

What You in Fo' (feat. Street Life)

Wu-Tang Clan

[jail interlude][RZA]

Son I just slapped my bitch

Came to my crib 'bout half past six

Kid's in shitty diapers, no food was fixed

I was like, "Yo bitch - why ain't no food fixed?"

She on the phone with her friend talkin bout dick

I snatched the receiver from that bitch like CLICK

She got all excited, tryin to throw fit

Swung at me then I swung back - BITCH![Method Man]

What you in fo'? It happened in the club

with some thugs I was at the bar, smokin bud, hollerin at love

Ladybug was playin in my peachfuzz, she was

Talkin hot fudge, can't nobody do it like she does

in the hot tub - didn't know her man was in the club

And honey dove never mentioned that she had a scrub

It must have been the drugs or the alcohol buzz, had me

shootin my game like a thirty-eight snub baby

Let's cut a rug, that's when I felt a shove

What the blood do - actin like he won the Golden Gloves

I get one for holdin grudge, but if this kid throw a slug

I'ma throw a slug - that's how we be rollin cuz

I see this dud tryin to play me like a pair of Lugz

Big John Stud, Goldschlager in a golden mug

What you in fo'?[jail interlude][Streetlife]

I'm locked down for tryin to hold my block down since a shorty

The Old Earth was like, "Street put the glock down"

I was raised in slums, love how the gun sounds

and now I got one - c'mon, who wanna front now?

Sunup to sundown, ready for showdown

Whoever wanna throw down, the gangsters better slow down

Wake up, before you be in a cell with forty of us

(What you in fo'?) In for murder over money love and lust

(What you in fo'?) In for life, don't let me tell you twice

I might bang you twice and take double the life

What you in fo'?[Raekwon the Chef]

Jail status - get up

Wash a nigga mattress faggot, you heard about me right?

Pass off them packages cat, you gotta eat to live

Meet the crib; got a hundred starvin niggaz in here big

So pop off, drugs that's props, bring in
glocks we call 'em oxes
Be a real live nigga, swing mops and shit, take over shit
Fuck the C.O.'s, aiyyo Boo, I need clothes
Slide brokers where phones get hid
Fuck with Russians and Latins
The most powerful marble black slipper style
Goin out thrashin niggaz, kicks get thrown
Big sizes, sleep in your boots, 4000 rugged F Troops
Notarized wigs, lay six months
That's alright dog, make it home Lord
Heard you admit it in the box, slid it under walls
Bang monster anger
Bop through the halls with bangers
Live God like the Abbot of all chambers..[jail interlude]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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