

Any Given Sunday Soundtrack, Shut Up

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Miscellaneous

Shut Up

Song: Trick Daddy & Trina & Co & Duece Poppito

Trick Daddy:

We gon' let the band deal wit' this

Ha ha, uh

MIA Style, ha

Old School

Uh huh

Okay, Shut Up

Chorus: Trick Daddy (4x)

Ah ha, Okay

What's Up, Shut Up

Trick Daddy:

Ridin' 'round in my brand new, '4 do', Volvo

I got a pocket full of B's, cocoa weed and ain't got no place to go tho'

But all my Boca Boys they know though, that's fo' sho' though

(Are those Bugle Boy jeans you're wearing?) Hell nah ho you know they Polo

I been used again, choosed again

This time been wrong to chop somethin' dumped by one of my union friends

Soon as they seen the Benz, hatin' season was in

Hell cause they figured me for not understandin' their reason being

But I'm the man for this

While y'all was doin' fine I was doin' time just, prayin' for this

Locked up, make a plan for this

Without all that fancy shit

Way too advanced for this

Just Polo socks, tanks tops and drawers up under my pants and shit

Shut Up

Chorus: Trick Daddy (4x)

Trina:

Okay who's the baddest bitch

I been real, been rich, bee don' had this shit

Big Benz, big house and shit

That's right, okay I been down with Trick

Okay it make sense to me

Cause if your money ain't right you stick it French to me

Miss Trina don't play wit' me

Or you can say Miss Big, it's okay wit' me

You need a grand just to speak to me

Okay, are you sure you wanna sleep wit' me

Okay, you better be fo' sho'

Cause I don' left niggaz like you stuck befo'

Okay, you can ball wit' me

Okay, since you got a hot knot spend it all wit' me

Okay, y'all know what's up

Okay, uh huh, I ride, Shut Up

Chorus: Trick Daddy (4x)

Co:

This goes out to my nigga Rolls and them pretty ass jazzy hoes, bitch what's up

Co got a verse in the Book of Thugs

So when I come through bitch show me love

Everbody that flow, then raise it up

You got that funk, then blaze it up

I got 2 mo' of them phat hoes, late night and I ready to bust
Are you okay
Look like you got alot to say
Okay, come wit' it
Niggaz keep hidin' your ho, what you do that fo'
Me and Money Mark bee don' hit it, been don' split it
Okay playboy, fuck you say boy
Don't even much bring your ho 'round C
Niggaz y'all better quit fuckin' wit' me
Shut Up

Chorus: Trick Daddy (4x)

Duece Poppito:
Lay down, playboy what's up
What about the slugs in your head and your gut
What's up with the keys to your truck
Your niggaz ain't got B's in the cut
What's up with the safe, what's the combo
Open that shit nigga fuck all the convo
Say Shin, what's up wit' ya hatian
Party out, birds at the safehouse, waitin'
What's up why you strutted D
I ain't 'bout shit but a quarter ki
Nigga ya better not be playin' me
You gon' bleed to death, you understand me
What's up you ready to go
You ready to tongue kiss with the new 4-4
What's up fuck nigga say somethin'
Set your crime, ready to spray somethin'
Gun play, how I got the stripes
2-4-K turned out the lights
Gun play, how I got the stripes
2-4-K turned out the lights

Chorus: Trick Daddy (8x)