

Like Whaaat (Remix)

Problem

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Who dat, talking bout, who dat
Run up on me, you get your ass beat blue black
Go on get nerve, I'm off the curb
Push mountains of herb, you niggas already heard
The bro Berg, keep a pistol gripped pump on his lap at all time
Whatever however, cause young niggas stay trying
See them and be like huh, nigga, what?
Huh, give a fuck like whaaat
Blow my weed, smash the gas
Then hop up in my lane, she be looking way different
Through these thousand dollars frames
Millionaire mind, fuck the thousand dollars brain
Thousand dollar lame only get loud around his gang ass nigga,
Ass nigga, Compton for real, you ain't gotta ask nigga
Floating through the city like I'm on a raft nigga
Mike Vick with the shit, I don't need a pass nigga
Like what that shit do Yeah I'm just doing my thang, fingers in the sky
Banging my gang like ooh
Goon fall back, cause you don't want no problems like that
Cause we gonna be like,
Huh, nigga what, huh, give a fuck, nigga whaaat (That nigga be like)
Huh, nigga what, huh, give a fuck, nigga whaaat (That nigga be like) Your money funny you a clown
The bitch hit me up then I'm probably going down
It depends on how much of that shit I just had
Pill cool but I prefer my MDMA by the bag
Heavy hitter right here, all you other nigga's jabs
Big talking bout beef till you serve they ass a slab
Do the math hoes clash, cause I got them yelling, "Woo!" like Flair
When I'm done they always ask, "How you do dat there!?"
Hol' up, word to Master P and Young Bleed
I pull your bitch she trying kick it fast as Chun Li
'Cause I'm a pimp see, word to Bun B

Underground king, no checker, shout out to the bitch pressing
Get a weight lifters, reppin' Cal like Ripken I'm on fire right now
P burnin', no Syphilis,
Strap it up, you murder the pussy
Real beef you don't talk, you just murder the pussy, see me? Yeah I'm just doing my thang, fingers in the sky
Banging my gang like ooh
Goon fall back, cause you don't want no problems like that
Cause we gonna be like,
Huh, nigga what, huh, give a fuck, nigga whaaat (That nigga be like)
Huh, nigga what, huh, give a fuck, nigga whaaat (That nigga be like) Who dat, I bet your lady knew that
She said he got a ticket on the molly, mommy do that
Talking with my round diamond lean I thought you knew that
Down ass Raider hunned sixes is where we grew that
See me on the 10 with my squad we so trill
Or uptown with them foolies niggas, trapping by the mill
I do it for my bros on lock, them hoes on stock
I used to wear Pirellis back when Nelly was on top
Now it's 442 my pack a bang rewinding,
My bitches red as highness throw back on them Yokohamas
I'ma slam the scraper, you touch the paper it's go,
We out here grindin' fo sho
These hoes thinking it's snow
I get it goin' my nig', I blow the horn as she ready
Disrespectful nigga please, I'm the one with the fatty
I'm going out with a bang, it's lane on the chain
I just show 'em my diamonds nigga 'cause Lane is the game.

Lyrics provided by

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