

C-Murder "What You Bout"

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Artist: C-Murder f/ Mystikal

Album: Trapped in Crime

Song: What You Bout

[M] You motherfucking well right.

[C] What's happ'. Motherfucking well right

[M] BUCK! BUCK! Here I go boy. 504 still up in this BITCH!

[C] Nigga, TRU Records in this bitch ya dig
It's a No Limit thang boy.

[M] Nigga, if you aint bout that motherfucking drama
and all that other crazy ass shit, get the fuck out the
club nigga

[C] Ke'noe

[M] Ya heard me

Chorus 2x: Mystikal (C-Murder)

What you bout boy (What you bout boy)

Thugged out boy (Thugged out boy)

From the South boy (From the South boy)

Shut ya mouth boy (Shut ya mouth boy)

[Mystikal]

Yeah

Kept telling a motherfucker they aint gon' feel us, see
us, hear us

These niggas from the 504 the realest, TRU ghetto
godzillas

Ya'll niggas tryna keep up with the man

ya'll motherfuckers need to keep up with the time

Fuck all that other shit, come up with the beat

I'ma come up with the rhyme

The dome splitter, natural born zone ripper

Hold my own nigga, big tyme pistol gripper

I told ya ass, you can't say my name with a dick in yo
mouth

It done happened already, you know I'm coming to fuck
up the crowd

Any how, got ya hands down might as well have yo
pants down

Bout this Bout it Bout it, so nigga don't FUCK AROUND

The man hot, stand out
Got the whole clout, represent the whole South

Chorus

[C-Murder]

What you bout, I'm bout that drama, step to me and
let's handle it

A nigga out the South, with golds in his mouth, straight
out of Louisiana

The boot, we quick to shoot, the 504 I'm representing
TRU niggas on the tank, N-L for life, down south, No
Limit

Deadly Soundz bring the noise for them boyz who be
dumping with them heaters

And I bring them lyrics that'll have them killers fighting
like mosquitos

Break bread with killers and hang with thugs,
nigga went to jail for slangin drugs

Now I'm free, just me and the streets

aint fucking with a nigga if he aint fucking with me

But if it go down, I'm ready to ride, I aint scared, I'm
ready to die

Nigga be glad I punched you in yo eye, coulda made
yo mama cry

Don't play me boy, I aint no toy, thugged out from the
South boy

Fucking with No Limit will get yo dragged out yo house
boy

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