Dat's What Dat Is

Paul Wall

Killer kill from the Ville, Killer Mike
In the motherfucking building nigga
Y'all already know, Killa kill putting it down
New South Movement, mo'fucker
New South Movement, South Lee Southwest click
That's what that is pimp
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Now loving, is the size of my shoe
And that's the new size that'll hold you, let your shit come through
See one deep I'm whooping clicks, gangs
With my 50 Cal., click bang, I'm gangsta walking with that trick aim
My nuts hang, like D-boys on the corner
And I could send a bitch nigga, a Bengal like Ty Warner
I'm standing on a soap box, preaching the gospel
On how you should move them coke rocks and protect yo glocks
And turn your projects, into Ft. Knox
It just a fo' night, with two 44 glocks
Now rise and shine it's a kick do', for your pies and pine
I'm riding off in the sunset, the horizon's mine
Everybody dies in time, but how will you pass
In a million dollar mansion, or dead broke on your ass
Think fast, cause your number is coming up
And ain't no second chances, when the killers is running up
That's what that is pimp
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That's what that is pimp
I step into the club, in a fresh white T
Looking for a one night wife, to delight me
A lot of dudes claim, to be gangsta like Ice-T
When in actuality, they sweeter than ice tea
Get your weight up homie, only the strong survive
Get off the bus and pay your dues, you don't belong on this ride
I'm a full time playa, all about my hustle
Demonstrating my muscle, if I get in a tussle
If you got plex, I suggest you keep it hush-hush
'Cause boys wet up on that water, and you might get bust
I got to stay up on my note, so my game is sharper
I can't be wiped out, I'm like a permanent marker

Boys mean mugging in the club, repping they hood

It's understood but cross that line, homie it ain't good
It's survival of the fittest, I'm the last one breathing
While you in your bed sleeping, I'm still out here creeping
That's what that is pimp
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That's what that is pimp
Take your ass to church nigga, if you wanna learn better
Join Mase and Bethle-fuck him, I'm trying to get cheddar
My stack will clearly show, my talent for moving blow
If it's gangsta music, so fuck the status quote
Grown men talking, who let the children in
Get the nine to spit it in, leave him smelling like chit-lens
I ain't playing I ain't joking, I'm rolling loaded and open
It's best you not provoking, this man when he pistol toting
The 4-fiftha, will tuck turn toss twist you
Split you right down the middle, like a brand new swisha
When the bullet hit you nigga, it rip and tear tissue
Bullet bang, turn brains into baby batter
Turn great matter, into antimatter
Fuck your chitter-chatter, who's good better best badder
Let the shotgun splitter splatter, who it hit child or bitch
It don't matter, niggaz just handling bis'
Primetime guerilla gang, get his what it is
Last but not least, it's H.A. Dub
Buckshot slugs, you covered in blood
Feel me 'cuz, or get drug in the mud
By these Texas thugs, who really don't show no love
That's what it is nigga, handle your bis nigga
This ain't your year nigga, I'll split your wig nigga
Take a sqwig nigga, this is the new South
We coming hola, so what you talking bout
You niggaz still learning, we got they heads turning
We got the streets burning, this is a street sermon
That's what it is dummy, you niggaz chasing honey
We out here chasing money, jacked by G and running
That's what that is pimp
That's what that is pimp
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