Terrance Howard, Whoop That Trick

I'ma make these suckas recognize I aint playing ho If you violate off the top, trick you gotta go I done held in a lot of shit and I'm bout 2 flip Now I think it's time 2 show you bitches who you fuckin with D JAY that's the name and I came to bring the pain Ana on chest, got me busting at you lemon lames Y'aint know? You fuckin with a street nigga From the gutta, pimp type 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 door I bar none let my nuts hang 2 the floor So if you want some, this is yo death wish Betta come correct because I came 2 break you off trick

(Chorus 16x) Whoop That Trick (Get 'em)

(Verse 2)

You think I wont beat that trick, whoop that trick Got me acting buck and shit Hoes telling me 2 calm down but I'm like fuck that shit I'm already on that hpnotiq and that grey goose A couple of shots of hen, that just gave me another boost I'm feelin electrified, you can see it in my eyes Shirt soaking wet, looking like I just got baptized Sloppy drunk, like a wine-o at a liquor store But crunk 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 But this the durty, durty, and that's the way it goes Security be the main ones actin like some hos But you done fucked up, you betta call the law I'ma break this MOET bottle cross your fuckin jaw And that's for anyone that ever disrespected D Watch your back boy, cause you bout 2 get your ass beat

(Chorus 16x) Whoop That Trick (Get 'em)

(Verse 3)

I came 2 bust a nigga head, leave him bloody red Fighting 4 his life as they rush him 2 the med This what happens when you get caught up in the mix All that jaw jackin got your ass in a buncha shit This that Memphis drama boy you know we came to get buck I thought you came deep, nigga where yo 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, then we tear the bitch up We some straight hood niggaz from the ghetto and the projects Dump 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. M town niggas sick Get caught without a warning and get your ass whooped quick bitch

(Chorus 16x) Whoop That Trick (Get 'em)

