

What's Fuckin' Wit Us

Big Mountain

Where Chops at?
Uh-huh, yeah, straight up magician shit
They call you The Butcher, huh?
Yeah, where The Butcher at? Where The Butcher?
This a Vocab/Ice Water colabo
Yeah... guns and ammo, you know me?
More ammo nigga, word up, go and do that

Aiyo, behold of the pale horse, or the nigga in the Rolls
With the code with the gold on, I'll voice
The six invention of whips is ventin', on how we glide
Money on the line, wise decisions
Wild, see all the burners in the jumpers
And them niggaz got off frontin', Tig' Woods style
Hands is ready, machetes, ice pick
Five dollar killas, that'll run up in ya villa..
Blaow, you wild, yeah, dress my niggaz proper
Buy 'em a helicopter Friday, Wednesday got locked up
Call all the associates up, I need a new valor Monday
They got me in the jail that I copped
What up, more expensive sea glasses, jean jackets
Peep the unique fashions, street ammo, let the heat handle
Smooth, one of the illest fleets
Ice Water/Vocab, about to take over the streets, what?

Aiyo, now what's fuckin' wit us?
For all the gun holders and drugs, now what's fuckin' wit us?
For all the ones holdin' snubs, what's fuckin' wit us?
And yo, fucked around and got his wig piece hit up
Aiyo, now what's fuckin' wit us?
For all the blunt rollers wit dimes, now what's fuckin' wit us
For all the rum holders in clubs, what's fuckin' wit us?
Aiyo, fucked around and got his wig piece hit up

Aiyo... there he go again with his shit
Who give a fuck if he rich, I will yap that nigga and his bitch
Comin' through frontin', they can get it
Vivid-ness, comin' at ya'll niggaz, take that, we want our paper back
We in the hood with the wolves, with the wool on
The best made put ons, with the best made goods
Stop, flocked and locked, every block, your Great Dane got shot
All you know it all looked good
Stay up, we into sprayin' niggaz, straight up, pay up
Fuck playin' with 'em, hit that nigga dead or I'ma lay up
He just a new player, kid, just recognize
I've been mayor, been flippin' cribs, killed different haters

All I need is the burgundy iron, yeah the shit that shoot 50
I paint it if the shit look live
Haircuts, the team lookin' real grown-up
So many young niggaz on the come up, they all got tried
Rock vibe, a lot of niggaz died
Don't start actin' like you real when your joint never bust since five
Stay high, take care of fam provide
Ride with the real, keep it on the low pro', and slide

The Butcher... Lex Leonardo..

Now what's fuckin' wit us?