

Too \$hort F/ Kokane

"What Cha Think"

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Time to get with ya
What ya think nigga
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What ya think nigga

I already done told ya niggaz
Shit I showed y'all niggaz
When I slaughtered ya niggaz
This how I sold ya niggaz
Bitch if ya put yourself in a fight
Here me kick it
I get flashlight how we get it with it specific and artistic
Spare rhymes and rough drafts get it done tighter
I stay clear you cut the war underwear
I'll hold ya back nigga cause ya shyistie
When my blood start bubblin I get fystie
Laced with cyanide
hard education if somebody try to bite me
Scratchy, flows come across hypely
Closer than your fuckin icy
Reaching my level is highly unlikely
Precisely I'm the right king I be
Why in the sam hell would you take it upon yourself to
ever try me
Got be suffering some type of fault or malfunction
You don't want this situation to get both dangerous and
rambunctious
Why y'all be thinking about beef I be thinking bout big
numbers
On top of things running shit why you bitches going
under
If I take your ass on this track it'll probably defeat the
purpose
Cause that half ass material you putting out
probably ain't gone never surface
You harmless, you couldn't blow the bomb up
Couldn't keep up the pace I set
I'll whoop your ass with my warm-ups
Entertainer rap composer and performer
Map located on the southern corner
I'm making the way like they at a parade

Niggaz get fitted for graves for going for brave
When them bullets get sprayed
So I ain't no hangman no gang bang
Shit, I'm trying to change things
We stuck on the same thang
Stealing draws from Les Unplauge
Then I can go back to the trunks of cars of the upper
esilonge
Blunts and guns roll like M1s tasers
Smoke weed all the way to the bank
Nigga what the fuck you think

[Chorus]

What cha thank nigga

[Verse-2]

Fuck ya'll niggaz think bad lines and bad words serving
their purpose
Doing videos and movie soundtracks and tv
commercials
Independent, smoke herb
Walking this thing throughout your suburb
Got young niggaz switching suburbans
The tempo I run when I run around like a tortoise
Your mom say run when I hear they come
ta get they titty slick and they pussies murdered
Low down dirty
Big old niggaz burn down the barn to make million
dollar merges
Never mix no bullshit with your business
I'll snatch ya pull your head out ya ass that mothafuckin
stay down
there til I finish
If I cut ya down I'm gone make you look bad
I'm gone make them look at you
the same way they look at the back of a dog's ass
Hit it tell us, stomp through this mothafucka like
elephants
Swing though this bitch like apes and fly by you bitches
like pelicans
Playa haters are of no relevance
I'm striving on intelligence
And changing like them elements
If you was up to my level I'd probably wail all on ya
But you ain't bitch you bumb time don't tell on ya
What the fuck you think its time to come up
And profit off the shit we sell
Rode the band with BL why I gotta chance to back up
with KL

Nigga next to me your shit be seeming fake
You bests to move your fucking finger
While I cuts my piece off the tank cake
Move them ugly mothafuckas show me your mean face
But stick your fingers in your mothafucking ears
Cause these niggaz be dropping some mean bass
Cause it ain't gone be no more after me
It ain't no limit to these young black hustlers
ask that nigga Master P
It has to be the paper if ya ask me man
Ya'll niggaz know ya can't hang
Nigga, what the fuck you think

[Chorus till fade]

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