

# H.A.W.K. "Nigga What"

Visit "[Nigga What](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

F/ Lil' O

(\*Talking\*)

Southside, H.A.W.K.

Throw them hands up

[H.A.W.K.]

I'm a H-Town nigga, representing Southside  
Sitting on chrome, and my body frame wide  
Wood block guy, sitting on buck eyed  
See a pair of thick thighs, ask her do you wanna ride  
Of course she do, so she jumped right in  
Cause it's her first time, even sitting in a Benz  
Five hundred series, with the light blue lens  
And you can hear the wind, whenever the rims spin  
Sitting in my low, and we watching TV  
She said ain't you Big H.A.W.K., from the S.U.C.  
Of course it's me, can't you 20-20 see  
And plus the vision from my chain, had your vision  
blurry  
I could tell by her eye, she was captured by the fame  
Said she loved it, just spell my name  
She was on dang-a-lang, cause I could rap and I could  
sing  
And I could tell she was lame, to this grown man's  
game

[Hook: H.A.W.K. & (Lil' O) - 2x]

Here's a little something for the boppers in the club  
(yeah)  
All my real thugs, pulling up on dubs (yeah)  
Throw your hands up, show a real nigga love  
(nigga) nigga what (nigga) nigga what (nigga) nigga  
what (nigga what)

[H.A.W.K.]

Dead End ringleader, and I'm calling the shots  
Use to push crack rock, till I hit the jackpot  
Hidden in a stash spot, got the 4-4 cocked  
Me and Jack we a team, like Captain Kirk and Spock  
I'm a former quarter sacker, ran with car jackers  
Now a rapper turned actor, but still a pistol packer

Don't work for the cracker, unless it's for mills  
Cause I'm funky than I'm fired, won't pay my bills  
Showing skills make mills, with the lyrics I spill  
And I'd be in jail, if looks could kill  
Cause I love to make do', love to spit flows  
Whether rain sleet or snow, like Black Rob on Whoa  
Ten G's a show, if you ask for promo  
What's up Big H.A.W.K., well the answer is no  
Gotta go gotta go, cause it's crunk in the club  
Got everybody screaming, nigga what nigga what

[Hook - 2x]

[H.A.W.K.]

Now it's the last verse, so it's a must I wreck  
For my day one niggaz, on them grey cassettes  
Cause I'm far from a rookie, I'm a certified vet  
And I ain't even broke a sweat, cause I ain't finished yet  
Even got all the haters, jumping all up on it  
And everytime you see me, it's a Kodak moment  
Now sticks and stones, won't break my bones  
And since Fat Pat gone, I'm gon add to the throne  
I'm the General in charge, so call me sire  
And after this plateau, it don't get no higher  
I spit rapid fire, and I don't misfire  
A lyrical high wire, hotter than a blow dryer  
As I start to perspire, from this verbal assault  
My career will catapult, and it ain't my fault  
I'm too hard to swalla, and too big to over look  
And the best way to end this, is with the hook

[Hook - 2x]

Visit [H.A.W.K.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.