

Webb Wilder

"What Is It"

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[x2]

Is it my cars is it my clothes
That make these ho's want fuck fo' sho
Is It my style the way I roll
That makes these haters want hate some mo'

Is it that fifth that I drink, When
I'm in my whip wit the fresh ass paint
That make these ho's
Want look in my face
And make these niggas
Wan be in my place
Or tell me is it my shows,
That cost three hundred
That make me have to go everywhere with a trunk full
of guns
Gone make a nigga hate my mommas son
Maybe it my style, this the way I come
Or maybe it's these ho's
That I've done beats
Maybe is yo sista or yo niece
Or how I rock my bows wit no crease
Or how I'm so throwed and off the leash or
Tell me is it these shoes on my feet,
An how they matchin my fits so perfectly
That make a hata wanna
Go about they way on me
Nigga I don't even know u, they just want to hate on me

[x2]

Is it my cars is it my clothes
That make these ho's want fuck fo' sho
Is It my style the way I roll
That makes these haters want hate some mo'

Is it my bitch?, If it is which one
My lil bitch up in the city
Or the one in the country
Or how a nigga so hot numba 1
In the country, ever since I did it big
Big money big stuntin'

Or is it my nigga that Big Fam, Bun B?
Yeah, y'all don't like hearing me
With the UG Kings or
Tell me is it my looks,
That make your hoe scream
And have her mouth all wet wanna suck on me,
Or tell me is it that screen
As you see inside,
When I be high rollin by
Let me cop one ride
Or tell me is it my style how I'm just so fly
Now a nigga so wild, plus, I'm on right now
Tell me is it my hood,
How that bitch ro11
3-65-24 wit them quarters and o's
Or how I holla at my people
Befo they get you some mo'
Handlin' business with the beeper to avoid them folks

[x2]
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That make these ho's want fuck fo' sho
Is It my style the way I roll
That makes these haters want hate some mo'

Is it my cake or my bundles of crack
Or how I made this hit with
Mannie Fresh on the track
Or is it the platinum plaque
I'm about to snatch
Cause u know I signed a deal
And it's my turn to act
Go put them big 24's
And that brand new Lac
Or only dog ass hoes take the dick from the back
Or my fire ass flow, niggaz want my raps
What it is, I don't know what make 'em act like that

Probably because these lil' cats out here know I'm a
dog
And the closet at the house starting to look like a mall
What it is, got 'em trippin' my expensive colon
This XO, all the purple dro, I blow by the zone

Or is it 'cause my nigga head ain't got too long
Yeah, you when he get home it's gone really be on
Or is it the quarter sale hit me now on the phone?
What's wrong, why this vibe that I'm feeling so strong?

Is it my car, is it my clothes?
That make these hoes want f**k fo sho

Is it my style, the way I roll?
That make these haters want hate some mo

Is it my car, is it my clothes?
That make these hoes want f**k fo sho
Is it my style, the way I roll?
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