

# What's Happenin

Ying Yang Twins

Miiiaaammiiii...

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

BOOM!! it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock your dome!  
BOOM!! bitch what's happenin'? (WHAT?!)  
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Half step pussy ass nigga  
Why you lookin' at a nigga like you wanna run one wit' me?  
I got my big gun wit' me don't feel like doofin' I feel like shootin' FOOL!  
And I don't like your attitude  
You do shit that dem hoes on a rag'll do  
Ol' faggot, you better watch your mouth  
Fo' I be in front yo' house, when yo' ass come out  
Ol' bitch ass, hold another nigga dick ass, BITCH ASS, NIGGA!  
Keep lookin' at a nigga like you gonna tell somethin'  
I'll fuck around and, kill ya!  
So now that you set you ready, YO!  
If this shit get silly I'm lettin' it go  
First scritto in the front seat  
You ever come my way, it's gon' be gunplay  
HEEEYYY.. I ride wit' a AK, get high and spit five out the AK  
Ok, let a nigga play and watch T-Double-D knock ya ass of the free seat  
All my Dade County Chevy boys, who drive candy toys and tolt guns galore  
And treat the Hummer like a Tonka toy  
Got shit you niggaz ain't seen before

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Ying Yang and the T-Double-D  
We, in this motherfucker crunk in this motherfucker  
And our niggaz wit' a Miami boy  
And I still like to play wit' my Tonka toy  
I'm a Toys R Us kid, yes I is  
You can't be serious, yes I is  
You think I'm playin' than ask my brother  
You still don't believe me than ask my mother  
Because I love my gun, I play wit' my gun  
Have fun wit' my gun, have sex wit' my gun  
And I don't put a motherfucker out for fun  
'Cause I ain't funna' get ya ass tryin' to run  
I'ma bust one time, bust two times  
And the third time yo' ass is mine  
Go down for the count, "He can't get up!"  
DAMN! he fell and he can't get up!

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You a soft mo'fucka, kind of gay mo'fucka  
If you mad 'cause you like you never had mo'fucka  
Fuck yo' ass mo'fucka, that's the past mo'fucka  
And I know the fact make ya mad mo'fucka  
It iiiss.. what I thought nigga think it ain't  
For reeeeaall... you lame and we off the chain  
And the T-Double-D, we bolo  
FUCK hoes niggaz ride by my Dolo  
Get the keys to my car, and I jump in  
Hit the Liquor store, buy my Cigars and 'gen  
Get drunk and I'm off in the wind  
Lookin' for a itty bitty pretty that could hold a sin

We smokin', and ridin'  
Don't tell nobody be quiet  
Might cut it lil' butt it  
Can't let this shit get done

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Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
Oh my god, from the south to the bottom  
Trick Daddy Dollaz, Ying Yang Twins, beatin' ass  
Collipark Music Incorporated  
This that next level right here, it's that crunk party  
All these niggaz doin' crunk music, we crunk party nigga  
Be original wit' it, Hey man who really run the south?