

# What What

## Bizarre

All my ladies say WHAT, WHAT, WHAT  
And all my dogs say WHAT, WHAT, WHAT

Ladies and gentlemen may I grab your attention  
It's the dopest MC from the Midwest  
Did I mention  
So clap your hands and stomp your feet  
And party on down to the Bizarre Kid beat  
Throw your hands in the air so I can feel it  
It's the big guy rappin with the idiotic literate in  
Forget your small talk watch Bizarre Kid get wild  
Guarantee to get your girl warm like a reptile  
Big chubby guy comin straight from 7 mile  
Your girl heard my style  
And said, "ooh he's foul"  
So tell your man to stop trippin bro  
Or he gonna get rushed by 10 guys he don't even know  
Representin the men, moneys what I'm gettin  
still gigglin bush , my styles forbidden  
It's the big guy, do the butterfly to the ground  
And the base head bounce  
Man I got that packed down  
Man forget the night  
We gonna party till the day  
And I'm a strip dance at your girlfriend's cabaret

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And all my dogs say WHAT, WHAT, WHAT, WHAT

Does Bizarre roll with Slim Shady, Yeah yeah  
Quick to drive up in your Mercedes, Yeah yeah  
Datin ladies nearly 80, Yeah yeah  
Now who in this rap game could fade me  
Some of you rap guys never heard of me  
Sometimes I be in Dallas or even North New Jersey  
Forget the Moet we drinkin Hen dog all night  
And pass the dance so I can get high as a kite  
A slow song come on it's time to dirty dance  
And right now I'm grabbin any girl I can  
Grab her butt cheeks and hold her real tight  
And tell her me and you were gettin wild for tonight  
Gimme your beeper number and check before you leave  
"Ay yo call me tomorrow and ask for Steve"  
Oh no this shit I couldn't believe  
Me and ??? grabbed her by her knees  
Snatched outta her weave  
And grabbed the car keys

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And all my dogs say WHAT, WHAT, WHAT, WHAT

Now everybody throw they hands up  
This ain't a stick  
We came to this jam  
To buy ??? and play a game of pick up  
With any big butt freaks that's done for the cause  
And yo Bizarre was at the bar down ???

I'm still game spittin while you still get in  
Still gettin down how we livin  
Wild like we outta prison  
Run our mouth, kick in doors  
And I'm talkin to a chicken head that could be yours

Slam dancin with girls just to see they chest bump  
Now everybody bu bu bum bump bump  
And get down to the sounds that we can cock jump  
Or mess around and get your whole damn block jumped

Watch you beeper when I'm walking through the crowd  
Which one of y'all actin wild, getting loud  
You still screamin that somebody still hatin on you  
We in the parkin lot 50 deep waitin on you  
Da Brigade actin up and we still scrapin  
Walkin back up in the club like ain't nuttin happened

WHAT WHAT WHAT  
All my ladies say WHAT WHAT WHAT WHAT  
And all my dogs say WHAT, WHAT, WHAT  
All my ladies say WHAT, WHAT, WHAT, WHAT  
And all my dogs say CUT, CUT, CUT  
All the DJ's play my CUT, CUT, CUT