

That's What's Up

Lil Wyte

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Cold purple sprite
Full of 'lean in my cup
Yeah - that's what's up!
Yeah - that's what's up!
All the haters in the hood
Make me wanna cock and bust
Yeah - that's what's up!
Yeah - that's what's up!
I done made a lot of money
Ain't to many that I trust
Yeah - that's what's up!
Yeah - that's what's up!
But i'ma keep on hustlin'
'Til my body turn into dust
Yeah - that's what's up!
Yeah - that's what's up! I was born an raised a good old southern boy
With money up on my mind
Took a thought turned it into a rhyme
And now I do this shit all the time
Purple 'lean in my cup
I'm throwin' a blunt of 'dro up in my mouth, and I feel pimps in forthly
We the shit ya'll need to quit hating on the south
Cause we just trying to make it like all the rest of them mother fuckers is
I got talent and raw skills to pay the bills
So i'm gonna rock the biz
Call me what you wanna call me
Arrogant, evilish and conceited
I will sell CD's off in cicaly, italy, also in new zealand
Gettin that international money
Climbin higher up that ladder
Grindin' daily, bitch, pay me
I gotta' get my pockets fatter

Memphis Tennessee is the place
Where I got all my special training
Physical, mental, spiritual, lyrical
Acheived it all without complainin'
I got a...Cold purple sprite
Full of 'lean in my cup
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But i'ma keep on hustlin'
'Til my body turn into dust
Yeah - that's what's up!
Yeah - that's what's up! I'm a motha' fuckin' nympho
Rubbin' tip toes
Sippin' line in the back of a benzo'
Hate me last year
Wait til this year
You gonna have a lot more shit to be sick fo'
Runnin' the street and not givin' a fuck
Still makin big money and get my dick suck
I'ma hold it down for my town
At the same time
Goin' to town to get some more bucks
If you gotta problem wit that
Bring it to the hood
Find me on my block
And i'll kick your ass
Ride on the same
Cause we done whooped plenty of motha fuckas
Just for talking all that trash
We don't give a shit bitch
That's just the mentality of the dirty south
Nobody really left the house hot
Ready to fight
But you better watch your mouth
I roll with some of the rowdiest, buckest, crunkest fuckas
In the nation
And even if you keep me slippin' solo

You won't bust a raisan
Serious though
I got dough
You broke, and know the score
Purple sprite and paper flow
While you busy hatin' ho'...Cold purple sprite
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