

# What Cha Mean

Fiend

What up out there kenfo  
This be fiend coming at like this here here  
I brought a couple of my people with me  
Fiend, mac, soulja slim, kane and abel  
A couple of no limit soldiers to help me out with this here  
Chorus  
What cha mean, mean, heard about  
Soldiers got some daily clout  
Slangin in the dirty south  
What we really worried about x2  
(peep this shit) I know you heard about this nigga from the 3rd  
Raw, then a uncut bird with bad tempers and bad nerves  
Serve, dope to a dope fiend gotta get more cream  
Than the rest of the dealers  
Every nigga that I fuck with gotta be from killas  
Fill up in this shit, that was ever smokin, you can catch me smokin  
On some shit that will have me broken, (cough cough),  
I'm so high, I can ride, barely need to slug some dealing  
No optimos, no keep moving, fuck it, pass the feeling  
Real niggas feel me, cause I'm bout as real as it get  
Son or stranger, no love for that studio shit  
All my little partners gone, I'll be damned if I g-o  
But if I do I'll grab my gun shoot like and pull let em know  
Chorus x2  
You know I'm from the ghetto, hit the glock  
And pop my shots clean up your block  
Red beam, maintain my aim, bullet holes in your brain  
When I stop that motherfucking clock, kane  
Usual suspect, down south niggas bout respect  
Choppin off slugs like a mailman in a corvette  
Like the weed when I lower my tek  
Niggas is seeking, pump down like bricks, in the trunk of the 626  
Is something you hate cause your boy  
Just got flipped, ak with a strong clip  
In the hood I bust you with the tank,  
In the pen I trust you with the shank  
My mind go blank, I'm a soldier smokin dank  
All the way to the motherfucking bank  
Chorus x2  
Now what y'all mean, niggas on my team  
They all about the cream  
And my enemies, we take it to the street  
To get the green, knowa mean  
Came here with slim, mac and fiend  
I still scream woah!  
In the drop where my nigga walk  
Runnin from the cop who was trying to meet his quota  
I'm young and I'm black, I'm a soldier  
So he thinking I'm slanging that baking soda  
You ain't heard about, nigga from that dirty south  
Where the po-po's scout  
Everybody, everybody that knows what your bout  
Won't leave your house  
Cause at night, nigga freaks come out  
Grab your gat with that extra clip cause if you catch us slippin  
You might connect the grip  
Shots there cut up strip bout a couple of ship

Like the peoples in summertime agent trip  
Lets take a trip to the land where the niggas  
Do the murderman dance on their enemies  
And fake niggas pretend to be a, they be them friends of me  
Woah, slow your roll and daddy I'm camouflaged  
I'm psycho warden I stay on my guard and bitch I never die  
Chorus x2  
What the world don't know is I'm a hurt  
A soldier without a pause  
I'm prayin about cause, break jaws and all laws  
My bullet scars didn't heal, my tatoos reveal  
Bout to ride explain a million of hostile  
The burn feels like almost a step from death  
Fuck spending lives, I barely leave a minute of breath  
I'm set, families with teks, release my stress in their chest  
Wouldn't know where I'd be without my God and my vest  
Killers, we the best fuck all the rest, here hit the cess  
Snort, c'mon the test  
With the charge the best, cause I open your chest  
God bless, I made my way back so I can say that  
Me too whatever, should have known that fiend believe in payback  
Do it for haystacks, me, slim, twins, and mac  
Gotta attack, with the jest to ask, deftly in the act  
I doubt that, I'm strange cause I'm with the right change  
After soldier consediration, I'm the live range  
Chorus x4