

Southside Playaz f/ H.A.W.K., Peaches

"What's Going On"

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[Hook: Peaches]

Bet you don't know, what's going on
She can't love you, like I do
(can't tell you everything, that's going on
Why all this drama, in my life)

[Mr. 3-2]

Now baby you got to do right, in this life I live
But you want me to get married, shack up and have
kids
When you already know, I got some'ing at home
And you can't break that up, so leave it alone
Before I'm gone, cause you knew this wouldn't last
forever
I told you how it was going down, when I first met ya
In the beauty shop, running your mouth like you crazy
So word could get back, to my number one lady
You always tripping, bout every lil' thang
Like spending quality time, and saying that I've
changed
Constantly you complain, cause I'm out all night
But player run through my blood, even though it ain't
right
So much drama in my life, baby if you only knew
But I told you off top, what we was gone do
How thangs was gon roll, but now your memory's lost
Cause you came to realize, you just a late night toss

[Hook]

[Mike D]

Let's get the stress off your chest, cause you moving
too fast
Addicted and sprung, the way I...that ass
And you working so low, no need to expose
We undercover like Brasco, R. Kelly's "Down Low"
You number two, but I treat you like my ace baby
What else you want in a nigga but dick, hell I got's a
lady
You got me going crazy, blowing up celly's and
beepers

Conversating with my peoples, bout this thang between
us
But I told you from giddy-o, you will never be equal
To my main thang, but you consist on playing all these
silly mind games
Trying to have me for yourself, and that's a damn
shame
You off the chain, lil' mama

[Peaches]

(can't tell you everything, about a player's life)
Why baby, when you know I can do you right
(baby you're my type, but you second in my life)
Don't matter, cause I ain't trying to be your wife
(you don't know), said you don't know
(you don't know babe)
She can't love you, like I can
Nooooo heyyy, ooh yeah
Bet you don't know what's going on
She can't love you, like I do

[H.A.W.K.]

I'm on a ten city tour, in my Bentley Azur
You smell so pure, anyone can be lured
But you insecure, and a little immature
And nervous, in the presence of this carnisour
And pain endured, ain't suppose to be
Do I sense jealousy, from the second lady
Uh-uh baby, you need to kill that drama
Cause girl I got a wife, you just my lil' mama
You already got in the Benz, in this lil' twist
You know all about her, she don't know you exist
This hating got me pissed, you need to hold your
composure
I'm ridin' with my honey, looking over my shoulder
This fling is over, cause I done already peeped it
You couldn't be like Victoria, and keep this secret
I patiently beeped it, but I didn't call back
I know opposites attract, you need to cut me some
slack

[Hook]

[Peaches]

(how you know, baby you don't know
About every damn thang, that's going on)
How you know, baby when I know
About every damn thang, that's going on
(how you know, baby you don't know
About every damn thang, that's going on)
What you want, I got babe

What you need, I got it baby
I bet you don't know, bet you don't know hey
Oh she can't love you, she can't love you
(heeeeeeey-yeeeah), yeeeah
(too-too much drama yeah)
Too much drama, baby tell me
(too much baby), yeeeah-yeah-yeah
Too much drama, (yeeah-yeah-ay)
Whoa-whoa-oh-oh yeah
Too much drama, that I don't need no

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