

Garth Brooks Feat. Trisha Yearwood

"Annie Maes"

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[Mr. Pookie]

Follow my wickedness, now can you picture this?
2 deadly crooks, went off tha hook,
Don smoked a blunt, I feel tha dizzyness
Twist yo ass up, real tight wrapped up like Twizzler
My nigga jus wont cha to feel a, crooked nigga off
Audelia
Dallas Texas, we quickly risin up and surprisin
So light up anotha splif, get ready to dip, off in that
Highland
Sky friend, down wit me we smokin that Annie Mae
Catch a nigga talkin shit, he my enemy
Like Kennedy, he gettin sprayed
So I keep my gauge loaded, pop, pop
Uh oh, there they go, let anotha flee
4 real crooks runnin tight wit me
Jus a crooked ass nigga finna claim these streets
Beats I rip em, oh yes indeed aint nuthin simpler
Gotta 0 for them foes, that stories untold
Yes I'm Tha Rippla, watch out when I hit cha
And keep on comin when thea's trouble
I'm gon pop tha trunk, down to pump, and make these
niggaz scuffle
Bust yo bubble, if tha static start
Infrared up on his heart
That's to set this shit apart
Nigga, that's b4 it starts

Chorus: Juiell (repeat 2X)

Take out fucked up lungs from tha blunt smoke
4 deep, eyes closed, gon on that door to door
Smokin on Annie Maes, swervin up in that burbon
Sippin on that Syrup and ya'll aint heard me, Nigga

[K-Roc]

I bring mo Grim than Mr. Reaper, keep watchin me
cause I'ma creeper
Pull out my pistol faster than you reach and check yo
beeper
See we teachers, and soon as you break fast, class had

started
Some of you will fall short in yo mission to be tha
hardest
Now retarded mean slow, so I was blessed to ride tha
big bus
Whoopin niggaz wit false nuts, fuck em and feed em
saltdust
Cause all us, we killaz, enemies aint no kin to me
Drop em off in tha Trinity, tha endin of a killin spree
Outsmoke a chimney, that's me, carousin that figure
Nigga, go blow yo swisha, watch me blow a swisha
bigger
Then send you to a place, where you taste nuthin but
cake
All tha beats made by Kevin A., K-Roc you face
Slow it down K, I'm tryin to let em know that they cant
touch us
We on our way to Annie Maes, smoked out up in this
Cutlass
Hataz want ruckus, but all my niggaz like fuck em
Let's go back to puffin and go try to fuck us sumthin

Chorus [x2]

[Mr. Pookie]
Time to hit tha dance flo', look at her, Goddamn hoe
Bring a couple of yo friends so my niggaz can play em
like banjos
But I'm jus sayin though, get yo team and I'll get mine
We can sip up on this wine, smoke some weed and get
so high
I'd be lyin, if I said I wasnt attracted by yo biddies
Lustin for them titties, make yo booty jump like
switches
But tension buildin up, some ol busta and his freak
Tryin to battle up in tha club cause he fucked her friend
last week
I'm gon keep, my composure, head swiftly for tha exit
Already 2:55 and these niggaz out hea wreckin
I'm bettin it's gon be, mo drama in a minute
Baby momma might be in it, swearin to GOD that she
gon kill him
Man I feel him, I hit tha block a couple of times and go
Roll it up fast, smash on tha gas, its time to hit tha way
to go
Time to choke and not a lil bit, roll up a swisha shit
I'm be smokin til my lungs get big,(til wha?) my lungs
get big, Nigga

Chorus [x2]

[K-Roc]

Who is that? Tha rockla nigga, comin up tha block
sparklin

Lettin my dawgs holla in my black Ashton Martin's

What you got nigga? We some soljaz, we marchin

Like my nigga, P, tha industry is a toy

We bangin wit tha East Coast flow and tha hub coast
twang

But a crook 4 life nigga, that's tha game, got claim?

I gotta AK 47 and I call it KC

Cause he sound so sweet, when I let him go and
release heat

Cant forget his brotha JoJo, tha 44 on my hip

When I run outta his brotha, best believe he a trip

Nigga sippin sumthin, comin down clean and I'm dippin
sumthin

Fast nigga, blow past niggaz like Eric Dickerson

I aint sportin Gators but you niggaz betta watch me
though

Fubued out tha game, crooked chain, wit a foxy hoe

Feelin like a millionaire sippin Hennessey

Full of green trees, you niggaz betta picture me

Chorus[x2]

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