Whatever

Jermaine Dupri

[Skeeter Rock talking]
Hey this is Skeeter Rock comin' to you live at the hip-hop barbershop
I wanna give a shout out to College Park, Eastpointe, Swats, and Decatur
A fellas ain't y'all sick of these hoes paging and stressing you out
Right now we looking for all the ladies that got out back
Whatever I'm bout, she bout that, whatever I'm on, she on that[Chorus - Katrina]
Whatever you bout, I'm bout that
Whatever you on, I'm on that
Whatever you wanna do, I just wanna be right where you at
(I just wanna have some fun)
Whatever you bout, I'm bout that
Whatever you on, I'm on that
Whatever you wanna do, I just wanna be right where you at[Verse 1 - Jermaine Dupri]
Uh, all around the world girls know about me
Ridin' up and down old N-A-T
Plates on the back say Don Chi Chi
Hat bent, black Bent, lookin so fresh, so clean, I'm ridin'
Same J.D., same game again
Out here hittin' hoes like Cham-ber-lin
And I love it when they let me come through
Even bring my crew, then I'm in the wind, no stress
No, where you going, no, where you been
No where you at, no, who you wit (Uh)[JD and Tigah]
Care free very freaky hoe, that's what I prefer (Say what)
That let me come through anytime, and do what I wanna do to her[Tigah]
And come on and work it on me, like it's all about you
Play at your own risk, girl hugs and kiss (Kissing sound)
Baby shake it up like dice
Nasty and naughty, exotic and nice
Home alone, girl hit me on that Nextel
J. on the other end, she waiting to exhale
Cop a baby L blat, do as, I'm bangin' in that back
She got pictures of me, bangin' in that back
So we gon', laze up, in my tunes
And lock up for days in a hotel room
Pull the pink thong to the West (West)
Prepare to insert billy bong in ya chest
And get full of smoke just like Chris-tian
List-en, cause I forgot to men-tion

Ain't no shit bumpin' like this one
Girlfriend lets relieve some ten-sion, girl I hear you saying[Chorus - Katrina]
Whatever you bout, I'm bout that
Whatever you on, I'm on that
Whatever you wanna do, I just wanna be right where you at
(I just wanna have some fun)
Whatever you bout, I'm bout that
Whatever you on, I'm on that
Whatever you wanna do, I just wanna be right where you at[R.O.C. talking w/ last 2 lines of chorus]
Yeah we on that, let's do it, uh[Verse 2 - R.O.C.]
Lord knows, flows, I kick expose
Hoes, get 'em right out of they clothes
Never knew she was so disgustin'
Fuckin, suckin' discussing over lunch and
With her girlfriend, how I bangs it in
For seven, four, O, I, L, N
Head so compellin', I'm tellin'
Every nigga that I know then I'm bailin'
Soon as I screw one, then I'm choosin'
A new one, so it's never no confusion
My solution, is distribution
One I require, this kids retire
Retails, mines, females, mines
Heartbreaks, yours, broads gettin' divorced
But of course, now if you bout what I'm bout
Then bring me dough and cook my dope in ya house[Nate Dogg]
I smell somethin' fishy baby, that ain't ya breath
I pass on the pussy you can suck it and step
Swallow all the juice until it ain't nothin' left
She ain't that fine, but she does it the best
Westside riders, do what they want
Dogg Pound Gang ain't afraid, to dump
We never hesitate to give 'em just what they want
When I'm in the ATL, baby don't front
She knows I got a girl, whatever
She knows I fucked her girl, whatever
She knows it's a one-night stand, whatever (Whatever)
She knows I can't be her man, whatever
Westside riders, they be mobbin' wit J.D.
Oooooh, homeboy T-I-G
Southside riders, Nate Dogg and R.O.C.
Oooooh, we'er the best you'll ever see

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