What Is This

Willy Mason

What is this, that gangsta, gangsta? Let's get back to business
You gotta kill 'em dead so they don't ask the witness
No questions on the stand, is there especially to the blam
Yeah, I let 'em talk to the stainless
If it's beef, let's keep it G, we don't talk wit disclaimers
We say names, we ain't playing, we leave ya corpse on the pavement
And I ain't hard to find, I'm in New York like the Rangers
My team, what? We all are nice
We pack guns and go to clubs and we ball all night
Crack sales in the slums, break the law all night
So the glock stay stashed up
It's cops trying to harass us
These pretty cars seem to grab they attention
They know these pretty cars cost more cash than they pinching
Plus the city's ours, plus I'm back with a vision
DipSet in this bitch, you know I'm a menace, nigga
It's uhh, what is this? DipSet
What is this? Byrd game
What is this?
That certified G, let's get back to business
Say what, say what, say what? You heard me
Say what, say what, say what? You heard me
Say what, say what, say what? You heard me
Man, get a set of wings so you can fly wit the birdies
Harlem, across the 1 1 0
(Harlem, thou-hundred)
Where it all seems to rain and the sun don't show
(Sun don't shine)
As long as it's white caine, oh, you know we gon' blow
(Get money)
Shit, these dice games, we bet lump sums on roll
(Can't stop)
Wear white tees but the guns don't show
(Got it on me)
And my advice, where I'm from, don't go
(Be careful)
And we all love this life but we must follow codes
(Follow that code)
It's a sequel society, all we ask, trust

Police keep on eyein' me, now that's fucked up
(Fuck 'em)
Enemies know the deal, we will clap shit up
(What's good?)
We hit niggaz with heaters
Watch the morgue come and get 'em put them niggaz in freezers
(Them black zip lock bags)
Shit, he bit off more than he could chew
(No, homo)
He did what he could but that was more than he could do
(Stupid)
DipSet, shit, we more than just a crew
(Power)
we thick up in the hood, all aboard we on the move
(Eastside)
Now y'all expect us to stop
(Nope)
I just cost 3 mill' of them records off Koch
(I'm still sellin')
What you can expect, expect for a drop
(Watch this)
[Unverified] bubble back with the sky as my ceilin'
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Man, get a set of wings so you can fly wit the birdies
Nigga, I'm laughin', now I'm shoppin' on Madison
(Why?)
Just was in a hustle, fiends was coppin' off Madison
(Nicks and dimes)
That's uptown, though I was posted on 5th ave
(Pollo)
12th street movin', all the poker that Rich had
(Hustler)
I'm 17, I was bumpin' up mixed slabs
Word, me, I stashed every pack in this bitch lab
(Stupid bitch)
I should've told her, now the shit where ya kids at
(Dummy)
Don't get high on your own supply
(Ya hear that)

It's the rules in life that we must apply
(Well name a couple of them)
Well, we must get fly through this concrete jungle, big chunks wit tribes
(Shout outs to the homeys)
Blow my fairy side

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