

Spice 1, Trigga Happy

Dope Fiend Willy:

Heh Heh Yeah goddamn it that old gangsta shit right there boy goddamn shit heh heh

this is Dope Fiend Willy from the last mutha fuckin record I want the ten piece hey I got me some now I don give a fuck but uh huh yeah you all ain gonna know nothin bout this O.G. shit unless you start knowin sumpim about Uzi and shit So uh?

Verse 1: Spice 1

Now this 380 was a bitch who used to ho up on my block she lived on smith-n-wesson with that pimp Mr. Glock now glock had many bitches, he sold pussy by the pound and bitches jocked his trigga everytime he came around Big baller, big game shooter until he met that crazy mutha fucka Mr. Ruger

Now ruger was a pimp too, He had his own hoes Mrs Hollow Tip and Neener who wore hosh clothes G-string up the ass with the big fat clitoris drinkin that Colt 45 cuz she a gangsta bitch I love my neener and my neener loves me mutha fucka think I crazy cuz I trigga happy

Chorus in the background:

Trigga happy, Trigga happy, Trigga happy nigga (repeat 4X)

Dope Fiend Willie:

heh heh, well goddamn smith-n-wesson, heh heh heh, I got me a colt 45 back at the mutha fuckin house heh heh, yeah I ready to do somethin?with one of these little oloun think maybe a ol? ten piece hook me up mutha fucka I know you got that shit

yeah mutha fuckin Dope Fiend Willie in the house, don give a fuck about no nigga heh mutha fucka shit.

Verse 2: Spice 1

Mr Snubnose slangin the yay out the bullet shed And Mrs Mossberg blowin up his (???) And the shit it don be gettin no better, you gotta watch for that crooked ass cop Officer Beretta Put your ass in a sling, check out that skinny ass bitch deuce deuce thinking she miss thing and Mr tech nine lookin for some convo and he jammed and stuttered when he could had a hoe But he still knockin boots from hell to heaven nigga got a page about three feety seven gettin paid for the cot, so now he got a deal with that bitch pimp mr glock

Chrous in the background: (Repeat 3X)

Dope Fiend Willie:

yeah yeah I like that new shit boy yeah heh heh trigga happy, trigga happy HEH trigga happy nigga Yeah I like that shit. I bout to go over here and talk to these girls over here damn baby what you got on and shit.

Verse 3: Spice 1

Now every nigga wavin peace to the nine
cuz glock hit the block in a jeep drinkin cheap wine
with his nigga AK drug kingpin gotta find Mr Technine do his ass in
Niggas plottin hits plottin schemes but Mr Technine got an AR-15
An OG nigga from the hood got his cash on rollin fly brooms smokin
chronic to the fuckin dome
and Mr Glock got the word from his people Mr Technine havin a party
at the Desert Eagle
So right in front of the club when he checked his beeper
Technine blasted his ass with the street sweeper

Chorus in the background:
(repeat 4X)

Dope Fiend Willie:

(Smoking) (coughing) goddamn shit fuck yall and your folks got these
days? That old chronic shit look at that! Goddamn boy let me get
another hit of that shit (smoking) goddamn (coughing)
You ol?trigga happy mutha fuckin youth