

# What's Wrong With You?

## Gravediggaz

[Frukwan]

Check it... yo..

Instead of beat a brother's head off for half the rent  
Half percent, brothers need to all get bent  
Whips and gold to hold to a master flow  
Rollin' with the G.O., these deeds for Castro  
Competition far from close, rip and roast  
Flip ducks on the skillet, feel it?  
1-0-5th, the hood, only if the weed was good  
Roll it up, make it last like I'm puffin' the past  
Gaze beyond, where I'm from, brothers don't bargain  
Gods on the grid like Murtoth's and Riggs  
If you don't give a fuck, then you know what's up  
Cock D.O.D's, with or without the nuts  
Steady riot, heavy flow, East crush a ghetto delux  
Muthafucker, what? Bum rush ya

Codeine ice breath, flexin' my biceps  
Fuck with me, put your ass forever to sleep  
Yo..

[Chorus: Frukwan]

What da fuck is wrong with you?  
What da fuck you gonna do?  
What da fuck is wrong with you?  
I'll bust your ass and cap your crew

[Frukwan]

Ssssss..

Yo, blind fury, whatever the force, I'll shake it off  
Evidence I weight, ghetto cap backs and broth  
Grew up, a teaspoon, overdose off jams  
Hot watch, plenty of beats, shots of miligrams  
Stone roller, head up, a shot release  
Stay gritty, Black Lordz runnin' the whole city  
B-Ball and rampage when I rip the stage  
Part the Red Sea with a pump and a gauge  
Niggaz wanna tailgate, then chase the bait  
Black spider, drop brothers like a low rider

Lashin' my whip, watch brothers abandon ship  
What the fuck's so new, about the shit I do?  
Chargin' cats to breeze, palm M.C.'s  
Catch you with mines, niggaz doin' serious time  
Pick up from where I left and cross the globe  
Represent E.N.Y., until I die... what?!

[Chorus]

[Frukwan]

Yo, I spit the live shit, divide the jewels  
Rave reviews, the nuts on my prosecute

[Lady Tigra]

Midwest be the place where I rest  
No time for the stress, yeah I get sit on with the best  
Talk shit, nigga, I hit's the chest  
Yeah, I smoke Philly blunts, nigga, with the best, what?  
Hard hittin', cigar splittin', now I'm driftin'  
Hustle just for days, new ways to get paid  
Them niggaz on the blunt, serve weight  
Turnin' bricks, nigga, into cash in a day  
Check it -- one man suicide, another man's brief  
If you bow down, nigga, you will self defeat  
Talk is cheap, nigga, show the actions that you speak  
I know the game plan to a T, street choke  
Niggaz can't survive on these streets  
You can feel the words that I say through this beat  
This hip hop music be the code for the streets  
My Chi-Town niggaz represent for the streets, what?

[Chorus x2]

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Lyrics submitted by Karim Kaloga.

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