

# Grey Goose

Trina

Make sure u check out the new Trina album  
Comin soon, it's goin down, baddest chick part 2, reloaded  
(badass bitches in the building)

Take me to the bar, give me grey goose  
Let me get started, it's time to tag loose  
Take me to the bar, give me grey goose  
Let me get started, it's time to tag loose  
Time to tag loose  
Yea, u want drama well I'm about to start it  
With a click for the goons and all of them retarded  
Protected custoday is what u gon' need ho  
Don't fuck with me, ay, yo, I'm clearin out the dance flo  
And I ain't talkin bout a routine  
I'm talkin popo's, yellow tag, a murder scence (bitch)  
Now don't get slapped with this grey goose bottle  
Cause I'm a sharp shooter with intentions that gon' scarr you  
It's a good girl gon' bad  
Had I woke up on the wrong side of the motherfuckin bed  
Shoe's kinda loose, oh shit, of what that last bitch said  
Dirty ass bitch, probably wanna get a quick head  
Paint her shirt red, letta call her feds  
Talkin bout harrassment, fill a bitch with lead  
Ay yea I've been gutta, ask my motha (suppose)  
Thinkin that I'm sweet cause I was sour on my album cova

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I got this grey goose semi, ready for whatever  
Any bitch wanna temp me, ain't too clever  
The queen should bow down, I ain't heard of that never  
Better show me some respect if you know any better  
This ain't just a song, it's a kight or a letter  
From bitches with wicky thongs  
Thinkin they got their shit together  
Tryin to block, do voodoo, n pluck my feathers  
My team all white plus we rockstarr go-getta's  
The feelings mutual, if you can't stand me  
That bitch from Miami sometimes I can't stand me  
I talk breezy cause it comes easy  
Right now feelin myself you swear I'm Jay-Z  
I'm MG, feels like I gotta dick, n my balls real big  
N I ain't worried bout shit, excuse my french  
You can suck this clit, while I'm all out of my zone  
Ay bitcha don't say shit

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Yea, where's the waitress I need another round  
Of the grey shots to the head right now  
It's goin down, I can feel it in my bones

I'm a check a bitch from me right about her in the song  
She dead wrong cause I don't bother nobody  
I just wanna party like la-de-da-de  
Or maybe she just wanna be my friend  
And now this dumb bitch started somethin  
That she can never end (yup)  
I'm right here and I ain't goin nowhere  
U can tell by myself Trina fans everywhere  
You don't care stop lyin on the news  
Now gon' change your profession bitch n upgrade the shoe's.