

Gary Low

"Whatchallwannado"

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[Mr. Pookie]

Jus anotha day, chiffin hay, in North Dallas
C-Pone jus called me up, now I'm about to hit tha
shower
Took me bout an hour, and now I'm creased down in
my Polo
I'm makin these niggaz hate today, by wearin a
crooked logo
Watch out for tha blow hoe, and leavin you bitches in
tha mist
And if you niggaz dont trip on me, then I wont bust yo
shit
Plus my click be tha ruffest, not sayin we tha toughest
But Stoneycrook niggaz, been known to come out wit
tha ruckus
Fuck you who say fuck us, and all ya'll niggaz who be
hatin'
Cappin, cause you can't fade me, runnin up on me
daily
But baby, its mo' complicated, than you can see
Words lose all meanin', when niggaz see niggaz
gleamin'
So dont you even think that you can get outta this
So bitch, to get me to this point, you must really got me
pissed
I'm twist and dismember, choppin down nigga timber
Kodac moment remember, this crooked nigga a Rippla

Chorus [x2]

Whatchallwannado? If you trip, then we bomb first
Pull out tha guns first, chiff until I lungs hurt
I know bombin', but Tha Rippla finna bomb worse
Look at us come first, best believe be bomb worse

[Mr. Lucci]

Welcome to tha wild, wild west, tha southside, its me, a
killa
Fuck Billy tha Kid nigga, it's Lucci tha Wig Splitta
Like Tyson a hard hitta, toe tag deala
A brain spilla, body chilla, mind thrilla, fuck it, killa

On the grind for my scrilla, rhymin' hard, workin strong
Chiffin smoke up in my long, still my whole bag gon
I live long, for doin wrong, cause wit my crooks, man its
on

Leave a nigga dome blown, or up shit creek, all alone
For bumpin his grill, he must thought he was go cheat
one, 4 real

Now he killed, 6 feet he feel, surrounded by mob skillz
Crooked is as crooked does, like crooked thugs
And crooked hugs and crooked slugs and crooked luv
It aint neva enuff, until I whip it out my holsta
Cocked back ready to roast ya, on every wanted poster
Stayin' high like a vulture, inflictin' pain from smoke
Those crooked soljaz smokin, let tha coroner dispose
ya

Chorus [x2]

[C-Pone]

I been quick to cause a tragedy, fuckin wit my faculty
Bullets sprayed rapidly, now they died from my fatality
Fuck those who try to battle me, this rap shit is a
mastery

Bomb viciously, leavin tha whole scene full of
catastrophes

Hollow my calvary, when I feel danger in tha mist
Now I'm pissed, wit a clutched fist

Around they Ashton and my 45th

No mo lift, in these shady niggaz in fleets

We be deadlier than a weed blunt dipped in
Phaldahyde and Morphine

Sparklin' clean up through tha industry

Lyrics at yo weak feet, they notice me

Due to my unique style of Texas poetry

Blowin these, wack MC's, who refuse to give our props
Platinum hitz from tha Stoneycrook click, til we all sittin
on top

When Tha Rippla drop, best believe we comin wit
bombs

Turnin' yo average house party, into a modern day
Vietnam

Run up if you want some, we clash like Titans

Aint no collaboration deadlier than Stoneycrook and I
come

Chorus [x2]

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