

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 CASH MONEY
I pre-own CASH MONEY?
Yea and I put her on CASH 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/>