

What The Fuck (Feat. Bonecrusher Killer Mike)

Ying Yang Twins

What the fuck, man?
(What the fuck?)
This club is dead as a mother fucker
(Dead as a mother fucker)I'ma call these nigga goddamn Ying Yang Twins
(Yay)
I'ma call Bone Crusher, I'ma call that boy Killer Mike
They gon' be at the club
What? What? What?What the fuck goin' on in the club?
(In the club)
What the fuck goin' on in the goddamn club?
(In the club)
What the fuck goin' on in the goddamn club?
(In the club)What's about bitch? What's about?
(What's about bitch?)
What's about bitch? What's about?
(What's about bitch?)
What's about bitch? What's about?
(What's about bitch?)Nigga's comin' to the club, deep flow
Swerving lanes on 23 MJ's no more broad change, security
They known for bustin' heads, man, I ain't ever scared
I'll take a bottle to his head, I'm a live, niggaI'll leave a pussy nigga dead
Hoodrats got ass but college girls got head
And I'm gon' take picture, think about what I just saidvAnd it's official me and my nigga's takin' pictures
And no money, no hoes, no bottles in the picture
Drunk nigga talk shit, more problems then you can picture
We all got bottles, we deadly with spinnersAt least five nigga's strapped up with they Winerbery's nigga
We all got pockets full of green, smoking Broccoli
Down here we drink cool water, clipse and Hypnotic
Down here we like our rims, spinnin' and choppin
And the girl down to the flo' drop droppin' pussy poppin'What the fuck goin' on in the club?
(In the club)
What the fuck goin' on in the goddamn club?
(In the club)
What the fuck goin' on in the goddamn club?
(In the club)What's about bitch? What's about?
(What's about bitch?)
What's about bitch? What's about?
(What's about bitch?)
What's about bitch? What's about?

(What's about bitch?)I hold off yo nigga like whoa
I put these bricks to his face like whoa
Ain't nobody scared nigga because hustle to hustler
If you want rumble nigger tussle to tusslerBitch boi you ain't hard I see you runnin'
So what you talkin' 'bout nigga like I'm hard, I'm drummin'
You got me, eh, don't let these 16 shots get atcha
(Blah)
Because underachiever is soon believer don't

Songwriters

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