

Now What

Juelz Santana

{Let's do it}

Okay, Jazze
We in the motherfucking building, dip set bitch
I heard my man T I was the motherfucking king in the south
Well you know, I'm the the motherfucking prince of the city
You already know, Santana
And when the king and the prince get together
It's nothing but royalty, roll the mat out
So we going to get down like this
Yeah

Now if I ain't a gangsta, then who is? You is?
Truth is, you ain't, I am, who this clown ass nigga?
I'm a straight led spitter, straight bread getter
Up north hustler with a bank head nigga, now bounce
That's just Jazze on the beat again
Tappin' on machines again, it's cracking threw your speakers in
That's what it sounds like, when I'm in the south right
Put it down, put it round, bouncing threw your town like
Uh bang first, play second, aim first, prey second
Make dirt, day Heaven

I'm a crack baller, straight sevens mack holder
Spray seven at your back soldier
I walk through the club like everybody pussy
Yeah T.I. with me snatching everybody cookies
The fifth on me case, anybody push me
Let it fly, let it fly, like everybody push me
Stop frontin' like you bang head nigga
Till you bang head, whether real bang head nigga
T.I. we fly, we ride, we bang, you die, motherfucker

Yo, yo, hey, hey, hey, hey
My pimp squad, fuck nigga, now what?
Dip set, fuck nigga, now what?
The west side, fuck nigga, now what?
East side, fuck nigga, now what?
Harlem world, fuck nigga, now what?
Bank head fuck nigga, now what?
My A-town, fuck nigga, now what?
My N.Y. fuck nigga, now what?

Let me see you in the trap, with a scrap
You talk shit pussy, nigga getting slapped
I get a couple kids, turn them into crack
And listen them so we could count the by the hundred stacks '99
So if you need word, then holla right back
I could sell it for cheap, 'cause I got it like that
White T-shirts and A-town hats
Got them super clean ... with dubs on that

Hey! First nigga put my name in a rap
Getting robbed on the spot, at hard getting shot
I give a fuck about your squad or your block
Hit 13, had it hard on the block
And first thing, first start with a glock

Then step it up to choppers, gauges, then eleven mack 10s
Now you're fully equipped to stretch niggaz, like who?
Like them P S C and dip set niggaz

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Now what? Now stunt, nigga pop your trunk, now front
I'm holding two, now what, big guns with me, big gun pissy
When it come to these bitches, man I'm dirtier then the south is
Squirtin' it in your mouth bitch, yeah back curtin', back squirtin'
New stick, gat squirtin', yeah nigga, that's curtains
Hold up, we senseless, make you throw up your breakfast
Me and T.I. hold the connection

Me and Santana from Harlem to Atlanta
The Cocaine managers, hoe brain damager
I'd be god damned, if a nigga won't cock hammers
And split their bandanas, on niggaz with bad manners
You wanna kill me, you willing to ride to hell with me
Seven shot revolver, I'm taking my shells with me
You don't want no trouble with no niggaz like us
Try me, I'll fuck your whole life up
To the group of haters that don't like us
Dip set, fuck nigga, now what?

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