsta walkin, so we tear the bitch up
We some shittin hood niggaz from the ghetto and the
projects
Left the police, cause we know we the suspects
Make you wonder what's next
Bitch guard your grill If they play this in the club, you'll
get
your
ass beat 4 real
My advice would be 2 chill
In time nigga see, you'll get caught without a warning
and get
your
ass whooped quick bitch

Whoop That Trick (Get 'em) [16x]

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