

# What Happen To Me

Young Scooter

I need money, I be money,  
I see money, I take it,  
I don't fold with niggas  
Who be out there and they fake it.  
Real niggas around me.  
Aha, they real niggas around me.

A lesson to you niggas,  
Don't you come 'round talking sideways,  
I'm the keeper, that shit, we fuck niggerway,  
Real niggas around me.  
Aha.

My niggas, my niggas,  
Your niggas ain't shit.  
Look right, B.M.G., cowboy, run shit.  
The chopper's on, chopper's on, don't get your ass leaked.  
Chopper's outside your home, make a nigga Speed it on, won't they? I ring it  
where they lay at.  
When it come to war time, man, I ate ate it.  
Take pictures with them choppers, man,  
You ain't gonna spray that.  
You never seen a plane,  
You never felt the need to keep that.  
The shooters ain't real shooters, shoot on,  
There's no solution.  
Over hill, we swap them out, I take them out,  
Then he gon'shoot you.  
Clearly we is not the same, over there the cliffs ain't.  
Clear that bitch, emptying that chopper, bang, bang.

Loaded guns around me, real niggas who ready for war.  
This is cowboy shit, where you know that pessimism from?  
I'm the boss of rap synergy,  
I shoot you off a BMG.  
Aha, there real niggas around me,  
They finally found 'bout this street shit.  
Niggas talking big, lot of scraps, yeah we eating it.  
I know them niggas here, later they be on the TV, man.  
All my niggas around me, you know they cutting dirty, till.  
See my niece, Maria, I shouldn't have take it,  
In your mind you wonder, what came 100% real nigga in me, what you though ab  
out me?  
Got the killers with me, Benz with me, no stalking me.  
I need money, I be money, I see money, I take it,  
I don't fold with niggas who be out there and they fake it.

BUG the cartell, the streets, we need real niggas,  
You don't cross the line, nigga, and that is your faith you don't meet.  
The shooters, they don't scrape at me.  
You'gon'make the TV, 'less they heard about the rent,  
They smell shit with UZI.  
I killer's I ain't checking like they by that  
It's my project nigga Jay D.  
Fuck, why get in your Benz?  
If it's murder, nigga, my lawyer get it acquitted.  
You on death struck, I don't give a fuck. I warm me up.

He is ready to die, then, nigga, you're the one done with that.  
Shoot'em with more mileage, they finally leave you baking.  
You gonna pay me, shiverring and shaking like Kaine.