

# Webbie ft. Big Head, You A Trip

[Intro:]

Wassup wassup wassup

Turn it up

Webbie

Trill E-N-T. Young Savage

Just some gangsta shit for the gangstas to ride to

"Damn mane, what you don't fuck with a nigga no mo? "

Don't even come at me like that!

"Damn nigga, Webbie, where you been at? "

Out here gettin rich nigga. Fuck out my face.

I'm a fuckin hustler nigga, I ain't got time to be playin nigga, I'm tryin get it.

(I'm tryin to do somethin.)

Check me out, Look

[Verse 1:]

Now I'mma tell you like a man, I don't owe ya'll shit

And I'm gonna say this shit again,

I don't owe ya'll shit.

But before a nigga had somethin, (shitt)

I ain't have nothin (my kids)

Yeah they still love me (friends)

I had a couple of em

Wasn't nobody fussin, tryin to see what was up

When my shoes was been dusty, with a hole in the front

And I'd get mad at Lil Slugger, he put a hole in the blunt

When my daddy lost the house, moved with grandma for a month

Then that month turned into a year

And I turned strait to them streets

Then my dog gave me that b

I turned the shit to that heat

Them school fights turned to that beef

And we was gon fall for that street

Then my nigga turned to that piece

I ain't seen him since I was 13

I get home and catch my knees

This rap shit was just a dream

Wasn't nobody mad at me tellin me about how I need to come see em

I ain't have a car, I just need some new rims

Just tell ole boy he just got a new Benz

My daddy used to tell me that I needed some new friends

I guess back then, it just didn't make since

[Chorus:]

Now come on

Keep it trill

You been knowin me since I was lil

And you ain't even take me serious mane that's why a nigga feel like (You a Trip!)

How you be trippin (You a Trip!)

I be trippin (You a Trip!)

How I be glisterin (You a Trip!)

It's a trip over postiton (You a Trip!)

It's a trip how you miss me (You a Trip!)

Now don't take it wrong and think I'm trippin cause I'm on

But um really you can go on and leave me the fuck alone (You a Trip!)

How you be trippin (You a Trip!)

I be trippin (You a Trip!)

How I be glisterin (You a Trip!)

It's a trip over postiton (You a Trip!)

It's a trip how you miss me (You a Trip!)

[Verse 2:]

I had to tell lil nigga from the club

I'm still the same nigga from the mud

So watch how you be runnin up questionin me about stupid stuff

I'm well known from the boot and up

Don't come up to me with that bootin up

Mane how I been movin up

I really hate to have to go and shoot ya up  
In just 2000 I was ridin a bus  
Show up at school, get expelled, fuck it  
I'm out here, If I go to jail, fuck it  
Didn't this many people care for me  
Now a nigga rich you is there for me  
And I owe you this and I owe you that (What?)  
You not nothin till you got somethin, everbody love ya  
Pops told me that  
Niggas ain't shit, life showed me that  
They done stole from me  
They done hold me back  
You round here actin like hoes would act  
Tell me how I'm supposed to act  
I see yo ass, be yo ass  
Comin up, I ain't barely see yo ass  
Tryin to be me, be done beat yo ass  
Hard head, make a nigga teach yo ass  
Tell you the truth, I don't need yo ass  
All I really need is my dog fans  
And all my people that I feel fam  
This big glock 40 and Trill Fam  
Ya'll look mad, I'mma steal laugh  
Them new Camaros go real fast  
They don't come out till "already got mine  
Man I'm fittin to act a dog now  
[Chorus:]  
Now come on  
Keep it trill  
You been knowin me since I was lil  
And you ain't even take me serious mane that's why a nigga feel like (You a Trip!)  
How you be trippin (You a Trip!)  
I be trippin (You a Trip!)  
How I be glistenin (You a Trip!)  
It's a trip over postiton (You a Trip!)  
It's a trip how you miss me (You a Trip!)  
Now don't take it wrong and think I'm trippin cause I'm on  
But um really you can go on and leave me the fuck alone (You a Trip!)  
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I be trippin (You a Trip!)  
How I be glistenin (You a Trip!)  
It's a trip over postiton (You a Trip!)  
It's a trip how you miss me (You a Trip!)  
[Verse 3: Big Head]  
Look, Big Head the same nigga till he dead and gone  
The same nigga that wasn't allowed in yo home  
The same nigga that did that same dirt with that chrome  
The same nigga that did them same jokestas all along  
Why would I change now  
Just because the camera's on  
And yo girl got my dick in her camera phone  
Mane let me do my thing  
I'm in that zone  
You hatin cause I'm makin and you dead wrong  
Well if you ain't gon kill me,  
Ain't no stoppin me  
Watch, I get the whole board on Monopoly  
Matter fact, fuck ya'll with a apostrophe  
That is how you want it  
So that is how it gotta be  
I probably pop yo ass approximately with 6 slugs  
While Turk and Mel buy the judge  
You got a grudge but remember I don't give a fuck  
Whenever you get mad enough,  
Try yo luck!

[Chorus:]

Now come on

Keep it trill

You been knowin me since I was lil

And you ain't even take me serious mane that's why a nigga feel like (You a Trip!)

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