

What Cha Gonna Do (The Anthem)

Nappy Roots

Yeah

Country boys, Nappy Roots
Lil' John, King of Crunk
Y'all know this was comin
Damn playa, here we go

Whatcha gonna do when we pull up in your city?
How ya gonna act when Nappy Roots in your city?
Whatcha gonna do when we pull up in your city?
How ya gonna act when Nappy Roots in your city?
Lean to the left and stomp with it, stomp with it (stomp)
To the right then stomp with it, stomp with it (stomp)
Back to the left and then stomp with it, stomp with it (stomp)
When you got it say yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah)

"Awnaw", hell naw, boy - here come another anthem
Done worked up a head of steam and ain't lookin to slow down none
Say it til ya, til ya tell it the way we told the shit
Let go for what, little daddy? We got control of this
Runners on you mark, get set, cause here we go with it
Walkin a muck, ya half dead? We put our soul in it
Not gon' let go for no one and I'm fo' sho' of it
But I'm for certain hurtin, and still wantin more of it

I keep it slum when I fall and it all and pick up
Keys from grandma and it slaw and it set it up
Quick if you brawl nigga, talk business
Or we shut it down like the law, hit it all-black, all-tinted

From the top down to the rock bottom, now we in yo' town, street (?)
From the fist fights to the glock shot, we known to clown
When the folk keep hollerin
Sheeit what y'all wanna do? Our haters keep on cock-blockin, damn
Them niggaz is off they rocker, prolly got 'em off they Gin and Vodka
What happened? Brought them bottles in, that sum-bitch has started a stompin
And then from the left and to the right, that's when they got to squabbin
Hog wild, Grand Mar' and chronic got them niggaz scrappin often
But we gon' keep it Nappy, slaw and slum and crunk and jumpin

I think I got a Hpnotic, drunk got me singin bout it
+Back+ off in +Cali+ like Cool J, fresh on the scene with Sade
My nigga Big V said he seen a bitch and doubled back
I told him, "Nigga is you crazy, swear they {?} at"
He said he seen one fine chick, hips thick and ass fat
I told him pass her like a Swisher, we can double that
She pulled up, she started yappin on how she loved the ass
I scratched my head cause I ain't tryin to catch no drama back
We shakin off y'all haters, takin 'Land like the Raiders
All of our moves are major, Prophet sharp as a razor
Coast to coast, quick to toast, they know who we be
Seem like jealousy and envy has become a disease

[Chorus]