What It Is

Jeffrey Gaines

Young Dro, Young Dro, Jolly Sack
Are you a killa? What it is? Oh yeah, what it is?
Drug dealer, what it is? Young player
Ridin's hard, I just wanna sit up in the air
Get high, I just wanna be up in the air
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Drug dealer, what it is? Young player
Ridin's hard, I just wanna sit up in the air
Get high, I just wanna be up in the air
I'm in the air come down, ain't comin' down why?
Up here dammit where? Ain't comin' down please
Bubblish coat, 26's in the town, I'm a killa too
Chevy with the beat down, make you spin around
I could fishtail off Fish dale
Oh, man I'm the s*** there
I don't tolerate, my Impala great
Bring the top out, bet I discombobulate
I'm a tough n****, you a f***ed n****
See me in the club all prodded up n****
I got a semi too, my whole penny do
I got diamonds earned like Winnie Pooh
Give to Lapia and caviar for dinner too
Mafia as a mother f***a make me have to get at you
I throw a hundered shots, puff into two, dro
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Ay, yo, my car actually, really walk a factory
Ice look like raspberry, it'd be hard to try and tackle me
N**** I'm a killa I suggest you don't come after me
B****, I'll be in Colli-Park plus I'll on McAfee
Bank head faculty, boy, you need to rap with me
Come and talk to me 'fore I open up your cavity
Shots come rapidly, I told you not to mess with me

I don't play with little boys, you tryin' to Michael Jackson me?
Lord, n**** ridin' the air fantastically
'Til their daddy kill somethin' else, I put my rims up
Actually, car flop purple when the sun come
When they get done with that thing, it'll look Dro won
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Get high, I just wanna be up in the air
Meat coat brr, s*** polar there
H*** over here, h**s over there
I'm about to take flight, I'm goin' in the air
Candy with the gloss, I'm about to lift it out
Can't you see someone on me you don't like and then lick it out?
We don't need to look at a town, we rip 'em off
My wrist folded, forget how much tip costs
Buy a hundred K, I don't wanna play
Young Dro rides hard in the summer day
Sellin' dope, it'd be giant in my mama's day
Bad h**s get treated like runaways
B**** you need to go home cool out and smoke a b**** today
Go and say, how my cut look like egg yolk
I keep two with me all in the bed though
My money fed though, it's Grand Hustle bread, boy
We got 28 inches in the air, what you scared for?
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