

Willie D "Whatcha Know About That"

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Featuring Sho

Verse 1: [Willie D]

As I roll through the motherfucking inner city
27 years and the block still looks shitty
The mayor put his picture on my fence
Promised us a lot of shit and I ain't seen that bitch since
I'm bout to do a Frank Nitty
Cause the potholes fucking up the shocks on my new
Chevy
Gotta Malcolm X 'em like Spike Lee
Cause they taking niggas in the hood lightly
Politicians just use black folks
They only come around when they want a
motherfucking vote
And ain't no sense in you going to city hall catching
fevers
You stand a better chance seeing Jesus
So I got me a plan
Steal me a Astrovan and take the law into my own
hands
And I ain't going out talking to them hoes
(What's your objective?)
I'm putting blood on they clothes
Cause they don't respect niggas
Until we start shaking they ass and pulling triggers
And that's a Goddamn fact
Now what you so-called hard motherfuckers know
about that?

Chorus: [Melanie McGee]

I wonder why life's a bitch, then you die
Same thing that makes you laugh makes you cry
Why judge that bro, cause you reep what you sowe
What goes around, come around, now you know

Verse 2: [Sho]

Little miss Jackie, she got turned out
Fucking with that glass dick
Little miss Jackie, she turning tricks
She putting her mouth on everybody dick

Hey yo Jackie, finest little thing in 12th grade
Jazzy haircut, Anita Baker fade
But I couldn't get the play or the time of day
Cause in life we was headed in opposite ways
While she was trying to reach the top
I was slanging rocks, drinking brew and dodging
crooked cops
Used to give her my all
And every day in school a nigga got dissed in the halls
But it didn't take long for me to find
Every dog can't chew on every bone
Then some time went by
I heard through the grapevine, little Jackie was getting
high
This I just couldn't believe
Not Jackie, miss most likely to succeed
One day rolling up the cut
I seen this fiend, pants all in her butt
I'm thinking to myself that's a shame
I stopped at the light she called out my real name
Stuck her head in my window said she needed help
I looked it was Jackie 'what you did to yourself?'
The devil ain't nothing but crack
That bitch small as a tic tac
What you know about that?

Chorus

Verse 3: [Willie D]

Now let's talk about Craig, a jockey and a dopehead
>From the time he could walk little Craig was misled
He had a freeloading stepdaddy, mama was a hoe
She sold her ass to take care of that Negro
He used to pimp her, and make her give him every cent
(And peep this, made her own kids pay rent)
Craig started jacking, bringing every dollar home
Got a gun and a screwdriver, fool got his hustle on
Crank your shit in a second
(And if you walk up on him, you better draw your
weapon
Cause he'll put you to rest, and rest you quick
And wouldn't lose sleep) Not one single bit
Then he met this girl who became his wife
Bought a car and a crib, started a new life
'Til one day, riding with his family
He saw this nigga that he fucked back in the game,
gee
He threw some dirt, the nigga threw it back
Dressed his family in black
Now what you know about that?

Chorus

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