What?

Marc Moulin

[Willie D]Nigga fuck, you!
I put a hole in yo' head big enough to drive a truck through
Buck you gon' see some red shit
Cause I'ma "whoops upside yo' head," bitch!
Hungry for war, heart palpitate, I salivate
I want you cocksuckin bitches to retaliate
We don't gives a fuck bout what you tryin to stress
I'll have them folks cuttin a motherfuckin Y in yo' chest
[Bushwick Bill]I'm dyin to wet, any cocksucker, that fuck with Chuck
Cause you know I'm gonna chuckle when I fuck him up
I'ma act a fool, if anybody clowns
I'm in and out of jail like my homey Bobby Brown
Homey I'm down, just call your nigga Chuck
I'll help you roll around, and shoot these bitches up
Then it's back to the cut for some drinkin and pissin
'Face tell these niggaz how we livin (the unforgiven)
[Scarface]How many times do a nigga gotta ride
on you stupid motherfuckers 'fore you realize
I don't give a fuck about nuttin (nuttin) guns cocked bustin (bustin)
Whole click shot up, mob style, wasn't
concerned about questions cause I ain't got answers
Nigga we don't talk to police, fuck Chandler
This shit scandalous, these hoes want us
Cause we supply this shit to yo' hood on each corner
They came back on 'em, y'all can't stop us
Tried to set me up wit yo' system but can't pop 'em
And that's my problem, you see a nigga outted
For juicin confidential informers, I squeeze it out him
I take my sawed off, aim it at your Dodge bitch
And murder everybody that bastard was in the car with
I'm tired of bein misprinted, misspelled, misquoted
Fuck the magazine and the punk or the bitch who wrote it
[Chorus: repeat 2X]What? What? What? What?
Nigga it's the law - nigga I don't give a fuck fool

What? What? What? What?
This is for my dawgs, I'ma light this motherfucker up
[Willie D]I hit the block with that calico, bustin at yo' back hoe
I'ma spit, you gon' shit, I'm the man, you the bitch

Nigga matters when and where you scheduled to fight
Fuck with Willie D I'll bust yo' fuckin head to the white
[Bushwick Bill]Cops ain't about shit
Want us to walk the straight and narrow when they crooked like dicks
They steal and they lie, they snort up their nose
They drink and they drive and they beat up on their hoes
So what you got the fingerprints, I left 'em on purpose
I don't care about the guns and the german shepards
Spray pepper in my face, I'ma shoot you trick
It's Geto Boys, we don't play that shit in Houston bitch
[Chorus] - 1/2
[Willie D]This is for my niggaz up in Texas, New York, Florida
Killa Cali, Indiana, Illinois, Georgia
Tennessee, Mississippi, Baltimo', D.C.
Louisiana, Alabama, Kentucky and C-T
Arkansas, Kansas, Carolinas, Jersey
Michigan, Oklahoma, Seattle, Tacoma
The niggaz gettin harassed by the laws in Mexico
Missouri, Arizona, Virginia, and Ohio
Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Colorado, fuck excuses
Nevada, Idaho, Bill O'Reilly you da hoe
Fuck what you said I'm bout my bread
Fuck what you said I'm bout my bread
I do this shit until I'm dead
I do this shit until I'm dead
[Chorus]

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