

# Now What

## Juelz Santana

{Let's do it} Okay, Jazze  
We in the motherfucking building, dip set bitch  
I heard my man T I was the motherfucking king in the south  
Well you know, I'm the the motherfucking prince of the city  
You already know, Santana  
And when the king and the prince get together  
It's nothing but royalty, roll the mat out  
So we going to get down like this  
Yeah Now if I ain't a gangsta, then who is? You is?  
Truth is, you ain't, I am, who this clown ass nigga?  
I'm a straight led spitter, straight bread getter  
Up north hustler with a bank head nigga, now bounce  
That's just Jazze on the beat again  
Tappin' on machines again, it's cracking threw your speakers in  
That's what it sounds like, when I'm in the south right  
Put it down, put it round, bouncing threw your town like  
Uh bang first, play second, aim first, prey second  
Make dirt, day Heaven I'm a crack baller, straight sevens mack holder  
Spray seven at your back soldier  
I walk through the club like everybody pussy  
Yeah T.I. with me snatching everybody cookies  
The fifth on me case, anybody push me  
Let it fly, let it fly, like everybody push me  
Stop frontin' like you bang head nigga  
Till you bang head, whether real bang head nigga  
T.I. we fly, we ride, we bang, you die, motherfucker Yo, yo, hey, hey, hey, hey  
My pimp squad, fuck nigga, now what?  
Dip set, fuck nigga, now what?  
The west side, fuck nigga, now what?  
East side, fuck nigga, now what?  
Harlem world, fuck nigga, now what?  
Bank head fuck nigga, now what?  
My A-town, fuck nigga, now what?  
My N.Y. fuck nigga, now what? Let me see you in the trap, with a scrap  
You talk shit pussy, nigga getting slapped  
I get a couple kids, turn them into crack  
And listen them so we could count the by the hundred stacks '99  
So if you need word, then holla right back  
I could sell it for cheap, 'cause I got it like that

White T-shirts and A-town hats  
Got them super clean [Incomprehensible] with dubs on thatHey! First nigga put my name in a rap  
Getting robbed on the spot, at hard getting shot  
I give a fuck about your squad or your block  
Hit 13, had it hard on the block  
And first thing, first start with a glock  
Then step it up to choppers, gauges, then eleven mack 10s  
Now you're fully equipped to stretch niggaz, like who?  
Like them P S see and dip set niggazHey, hey  
My pimp squad, fuck nigga, now what?  
Dip set, fuck nigga, now what?  
The west side, fuck nigga, now what?  
East side fuck nigga, now what?  
Harlem world, fuck nigga, now what?  
Bank head, fuck nigga, now what?  
My A-town, fuck nigga, now what?  
My N.Y. fuck nigga, now what?Now what? Now stunt, nigga pop your trunk, now front  
I'm holding two, now what, big guns with me, big gun pissy  
When it come to these bitches, man I'm dirtier then the south is  
Squirtin' it in your mouth bitch, yeah back curtin', back squirtin'  
New stick, gat squirtin', yeah nigga, that's curtains  
Hold up, we senseless, make you throw up your breakfast  
Me and T.I. hold the connectionMe and Santana from Harlem to Atlanta  
The Cocaine managers, hoe brain damager  
I'd be god damned, if a nigga won't cock hammers  
And split their bandanas, on niggaz with bad manners  
You wanna kill me, you willing to ride to hell with me  
Seven shot revolver, I'm taking my shells with me  
You don't want no trouble with no niggaz like us  
Try me, I'll fuck your whole life up  
To the group of haters that don't like us  
Dip set, fuck nigga, now what?Hey, hey, hey, hey  
My pimp squad, fuck nigga, now what?  
Dip set, fuck nigga, now what?  
The west, side fuck nigga, now what?  
East side, fuck nigga, now what?  
Harlem world, fuck nigga, now what?  
Bank head, fuck nigga, now what?  
My A-town, fuck nigga, now what?  
My N.Y. fuck nigga, now what?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>