

Goodie Mob "What You See"

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[Chorus - Melanie "Melbo" Smith & Goodie Mob]

What you see ain't always what you get
Don't let this shit fool you
We just some black man hustlin' to
Tryna get through
What you see ain't always what you get
Don't let this shit fool you
I'm on the grind tryna get mine too
Just like you

[Big Gipp]

Big Gipp understand this, king of the A-list
Cocker Spaniel poker, lonely girl stroker
You the first lady and I'm the first string chauffeur
Met you at a nightclub VIP sofa
You caught my eye, you're so fly, your smile
Your dress and your diamond chip choker
It really feels good to know ya, sip mimosa
It might bring us closer if ya left me right now
Hurts like I know sir

[Chorus]

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[Khujo]

The one I want to make it look like I'm a big baller
Yes ya'llin', Boss Hoggin'
But what you see ain't always whatcha get
A black man hustlin', grindin', findin'
His way through the darkness
Regardless of circumstances situations facin'
Just like you I got bills to pay too
They can give a damn 'bout who I rap with
What's your crew been through?
Groupies, gold diggers

Stop a shorty I respect your gangsta

[Chorus]

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[Witchdoctor]

(Wait til they get a load of me)
Where my brim? Where my hoes? Where my clothes?
Where my pointy toes? Where my forty-four?
Where my blow? Where the dough? Where the club at?
That's where the thugs at, where the love at?
Where the green? Where the fruity?
Come here girl, let me wild out on you booty
Hey where the hook up? Time to cook up
Never put the good book up
Where God? He right in the heart
Play some spades, where my cards?

[Chorus]

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[T-Mo]

I hate pretty boy raps
But I love getting love in my lap, shootin' big
craps
Life is just a gamble
Like a double platinum album of the fireplace mantle
Sexy women capture my attention (hey shorty)
But I dig fly conversation
Solid occupations, ladies that wear business suits
Independent like Beyoncé, world renowned like Janet
That cause us all to pay attention
Because we see 'em on the TV
And we hear 'em on the radio waves
Slave to the street, hustle cause I got to eat
Muscle my way through Peachtree City
Pity the fool that disrespect my queens

Get it how she get it
Puttin' food on the table, DVD players with cable
Corinthian leather sofas, Persian rugs
Range Rovers, four leaf clovers that smell like
blueberry dosha

[Chorus]

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