

What's Happnin'!

Ying Yang Twins

Miami, hey, hey, hey
Boom, it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock yo dome
Boom, bitch what's happnin'?
(What?)
Boom, bitch what's happnin'?
(What?)
I said boom, it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock yo dome
Boom, bitch what's happnin'?
(What?)
Boom, bitch what's happnin'?
Half step pussy ass nigga, why you lookin' at a nigga
Like you wanna run one wit' me? I got my big gun wit' me
Don't feel like doofin', I feel like shootin', fool
And I don't like your attitude, you do shit, that dem hoes on a rag'll do
Ol' faggot, you better watch yo mouth
Fo' I be in front yo house, when yo ass come out
Ol' bitch ass, hold another nigga dick ass, switch ass nigga
Keep lookin' at a nigga like he gonna tell somethin'
I'll fuck around and kill ya
So now that you set you ready, yo
If this shit get silly I'm lettin' it go
Front scrto in the front seat
You ever come my way, it's gon' be gun play
Hey, I ride wit' a AK, get high and spit fire out the AK
Okay, let a nigga play and watch T-Double-D
Knock ya ass of the free seat
All my Dade County Chevy boys
Who drive candy toys and tot guns galore
And treat the Hummer like a Tonka toy
Got shit you niggaz ain't seen before
Boom, it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock yo dome
Boom, bitch what's happnin'?
(What?)
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I said boom, it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock yo dome
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Boom, bitch what's happnin'?

Ying Yang and the T-Double-D
We in this motherfucker crunk in this motherfucker
And our niggaz wit' a Miami boy
And I still like to play wit' my Tonka toy
I'm a Toys R Us kid, yes I is
You can't be serious, yes I is
You think I'm playin' then ask my brother
You still don't believe me then ask my mother
Because I love my gun, I play wit' my gun
Have fun wit' my gun, have sex wit' my gun
And I don't put a motherfucker out for fun
'Cause I ain't finna get ya ass tryin' to run
I'ma bust one time, bust two times
And the third time yo ass is mine
Go down for the count, ?He can't get up?
Damn, he fell and he can't get up
Boom, it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock yo dome
Boom, bitch what's happnin'?
(What?)
Boom, bitch what's happnin'?
(What?)
I said boom, it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock yo dome
Boom, bitch what's happnin'?
(What?)
Boom, bitch what's happnin'?
You a soft mothafucka, kind of fag mothafucka
If you mad 'cause you like it never had mothafucka
Fuck yo ass mothafucka, that's the past mothafucka
And I know the fact make ya mad mothafucka
It is what I thought nigga think it ain't
For real, you lame and we off the chain
And the T-Double-D, we bolo
Fuck hoes, nigga ride by my dolo
Get the keys to my car and I jump in
Hit the liquor store, buy my cigars and gin
Get drunk and I'm off in the wind
Lookin' for a lil' itty bitty pretty that could hold a sin
We smokin' and ridin'
Don't tell nobody, be quiet
Might cut it, lil' butt it
Can't let this shit get ugly
Boom, it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock yo dome
Boom, bitch what's happnin'?
(What?)
Boom, bitch what's happnin'?

(What?)
I said boom, it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock yo dome
Boom, bitch what's happnin'?
(What?)
Boom, bitch what's happnin'?
Hey, hey, hey
Oh my God, from the south to the bottom
Trick Daddy Dollaz, Ying Yang Twins beatin' ass
Collipark Music Incorporated, this the next level right here
It's that crunk party, all these niggaz doin' this crunk music
We crunk party nigga, be original wit' it
Hey man who really run the south?

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