

W.H.W. (feat. Sy Ari Da Kid)

Jarren Benton

I'm like whatever
We like whatever
(K-K-Kato on the track, bitch)
She like whatever
I say whatever, however, whatever I'm like whatever, however, whatever
We like whatever, however, whatever
She like whatever, however, whatever
I say whatever, however, whatever
Pull up on that nigga for that money like whatever
Pull up on your bitch only for the night, however
We can shoot it out, we can fight this, whatever
Whatever, however, whatever Okay, I'm back like fat bitch at a buffet
My God, Mister Benton, you're the shit I must say
Kill them all and then I peel off in the Mustang
Niggas ain't shit, but a towel bowl stain
Death to the label, disappointing y'all lames
Fuck an AK, I'll probably stick a fork in yo brains
Excuse me, bitch, while I powder my nose
While I'm gone to the bar tell them bring more drinks
Bullshit walks, the money talks
After I hit the pussy, ho, you have a funny walk
I ain't your average nigga with a gun and malt liquor
Hit a motherfucker, like a thunderbolt
I'm not a human being, I'm a poltergeist
Shoot a nigga, pop a wheelie on a motorbike
That bitch said you couldn't poke her right
So she lay the poker face, like it's poker night
I came turnt down
Loud, got my head spinning like a turn style
Let the booth on fire, let the bitch burn down
Get it ho niggas, while the bitch perm out My niggas on weed, liquor, syrup, and dust
Remember? Motherfuckers never loved us
It's the 9536, niggas get bucked
Throw a chair at a motherfucker, tear the club up I'm like whatever, however, whatever
We like whatever, however, whatever
She like whatever, however, whatever
I say whatever, however, whatever
Pull up on that nigga for that money like whatever
Pull up on your bitch only for the night, however

We can shoot it out, we can fight this, whatever
 Whatever, however, whatever Okay, it's whatever, nigga, it can get ugly
 Pull up in yo hood in a fucking dune buggy
 Knock the horse off yo polo bugby
 Couple screws loose, bitch, I'm so nutty
 Ya, ditch digga for a bitch nigga
 Fuck around and get disfigured
 Get witter if I mix liquor
 Throwing deuces at a whore, if she's not a dick licker
 Sipping 1800 Silver
 Bitch nigga better get familiar, Imma kill for my la familia
 Put them in a trunk, [?] blood in my interior
 Bullets ring out, like I'm out in Syria
 East side, 'til I'm floating in the deep sea
 [?]
 Throw a rapper off of high flights, watch his body fly
 His body parts flip apart down of Fleet Street
 Let a mark try me, like Dej Loaf
 Turn his motherfucking brains in the egg yolk
 Yeah, ho, you the type to let the feds know
 Surrounded by a bunch of snake niggas like deathstroke
 My niggas on weed, liquor, syrup, and dust
 Remember? Motherfuckers never loved us
 It's the 9536, niggas get bucked
 Throw a chair at a motherfucker, tear the club up
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Songwriters

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