

# Don't Trip (feat. Lil Wayne)

## Trina

Uh Yea, Oh Yea  
Trin' Being I've Got Ya  
Yea I'm On That Syzurp my  
Ya Off The  
Hey! Hey! Go by the name of Weezie F.  
An fuck em out the belly store with ten bags?  
Fly as a mother fucker girly on my staple  
Cause her friends say I'm a tummy sucker  
Don't go below the navel  
I'm up in Lil Haiti  
I'm blowing on Jamaica  
I'm in the pimp a beemer  
I'm with a salt shaker  
Now I'm in Dade County  
I see some thick bitches  
I try to holla at em  
But they all trick bitches  
I think Trina sexy  
Mama ya wine fine  
And on the hush hush  
We need some quiet time  
Yea I'm a ridah ma  
The Birdman's boy  
He on CA\$H MONEY  
I pre-own CA\$H MONEY?  
Yea and I put her on CA\$H MONEY  
She start wobbling that ass for me  
She start modeling  
She see the models in the Maybach  
She call me Weezie F. Baby  
And she make sure she say that  
See a fly nigga baby yea I don't trip  
Just give em little thigh?  
Mama give em little hip  
And if you see a fly bitch  
nigga holla don't trip  
Break her off a few dollars  
Take her on a few trips  
Give em little thigh  
Mama give em little hip  
Then you give em little wind up  
Give em a little nip

And if you see a fly bitch  
Nigga holla don't trip  
Break her off a few dollars  
Take her on a few trips  
Now I'm the daughter of a madam  
Inside of a pink phantom  
If ya man got that cash  
Then best believe I met him  
Cause I'm sharp as a machete  
And I cuss like Freddy?  
Niggas call me Betty Crocker  
Cause my cakes stay plenty  
Got stacks on top of stacks  
I'm cuppin' a meal ticket  
No matter the consequence  
My emphasis is to get it  
It's Trina Weezie F. Baby  
Manny handle the scripts  
It's all reminiscent to  
Gladys night in the pips?  
All my niggas jump around  
Girls jump on that dick  
It ain't gonna be no standing around  
Now lets get crunk in this bitch  
And ladies  
Show em yo shit  
A little hip a little thigh  
More pleasure for the eye  
And the more a nigga try  
You can find me stretched out  
In my 850i  
Or my big 600  
Believe Trina done it  
Believe them diamonds studded  
Stay flooded like a damn  
Chase grams cause I am what I am  
Don't give a damn  
GoBack to the lesson at hand  
Stick to my plan  
When it comes to seeing man after man  
Don't give a damn about his car or his friends  
Wh Wh Wh What  
Cause I'm gonna make my on ends  
That's Wh What's up  
Ladies lets say you want a man  
But don't know how to do it  
Dirty dance with em  
Put a little back into it  
Go catch a wall shorty

End up at the mall sporty  
Try to dog waddy?  
Make em spend it all on ya  
Yep and make that nigga ball for ya  
Then have him beggin for that kitty kat  
Wining and dining for that ass  
Give him none of that  
Just let him know  
Say make a bitch rich  
Cause the baddest bitch taught you that

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>