# What You Bout (feat. Mystikal)

## C-Murder

Artist: C-Murder f/ Mystikal
Album: Trapped in Crime
Song: What You Bout[M] You motherfucking well right.
[C] What's happ'. Motherfucking well right
[M] BUCK! BUCK! Here I go boy. 504 still up in this BITCH!
[C] Nigga, TRU Records in this bitch ya dig
It's a No Limit thang boy.
[M] Nigga, if you aint bout that motherfucking drama
and all that other crazy ass shit, get the fuck out the club nigga
[C] Ke'noe
[M] Ya heard meChorus 2x: Mystikal (C-Murder)
What you bout boy (What you bout boy)
Thugged out boy (Thugged out boy)
From the South boy (From the South boy)
Shut ya mouth boy (Shut ya mouth boy)[Mystikal]
Yeah
Kept telling a motherfucker they aint gon' feel us, see us, hear us
These niggas from the 504 the realest, TRU ghetto godzillas
Ya'll niggas tryna keep up with the man
ya'll motherfuckers need to keep up with the time
Fuck all that other shit, come up with the beat
I'ma come up with the rhyme
The dome splitter, natural born zone ripper
Hold my own nigga, big tyme pistol gripper
I told ya ass, you can't say my name with a dick in yo mouth
It done happened already, you know I'm coming to fuck up the crowd
Any how, got ya hands down might as well have yo pants down
Bout this Bout it Bout it, so nigga don't FUCK AROUND
The man hot, stand out
Got the whole clout, represent the whole SouthChorus[C-Murder]
What you bout, I'm bout that drama, step to me and let's handle it
A nigga out the South, with golds in his mouth, straight out of Louisiana
The boot, we quick to shoot, the 504 I'm representing
TRU niggas on the tank, N-L for life, down south, No Limit
Deadly Soundz bring the noise for them boyz who be dumping with them heaters
And I bring them lyrics that'll have them killers fighting like mosquitos
Break bread with killers and hang with thugs,
nigga went to jail for slangin drugs
Now I'm free, just me and the streets

aint fucking with a nigga if he aint fucking with me
But if it go down, I'm ready to ride, I aint scared, I'm ready to die
Nigga be glad I punched you in yo eye, coulda made yo mama cry
Don't play me boy, I aint no toy, thugged out from the South boy
Fucking with No Limit will get yo dragged out yo house boy

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