

## Climax Blues Band

### "What?"

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[Willie D]

Nigga fuck, you!

I put a hole in yo' head big enough to drive a truck  
through

Buck you gon' see some red shit

Cause I'ma "whoops upside yo' head," bitch!

Hungry for war, heart palpitate, I salivate

I want you cocksuckin bitches to retaliate

We don't gives a fuck bout what you tryin to stress

I'll have them folks cuttin a motherfuckin Y in yo' chest

[Bushwick Bill]

I'm dyin to wet, any cocksucker, that fuck with Chuck

Cause you know I'm gonna chuckle when I fuck him up

I'ma act a fool, if anybody clowns

I'm in and out of jail like my homey Bobby Brown

Homey I'm down, just call your nigga Chuck

I'll help you roll around, and shoot these bitches up

Then it's back to the cut for some drinkin and pissin

'Face tell these niggaz how we livin (the unforgiven)

[Scarface]

How many times do a nigga gotta ride

on you stupid motherfuckers 'fore you realize

I don't give a fuck about nuttin (nuttin) guns cocked  
bustin (bustin)

Whole click shot up, mob style, wasn't

concerned about questions cause I ain't got answers

Nigga we don't talk to police, fuck Chandler

This shit scandalous, these hoes want us

Cause we supply this shit to yo' hood on each corner

They came back on 'em, y'all can't stop us

Tried to set me up wit yo' system but can't pop 'em

And that's my problem, you see a nigga outted

For juicin confidential informers, I squeeze it out him

I take my sawed off, aim it at your Dodge bitch

And murder everybody that bastard was in the car with

I'm tired of bein misprinted, misspelled, misquoted

Fuck the magazine and the punk or the bitch who wrote  
it

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

What? What? What? What?

Nigga it's the law - nigga I don't give a fuck fool

What? What? What? What?

This is for my dawgs, I'ma light this motherfucker up

[Willie D]

I hit the block with that calico, bustin at yo' back hoe

I'ma spit, you gon' shit, I'm the man, you the bitch

Nigga matters when and where you scheduled to fight

Fuck with Willie D I'll bust yo' fuckin head to the white

[Bushwick Bill]

Cops ain't about shit

Want us to walk the straight and narrow when they  
crooked like dicks

They steal and they lie, they snort up their nose

They drink and they drive and they beat up on their  
hoes

So what you got the fingerprints, I left 'em on purpose

I don't care about the guns and the german shepards

Spray pepper in my face, I'ma shoot you trick

It's Geto Boys, we don't play that shit in Houston bitch

[Chorus] - 1/2

[Willie D]

This is for my niggaz up in Texas, New York, Florida

Killa Cali, Indiana, Illinois, Georgia

Tennessee, Mississippi, Baltimo', D.C.

Louisiana, Alabama, Kentucky and C-T

Arkansas, Kansas, Carolinas, Jersey

Michigan, Oklahoma, Seattle, Tacoma

The niggaz gettin harassed by the laws in Mexico

Missouri, Arizona, Virginia, and Ohio

Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Colorado, fuck excuses

Nevada, Idaho, Bill O'Reilly you da hoe

Fuck what you said I'm bout my bread

Fuck what you said I'm bout my bread

I do this shit until I'm dead

I do this shit until I'm dead

[Chorus]

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