

What Up, What's Haapnin'

T.I.

Ey, what's haapnin'? (what it is you all)
All you haters, can get at me (Center Hill, {?} what it do)
'Cause I hear you, and am watchin' (Church Creek, South Grand stand up)
But am serious (it's the king bitch, yeah)
Haters, so all I got to say is WHAT UP!?! (here we go)
What's haapnin'? (what's haapnin' baby?)
All you haters (HEY! I know you had a good time didn't you)
'Cause I hear you, and am watchin'
But I'm still here, I ain't stoppin'
So what up, what's haapnin'?
All you haters, Can get at me
'Cause I hear you, and am watchin'
But am serious
Haters, so all I got to say is WHAT UP!?!

What it is bruh, what it do man,
Still the man from Japan to the blue flame (that right)
Still hit the door and make it rain with the loose change
I bet that what he get a show, now that's a damn shame (hahahaha)
I get that what he hatin' for, boy you so damn lame
You click the same, a just a buncha walkin' shit stains (click finish)
Disgrace the A, gave the city such a bad name
You way back in my rear view mirror, I'm in the fast lane
But still I hear you loud and clear on you little song
Go on get you dissin' on while the king gone
Your self-esteem gone, 'cause I'm back now
Let's see if we can't teach these niggas how to act now
You're kissin' at them, you're jumpin' bad now
I check you ass then, I shut you ass down
And I deliver front and center never back down
Who get the last laugh now sucker nigga?

I got a front street swag and a side street hustle
Center Hill, Cedar Ave, that's where I be sucker
South Grand church street, first with the work
We can get into commercial if you need some chirp me
Hey, what I care 'bout who you askin' saying they ain't heard of me
I'm certified certainly your videos ain't hurtin' me (uh-uh)
I still ride with the windows rolled down
All around the A-town
Like it's fina' go down
If there was ever any questions niggas fina' know now
Won't retire ma thorn, nor surrender no crown
I never bow down and never say "got"
Ms. "to whom it may concern" and whosoever may try
I'm forever west-side and the feather-weight guy
Tell 'em take they best shot
Go on get yourself high
'Cause I yelled "Bankhead" and you felt left out
I ain't mentioned your name, is that what all this 'bout?

From summer hill to the hill up him Hollywood (okay)
A house full, gettin' to it, you know how we do it
Yeah we smoke great (great) and we drink good (good)
Then we ball hard, just like G's should
Buy what we want, drive what we want
G4 up up and away, we go, we fly where we want

Haters smile like they like me but they really don't
Wish they could just wish me away that what they really want
"I really hate his ass", "I don't like him either"
"We'll do a song together maybe then we can beat him"
"Somehow he must be stopped", "Somethin' must be done"
"If we can't knock him off, let's just try him when he get caught with guns"
"And if he really done, and we really won"
"Anymore ideas? Suggestions anyone?"
"How 'bout we stay up all night on the blog sites"
"Spread vicious lies and nasty rumors we could all write"
But that's alright, let the nerds hate
'Cause in my face though the words get ate
Hating's hard work, but I just bounce back
'cause God work tell all the haters am back!