

## **Rydah J. Klyde**

### **"What's Wrong"**

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[Intro: Rappin' 4-Tay] (E-40)  
Uh, (you tell me)

[Chorus: Rappin' 4-Tay, E-40]

[Rappin' 4-Tay]  
Holler at a player though  
40 Water, what's wrong wit the game though?  
I don't know

[E-40]  
Holler at a player though  
4-Tay, what's wrong wit the game though?  
I don't know

[Rappin' 4-Tay]  
I keeps my distance from haters cause I'm quick to  
flash  
It irritates me with a passion, I tap that ass  
Be quick to blast, the game just ain't the same no more  
You doing too much, pump your brakes, slow your roll  
Fuckin' up the hustle with the streets and shit  
It's too much legal tender on my agenda to bite our  
fame  
But if you play me, I gots no choice to leave you in  
check  
They playing with a full deck, you can get the  
breakfast, say thanks

[E-40]  
See I'm a business man with a set of big balls  
Marketing meetings and, uh, got Frisco  
Just ain't your work for a living (uh huh)  
They got hit, what the fuck?, you think I been got shit?,  
it ain't easy  
Everyday now walk through the streets  
A nigga can't even sit down with his family  
And be straight and have a decent dinner  
Without a motherfucker yelling, "Weeblelations"  
"What I got to do to get you in my compilations?"  
(compilations)

So I study what I do, the shit for you for free (for free)  
I used to do that to a nigga when I was seventeen (uh,  
uh)

[Chorus]

[Rappin' 4-Tay]

What's the world comin' to when niggaz talk down for  
funds

I'm Rappin' 4-Tay it don't make me nones

Popularity don't mean that much

Cause if it don't make dollars I don't really give a fuck

Jockin' all up under my name but you don't even know  
me

Got me fucked up wi

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