

What's Up Wit Dat

Juvenile

Put a limit to tha bullshit and give me some space
Nigga recognize tha G in me when I'm tha place
I'll get mad and deliberately spit in yo face
I ain't no pretty boy nigga I'm a felony case
My daddy was slangin iron back in '78
Is you listenin to it nigga I'm I settin you straight
Tha next one of you niggas that come at me sideways
We'll be entertained wit 4 or 5 K's
Probably might get killed in 4 or 5 ways
Probably won't be found fo bout 4 or 5 days
Lil Wheezy in tha pen fo bout 4 or 5 days
Look he ain't in tha hood fo bout 4 or 5 days
Better not tell me shit when I'm upset
Cause I'll catch a flashback and all of y'all would get wet
Around tha way they call me Slap and Pop
Cause I'll slap a clip up in mac and let it pop

Look nigga if you pull that bitch, you betta shoot that bitch
Reppin fo them hoes that get their wigs split quick
If you abusin that shit, you probably shootin that shit
I'm Mr. Bling Bling nigga fuck that shit
You could find me in my Rover gettin head from a bitch
You could catch me on tha block breakin bread wit tha click
You could find me in tha lot buyin a matchin six
Lorenzo kit wit buttons on that bitch
I hit a pawn shop and buy a gat for tha click
Nigga ask tha Ruff Ryders if you real wit it slick
I took them to tha mansion that's paid out slick
Wit them Hummers, Bentleys and Jags and this bitch
I'm tha numba one wodie I don't talk no shit
Look at all this ice and how I'm poppin this shit
Nigga grease me up or I'll stick you up
Nigga put yo hands up befo I fuck you up

Now What's up wit dat
Cause you know us don't play
We bust tha gat
It got ice all over wit dubs to match
You catch us on yo block late dressed up in black
Now What's Up wit dat

It's like ruff, rugged, raw
Fuckin on tha interstate in a brand new car
Fo my niggas I'm ruff, rugged, wild
Strawberry kool-aid mixed wit Cristal
W-W-W dot fresh dot com
You deal wit me Lil Daddy I guarantee
That am.....gone put yo ass on front of a white T
XXL choker neck playboy or V

Now I be creepin through tha back wit tha chrome plate in
Simmy auto, Tec let's get on baby
Now have they seen me in a seat Mer-cedes
Wit yo wife in a car wit yo babies
I'm a hot fire boy and I'm gonna let em burn
Straight from tha 17th point of no return
And I scerm thru traffic in a Porsche on factories

Hennessy in back of me
Now I'm feelin accurate
Ice blingin hard suddently the light captured it
Don't try me or yo moms die from a freak accident
OH NO! could it stop but I got this big ol' 4-4 (gun sound) pop
And I'm gonna chopped this whole ki into a lotta lumps
Next time you see me I'll have money like Donald Trump
I'm off tha heezy it could be nite, day i'm still creepin
In a light grey Lamborghini it's Lil Wheezy