What's Happenin'

M.E.K.A.54

We the only ones with work in the middle of the drought
Then them niggaz 'round the corner, come and see what we about
But we don't know they face so we don't want them by the house
But Skipper started bustin' when he saw them pullin' out
We did them niggaz dirty for fuckin' up our vibe
We packed up all our shit and moved it to the other side
He visited our spot, this girl was on my dick
She said, "I love you, Juvenile but you know you the shit"
I grabbed on my glock, it's where the fools hang out
I'm only tryin' to hustle another change route
But they ain't gettin' nothin' if I ain't on beam
I'ma leave them niggaz sufferin' to find they own things
Workin' with plenty for talkin' 'bout hoes
I don't give them a penny, they comin' out they clothes
Grabbin' on my jimmy to see if nigga swole
Have to get it right with this big 'ol totem pole
Yes, I'm thuggin', yes, I'm clubbin'
I ain't trippin' on you look, bitch, I'm buzzin'
Hoes and niggaz, I'm not lovin'
Fuck what you gettin' if I ain't got nothin'
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin'?
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?
We pull up in front the club and my rims was lookin' nice
The sub woofers bumpin', I need it in my life
We had a couple of fellas, was stuntin' with they eyes
We jump out of the Lexus and got they mind right
See, I ain't gotta rep 'cause they know I got chains
You can catch me in that dro, boy that money green thang
Get a fish and shrimp po', boy, and go sit on St. James
I'm a playa like my ole boy that's where I get game
Hoes start passin' 'cause they want me to see 'em
Ain't givin' no action if they want some per diem
And I keep a soldier rag from the am to the pm
My heater in my lap lookin' great up in the B-M

I know them niggaz watchin' 'cause they know that I'm buck
But they can catch a hot one for fuckin' with a thug

Nothin' was poppin' so we went in the club
All the hoes started jockin' 'cause they knew who we was
Yes, I'm thuggin', yes, I'm clubbin'
I ain't trippin' on you look, bitch, I'm buzzin'
Hoes and niggaz, I'm not lovin'
Fuck what you gettin' if I ain't got nothin'
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin'?
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?
The owner wasn't trippin', he let a nigga in and
The place was jumpin' and the hoes was grinnin'
Not at us though, it was at the other women
Some was butterscotch, some yellow like lemon
Had a couple of foul ones, chicken and pigeons
Some was kinda fine but them bitches didn't listen
Told them meet us outside and hoes got missin'
Put it in reverse and went back for more women
Everybody's rollin' and you can really see it
Look at how they scopin' for somebody to be with
I ain't on shit and I've been G'in since the 80's
Ain't about goin' somewhere, probably then "Beat It"
You already knowin' the way that I'm rockin'
If you ain't goin' then ain't nothin' poppin'
Now I'm about to leave 'cause these niggaz eavesdroppin'
I got my heater on me now an I don't have to cock it
Yes, I'm thuggin', yes, I'm clubbin'
I ain't trippin' on you look, bitch, I'm buzzin'
Hoes and niggaz, I'm not lovin'
Fuck what you gettin' if I ain't got nothin'
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin'?
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/