

# Like Whaaat (feat. Bad Lucc)

## 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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