

## Ass Ponys

### "Like What"

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Come On (8X)

Uh Uh

Yeah Yeah

Uh Uh

Like What Peter Gunz Like What, Like What

The Lord Tariq is Like What, Like What

Blac Haze Like What, Like What

The Lord Tariq is Like What

[Peter Gunz]

Niggas hear the name niggas run

Opposite bitches hear the name bitches come

Soak a little sun in the south with Blac Haze

Prepare myself as I brace for Blac Daze

These motherfuckers don't understand me and my man

Set niggas more quicker than sand

From the BX, double park the GS, get the fuck out

Cock your gun back in time for the BS

Talk a lot of shit, but you can't blame me

You didn't know I'm rollin with the EKG

South Beach gettin my piece from a Doms

And me cause the trick, like the way a nigga rhymes

So I prime, in a bruise spine

Poppin a six, getting another bickin bruise in mine

I shine like sun, first like one

Blow the fuck up, because another verse like none

Just Gunz, let the name echo for life

Because I still put this sliding dick up in your wife

Chorus: repeat 2X

Like What Peter Gunz Like What, Like What

The Lord Tariq is Like What, Like What

Blac Haze Like What, Like What

The Lord Tariq is Like What, Like What

[Lord Tariq]

Fuck the money, is long now, the crew is strong now

Guess its safe to say I'm on now  
Run through your town, with the four pound  
Bust the door down, and lay your law down  
With fake badges, posing as cops, we'll put a hole in  
your knot  
I roll through your block, holding or not, we molded a  
rock  
Thats bigger than creditials, what I'm into  
I killed you and I meant to  
Be glad for for the flower that a motherfucker sent you  
While I was high, when I bent you fucking  
I got things to see, people to do  
There's places to be, there's bitches to screw  
So make a who you, I'm killing your crew, I'm living a  
view  
A place where killas kill killas, and I'm iller than you  
I'm realer than you, straight forward like Kobe  
Y'all niggas can't hold me  
from quite a thug, a new age, Monticoly  
Rock sounds like David Bowie, my rocks ain't music.  
I front a mic to the streets, however you gonna do it  
I'm runnin em through, gunnin em to it  
I let you front with your fluent  
I got a flow, and y'all waters a little shorter  
You caught me like style, and I'm holding a key  
And with a gun I'm quite wow  
You should be rollin with me motherfucker

Chorus

[Blac Haze]

I got my niggas Lord Tariq, Peter Gunz  
Blac Haze representin, I be the one  
Niggas better peep game, and fly straight  
From the Florida Keys, to the Tri-State  
Make it hot motherfucker, ya'll heat up  
EKG cause they stay weeded up  
Watchin real motherfuckers beat it up  
Like What like a nine sweet as what  
Bitch made ass niggas, yes we blast  
Lord and Pete Blac Haze, in the E-class  
Playin hatin motherfuckers, getting buck wild from the  
bottom  
Still screamin up top you want some other shit  
Niggas die scared stressed  
North to South we fuckin up the mid-west  
Semi Falls, some bitch niggas butter cheese  
Blac Haze I made this for the G's  
Straight national, where my niggas in a six?  
You ask Amaru do bitches suck dicks?  
Do niggas turn tricks? And asses die?

Don't waste you fucking time trying to ask about

Chorus:

Like What (6X)

~Fade~

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