

# What It Is (feat. T.I.)

## Young Dro

Young Dro, Young Dro, Jolly Sack  
Are you a killa? What it is? Oh yeah, what it is?  
Drug dealer, what it is? Young player  
Ridin's hard, I just wanna sit up in the air  
Get high, I just wanna be up in the air  
Are you a killa? What it is? Oh yeah, what it is?  
Drug dealer, what it is? Young player  
Ridin's hard, I just wanna sit up in the air  
Get high, I just wanna be up in the air  
I'm in the air come down, ain't comin' down why?  
Up here dammit where? Ain't comin' down please  
Bubblish coat, 26's in the town, I'm a killa too  
Chevy with the beat down, make you spin around  
I could fishtail off Fish dale  
Oh, man I'm the s\*\*\* there  
I don't tolerate, my Impala great  
Bring the top out, bet I discombobulate  
I'm a tough n\*\*\*\*, you a f\*\*\*\*ed n\*\*\*\*  
See me in the club all prodded up n\*\*\*\*  
I got a semi too, my whole penny do  
I got diamonds earned like Winnie Pooh  
Give to Lapia and caviar for dinner too  
Mafia as a mother f\*\*\*a make me have to get at you  
I throw a hundreded shots, puff into two, dro  
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Get high, I just wanna be up in the air  
Ay, yo, my car actually, really walk a factory  
Ice look like raspberry, it'd be hard to try and tackle me  
N\*\*\*\* I'm a killa I suggest you don't come after me  
B\*\*\*\*, I'll be in Colli-Park plus I'll on McAfee  
Bank head faculty, boy, you need to rap with me  
Come and talk to me 'fore I open up your cavity  
Shots come rapidly, I told you not to mess with me  
I don't play with little boys, you tryin' to Michael Jackson me?  
Lord, n\*\*\*\* ridin' the air fantastically  
'Til their daddy kill somethin' else, I put my rims up  
Actually, car flop purple when the sun come  
When they get done with that thing, it'll look Dro won  
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Get high, I just wanna be up in the air  
Are you a killa? What it is? Oh yeah, what it is?  
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Ridin's hard, I just wanna sit up in the air  
Get high, I just wanna be up in the air  
Meat coat brr, s\*\*\* polar there

H\*\*\* over here, h\*\*s over there  
I'm about to take flight, I'm goin' in the air  
Candy with the gloss, I'm about to lift it out  
Can't you see someone on me you don't like and then lick it out?  
We don't need to look at a town, we rip 'em off  
My wrist folded, forget how much tip costs  
Buy a hundred K, I don't wanna play  
Young Dro rides hard in the summer day  
Sellin' dope, it'd be giant in my mama's day  
Bad h\*\*s get treated like runaways  
B\*\*\*\*\* you need to go home cool out and smoke a b\*\*\*\*\* today  
Go and say, how my cut look like egg yolk  
I keep two with me all in the bed though  
My money fed though, it's Grand Hustle bread, boy  
We got 28 inches in the air, what you scared for?  
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