

Lopez Trini**"Oh No"**

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[Hook]

Oh no, there go them Texas boys banging in a fo' do'
Top fell out the drop, crawling on 84's
Think of taking my slab, baby I don't think so
My heat under my seat, and I don't love you hoes
Living it like a G, but still I gotta lay low
Five percent or ten, but still my screens gon glow
These haters be in my mix, and these boppers be on
my dick
Everytime I come round the corner

[Paul Wall]

I'm from the land of opportunity, in God we trust
But haters in my mix, got me paranoid and disgust
I'm scoping out my side mirrors, when my car's in park
It's after dark, and my slab is fresh meat to these
sharks
Boys thinking I been drinking, so I'm off my note
But I got seventeen surprises, tucked inside of my coat
See me strut through the parking lot, on 22's plus
It's a must I make all haters, eat my dust
Them jump-out boys, waiting trying to catch me
slipping
I ain't tripping, grain ain't the only thing that I'm
gripping
Boys jacking with these tow trucks, thinking they slick
But take a trip to South Lee, and end up in a ditch
They got my purple people eater once, the next day
I bought a Range Rover cash, and a new set of fronts
I've been on feet for months, I'm taking haters to lunch
Paul Wall and Trae, hit em with that one-two punch

[Hook]

[Trae]

When I flip in my slab
I'm fin to beat they back off, like I was legs
Sitting low and tinted on chrome, gangstafied till I'm
finished
I'm bout to diminish these haters, when my trunk start
waving

Blue over gray, side of my drop with six T.V.'s I'm
displaying
They hate that I'm shining, with the fifth wheel falling
flying down the block
But if one of these haters, wanna jack me
Slugs gon be flying, out the glock
I click for no reason, this season my slab is staining
they brain
And I be known for getting reckless in Texas, gripping
on grain
Forever be pimping, 84 tipping all through the South
Grilling boppers all through my tint, with diamonds all
in my mouth
They all in my mouth, looking stupid when I burn right
past em
Cause some of these broads be living shife, and
setting up for the jacking
But not today, cause Trae gon be flipping on top of his
game
We guerillas I'm mobbing with, ain't no stopping me
mayn
When I'm in my fo' do' solo, the slab is bound to get
tossed
And if you trying to be competition, then you bound to
be getting lost

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]
Now look how your life stares, in a barrel and I swear
I wouldn't let a platinum ghost, jack me in a nightmare
I got that paranoia for you, trigga finger gon destroy
you
And if that trigga finger don't get you, get the number
to my lawyer
I hold court with Ben Franklin, I talk with my bread
Soon as I let him out that briefcase, it's off with your
head
Can't negotiate with the heater either, talk to the lead
And talk to your head, when it's finished you'll walk with
the dead
I call the police they'll probably get him, by the end of
the week
I call the streets, they gon get him before the end of
this treat
With the end of the heat, to set flame to the end of his
suite
The end of his feet, will be poking out the end of a
sheet
Hold up I'm just saying though, has this happened
befo' naw

But no law, gon keep these hollows from entering your
jaw
If it's my money or my family, or my woman or my car
I'm headed to that blood bank, I'm bout to make a
withdrawl

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]
When I'm coming round that corner
All you haters, better get up out of my range
Run up on me, if you wanna
I ain't gon play no games, at all when I'm taking my aim
Cause you're gonna be a goner
You thinking of taking mine, late night when the 84's
swang
I know you niggaz in the game, gotta feel the same
Make a jacker feel the pain, and he can charge it to the
game
When I'm coming round that corner
Hmmm-mmmm-mmmm-mmm-hm-hm-hm
Run up on me, if you wanna
Hmmm-mmmm-mmmm-mmm-hm-hm-hm
Cause you're gonna be a goner
Hmmm-mmmm-mmmm-mmm-hm-hm-hm
I know you niggaz in the game, gotta feel the same
Make a jacker feel the pain, and he can charge it to the
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[Hook]

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