

# What Up, What's Haapnin'

## T.i.

Ay, what's haapnin'?  
All you haters should get at me  
'Cause I hear ya and I'm watchin'  
But I'm serious, haters so all I gotta say is  
What up? What's haapnin'?  
All you haters can get at me  
'Cause I hear ya and I'm watchin'  
But I'm still here, I ain't stoppin'  
So what up? What's haapnin'?  
All you haters should get at me  
'Cause I hear ya and I'm watchin'  
But I'm serious, haters so all I gotta say is what up?  
What it is bruh? What it do mayne?  
Still the man from Japan to the blue flame  
Still gettin' dough and make it rain with the loose change  
I bet that what he did a show, now that's a damn shame  
I guess that what he hatin' for, boy you so damn lame  
Ya click the same, a destined bunch of walkin' shit stains  
Disgraced the A, ya give the city such a bad name  
You way back in my rearview mirror, I'm in the fast lane  
Yet still I hear ya loud and clear on ya lil' song  
Go on getcha dissin' on while the king gone  
Your self-esteem gone 'cause I'm back now  
Let's see if we can't teach these niggas how to act now  
Ya kissin' ass then, ya jumpin' back now  
I check ya ass then, I shut ya ass down  
And I deliver front and center, never back down  
Who get the last laugh now sucka nigga  
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I got a front street swag and a side street hustle  
Center Hill, Cedar Ave., that's where I be sucka  
South Grand Church Street, the first with the work

But we can get it to commercial, if ya need somethin', chirp me  
Hey, what I care 'bout who you assholes sayin' they ain't heard of me  
I'm certified, certainly, them videos ain't hurtin' me  
I still ride with the window rolled down  
All around the A-town like it's finna go down

If it was ever any questions, niggas finna know now  
Won't retire my throne or surrender no crown  
I never bow down and never say die  
Just to whom it may concern and whosoever may try  
I'm forever West side and the featherweight dies  
Tell 'em take your best shot, gon' an' get yourself high  
'Cause I yell 'Bankhead' and you felt left out  
I ain't mention yo' name, that's what all this 'bout?

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From Summer Hill to the Hills up in Hollywood

Our house full, gettin' to it, you know how we do it

Yeah, we smoke great and we drink good

Then we ball hard, just like G's should

Buy what we want, drive what we want

G4 up up and away we go, we fly where we want

Haters smile like they like it when they really don't

Wish they could just wish me away, that's what they really want

"I really hate his ass" "I don't like him either"

"We'll do a song together, maybe then we can beat him"

"Somehow he must be stopped, somethin' must be done"

"If we can't knock him off let's just try him when he get caught with guns"

"Then if he really done and we really won

Any more ideas? Suggestions anyone?"

"How 'bout we stay up all night, on the blog sites

Spread vicious lies and nasty rumors we could all write"

But that's alright, let the nerds hate

'Cause in my face though, them words gettin' ate

And hatin's hard work, when I just bounce back

This God's work, tell all the haters I'm back!

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