

What You See

Goodie Mob

[Chorus - Melanie "Melbo" Smith & Goodie Mob]

What you see aint always what you get

Dont let this shit fool you

We just some black man hustlin to

Tryna get through

What you see aint always what you get

Dont let this shit fool you

Im on the grind tryna get mine too

Just like you[Big Gipp]

Big Gipp understand this, king of the A-list

Cocker Spaniel poker, lonely girl stroker

You the first lady and Im the first string chauffeur

Met you at a nightclub VIP sofa

You caught my eye, youre so fly, your smile

Your dress and your diamond chip choker

It really feels good to know ya, sip mimosa

It might bring us closer if ya left me right now

Hurts like I know sir[Chorus]

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Dont let this shit fool you

We just some black man hustlin to

Tryna get through

What you see aint always what you get

Dont let this shit fool you

Im on the grind tryna get mine too

Just like you[Khujo]

The one I want to make it look like Im a big baller

Yes yallin, Boss Hoggin

But what you see aint always whatcha get

A black man hustlin, grindin, findin

His way through the darkness

Regardless of circumstances situations facin

Just like you I got bills to pay too

They can give a damn bout who I rap with

Whats your crew been through?

Groupies, gold diggers

Stop a shorty I respect your gangsta[Chorus]

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Dont let this shit fool you

We just some black man hustlin to
Tryna get through
What you see aint always what you get
Dont let this shit fool you
Im on the grind tryna get mine too
Just like you[Witchdoctor]
(Wait til they get a load of me)
Where my brim? Where my hoes? Where my clothes?
Where my pointy toes? Where my forty-four?
Where my blow? Where the dough? Where the club at?
Thats where the thugs at, where the love at?
Where the green? Where the fruity?
Come here girl, let me wild out on you booty
Hey where the hook up? Time to cook up
Never put the good book up
Where God? He right in the heart
Play some spades, where my cards?[Chorus]
What you see aint always what you get
Dont let this shit fool you
We just some black man hustlin to
Tryna get through
What you see aint always what you get
Dont let this shit fool you
Im on the grind tryna get mine too
Just like you[T-Mo]
I hate pretty boy raps
But I love getting love in my lap, shootin big craps
Life is just a gamble
Like a double platinum album of the fireplace mantle
Sexy women capture my attention (hey shorty)
But I dig fly conversation
Solid occupations, ladies that wear business suits
Independent like Beyonc, world renowned like Janet
That cause us all to pay attention
Because we see em on the TV
And we hear em on the radio waves
Slave to the street, hustle cause I got to eat
Muscle my way through Peachtree City
Pity the fool that disrespect my queens
Get it how she get it
Puttin food on the table, DVD players with cable
Corinthian leather sofas, Persian rugs
Range Rovers, four leaf clovers that smell like blueberry dosha[Chorus]
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Dont let this shit fool you
Im on the grind tryna get mine too
Just like you What you see aint always what you get
Dont let this shit fool you
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