

What Ya'll Wanna Do

Lil' Flip

I rhyme at school, I rhyme in tha club
I got mo cheese than a rat, want some?
My game so deep
Like 20,000 sumthin' leagues
Up under tha sea, but I be on tha streets
Hustlin wit speed, last of a dyin breed
Niggaz know my magic, I got tricks up my sleeve
Look at how I spit, look at how I flow
Bet if I fucked up, that I wouldn't hit tha floe
Case ya'll ain't know
I ride wit guns an' clips
N got some wise words/ that'll be told like myths
Givin tha game whiffs
On they shirt it might stain
My words overflowin, like you caught in heavy rain
Tempo goes/ cornas covered up in snow
Bitch niggaz don't know how it work from tha stove
Cop it cook it chop it
What ya'll wanna do
This that hot shit that ya'll need ta tune to

What ya'll wanna do, what ya'll gotta say?
(Fuck that screw down hea', okay)
How you niggaz actin, how you niggaz roll?
(Fuck that nigga, southside still on)

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I'm lettin glocks dispearse
Ta some niggaz I am tha worse
This tha second verse
Like tuts tomb I'll leave ya cursed
Rock niggaz like babys they be fast asleep
I got heat 'specially knowin that tha talk is cheap
But mine cost a whole lot
Of them dollaz an' riches
I keep a hot glock leavin victims wit stitches
They in obituaries identified by they pictures
Can't be no dj if he ain't scratchin wit' mixers
My rhymes cappable of bein bought by tha latest
My clique is on tha verge of bein considered tha greatest
We like ta show off so them hatas gon hate us
While sippin stonewall in tha club I git lazy
Gittin picked up bankers we leavin sticked up
Stats leave ya ripped up
Talk shit then step up
Niggaz betta rep(what) they claim
I'm a head of tha game
'Cause they call me beretta 'cause I'm sprayin ya brain