

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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