

Angie Stone

"Nigga Whut"

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[Teflon]

Steppin in here to spark another session
For my real bugged, street thug niggaz that keep
reppin
Teflon, rated do {sire?}, Firing Squad kingpin
The rough and rugged rap hemp supplier
Yo, some brothers probably say, "Who that nigga that
rappin?
Is he dope for real, do he got skills, or is he slackin?"
True fans, you got the props, the rap novelist
Makin the hits, sounds pound, because I get down
regardless
I'm heartless, enemies, get turned into memories
My energy so complex, they think there's ten of me
(shit)
I'm the remedy for keep it real, rap in order
Some lack the format, to keep rap above the water
But I'ma keep the real shit existin
I'm fixin to bring it back to put wack niggaz on
restriction
My diction, far from irrelevant, been reppin ever since
a young buck, leavin 'em dumbstruck, my element for
real
Fuck with only ill sickest niggaz
Violate my squad son, not only Die Hard they die
quicker
I'm breakin niggaz like a switchboard, for real
I'm known for stealin shows, makin live niggaz wanna
switch
But one verse, sends dirt wind and fire through your
entire empire
Makin higher level niggaz retire
BLAYA! One shot to bust down the foes
And leave 'em bleedin 'til they bodies decompose
Strictly from the 'Ville

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

What what what, nigga what, son turn it up
Let me see your hands up high, if you don't give a fuck
What what what, nigga what, son turn it up
Let me see your hands up high, if you don't give a fuck

[Teflon]

Step into the bloodshed zone, adjust your headphones,
illegal activist

But Higher Learning what I practice when I leave your
head blown

High rankin, not a studio gangsta rapper (gangsta
rapper)

Thanks to Slappa and Bill, my lifestyle is fatter

What is it? Sacrifice my life, give it for my blood
brothers

in the struggle, if I say it then I live it

Plus I got the real shit, fly shit, the ill shit

My shit the shit that thug niggaz grow and die with

Authentic rapper with the raw-scented, shit that get

your mind, mentally tormented, whenever I kick it

Full Metal Jacket heavy layer, player in this rap game

Blow in my hometown, I'm known like the mayor

But fuck that, Teflon is bombin niggaz in the nine-six

But if I can't get rich then fuck it I'm strong-armin

niggaz!

Sing a tune on Dog Day's Afternoon

Finger fuck a trigger with love, and blow you to the
moon

Ahh, my M.O.P. family program be deadly

Catch assault, battery charge, cause I'm for-Everready

Watch me, strictly army fatigues, fuck Versace

Give me a street-sweeper and I'll take on the

motherfuckin Nazis

Who can stop me when I'm on a roll, my patterns'll

knock Saturn off of balance when my talents unfold,

nigga what?

[Chorus]

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