

# Wine-O, Pop My Trunk

where dem hataz at  
where dem hataz at  
where dem hataz at  
where dem hataz at  
MAYNE !

{chorus}  
Pop my trunk then  
pop my pop my pop my trunk then  
pop my trunk then  
pop my trunk then pop my pop my pop my trunk then

i beat the fat pat whatcha kno bout dat  
we 4 deep in the lac then we all got gats  
jus in case a fool trip mayne ion think he wanna jack  
leave ya layin side ways wide open playn dat  
holla back was the funny whole world seen me comin  
was a bad ass kid yea my nose was runnin  
h-town, 5th ward, yep dat my hood, ima twist it up throw it up yea its undastood  
its all good everybdy kno my name im deep rooted in the game sometimes im ridin plane sometime  
on them 84s elbows swangers put em on the who do yo lifes still in danger  
im shinin my neck wrist n my teeth 20 in screen jabbed in my seats (in my seats)  
25 crew if ya wanna beat so i can  
Pop my trunk then yep then yep

{chorus x2}

{Paul Wall}  
when ya see me in the streets

im the same playa that ya hearin on these beats (paul wall)  
jus holla at me mayne  
my paint drippin like my car had a leak  
sittin in my backseat will give ya headaches for weeks  
when i pass sittin tall as a giraffe do the math while i get harassed  
'cause im ridin a e-class  
i jus laugh when i see them haters face make em eat my dust leave em wit a sour taste  
u ridin on 17s so i guess u in last place 'cause the rims im ridin on come past my waist  
when the trunk pop partna its a bop fest  
im sumthin like a titty dancer 'cause my car is topless  
when u see me on dat antwon turnin heads  
my paint was burnt orange now its turnin red  
its paul wall ridin butter on the south we gutta  
its no wonder why dat original or wat uh(pop my trunk then yep then yep )

{chorus x2}

{wine-o}  
im the \_\_\_\_\_ of the rap game go ask ya girl she gon tell ya the same thing  
she wanna touch my mic dawg i heard she could really sing  
4 15s in my trunk yea it really bangs silly mayne steady flippin on them cars  
bad broads throwin draws summertime i spit at nights sometimes i spit at broads  
wen i fall throu the club man they treat me like a star  
when i dip throu the hood they say look at his car  
i got a scar in my styrofoam white cup wen ya hear me say HUH gon throw it up  
wen i throw my partys bad broads they be showin up haters throwin up 'cause they kno a niggas co  
(yea wine-o) im the talk of the streets im blowin up  
everybody hear my voice yea they cant get enuf  
'cause im rough and im tough stackin paper like Bun(