

Cyr

"Whut It Is"

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[Cyr]
Yeah (Yeah)
Dolla Bill on the track
Dolla Bill (Texas, stand up)
Look
What up, boy (Corpus Cristi)
H-Town, S.A.-Town
Houston
Look

(Verse 1)
Spit my first bar about a decade, made, fresh out the
box
Press talkin' like, "He hot"
You know the spots
And blocks, I thought about it for a second, the
watched had stopped
Time is at a standstill, when I dropped the top
Tote my game up, playa, you know who walked the
walk
Or ridin' with the (???) rock
The flawless talk
Fifty for the sixteen, we talkin' suitcase money
Titanium alloy
We on a new chase
Sonny
I can't even began to tell you how you stay hungry
Legendary from Febuary, to the end of December
Take 'em under January, y'all
Used to remember
How God blessed the Don with the repetoire
Repin' hard for Texas
Effortless wanna menage
With platinum and VVS's, I know it's a greedy fetish
But fuck it, my BDS is the freshest, media, tell it like it is
Got a XXXL and six mics, what it is

Chorus: Cyr
Hold up, muh'fucker, got the streets on lock
So what you gotta say if the beat gon' stop
You know what it is, biz got the pros and the cons

Hoes in the don, got the gold and the bronze
I'm platinum in the hood, you can see it in the stars
Classic in the hood, you can hear me in the car
It's drastic in the hood, fuck it, we can go to war (Go to war...)

(Verse 2)

You know how it go, motherfuckers love to hate ya
Speak about me like I'm a ghost, I'll motivate ya
See me in a flesh, you scared to confrontation
I'm a muh'fuckin' gangsta, certified, no fakin'
Since I was a dozen, got guns, gave domination
Here's another one, you chumps just gotta face it
Basically, I ain't a faker, read, "The Don is taken"
Since to be the best in Texas and all the nation
World is mine, it's a fertile ground, A Raisin In The Sun
I'm a muh'fuckin' hustler
I gotta get me some
From the slums to the mansion
Crumbs to the cashin'
Abundance, man
It must have been faith
From me to havin' weight this long to appreciate it
The majors, ungracious
I cater independet
Accomodations made by the emperor
Remember that shit
When you see me comin', boy
What it is

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 3)

Never underestimate
The power of words
I'm a surgeon to this rap shit, some niggas is nurses
Take my temperature, my temper up, and you better run
Me and Sammy got cock and hammers
Ready to buck
It ain't no love, muh'fuckers wanna be some thugs
Then muh'fuckers better be ready to see some slug
Hear 'em shots
Bullets breeze by, for real
Feel a (???) cliency
With a O.G. trill
Steal with the thirty shots, light, ignite ya to the bad got
Even people like me, bitches just
Know how to hide
Snitches point they finger at me
Be

Ready to die
I'm destined to shine, we can hit the streets like
Lebanon
I'm ready to bomb, going against me is like throwing
rocks
To the tank, it's useless
But it is what it is
And you punk muh'fuckers gonna get it how you live
Man, what it is

Repeat Chorus

[Cyr]
Hey
You know
It's drastic in the hood, fuck it, we can go to war
You know what I'm sayin'
Ha ha ha ha ha

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