

Bros

"Whoop! Whoop!"

Visit "[Whoop! Whoop!](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Goddamn that nigga Kam back on the scene,
With the brown & black on the same team
The rap game seem so fucked up
If a real nigga ever got in he probably lucked up
These niggas sucked up our hood game
Got fame & fucked up our good name
It's a shame you got rich off of our stress & strife
& you ain't never gang banged in ya life!
Ya wife the one that really wear the pants in the house,
So answer this, is you a man or a mouse?
Tricky like Mickey when it comes to cheese,
(Yeah) you took a little quickie from the G's
But that's cool though you did a ?
But after every show now the homies ask where that
fool go?
& soon you'll know what we bothered about
When you hear my niggas hollerin' out

2x CHORUS:

Where all the Eastside niggas at?
Whoop Whoop!
Where all the Westside niggas at?
Whoop Whoop!
Where all the Northside niggas at?
Whoop Whoop!
Where all the Southside niggas at?
Whoop Whoop Whoop!

It's that gangsta shit & if you really wanna know
I got thangs to spit & if you feel he run the show
then you a busta too what must I do?
How many real rap niggas is it? (Just A few)
I put my trust in you like the OJ jury
But you dissed so feel my fists of fury!
Sure we used to be cool & all that junk
Little fat pot belly big titty duck ?? punk
With junk in yo trunk like Pam
On Martin don't be startin up no shit with Kam
Cause I'll fuck you up you just ain't knowin
Keep your eyes on the road & watch where you going
You takin all my shots

Like the "W" you took from me nigga stand for Watts
Tryin to say it stand for yo group
But like Toucan Sam Kam can always smell a Fruit Loop.

2x CHORUS

You can't see these G's in no kinda way
So what you wanna do what you tryin to say?
Was you the only one dissin' or they were too
Cause we can all go head up on Pay Per View!
Tryin to get ya crew to do ya dirty work
You little nerdy jerk take this and watch the birdies
chirp
This Eastside nigga make me bow down
Where all the C-Hogs & B-Dogs chowdown
Not ot mention the Brotherhood
That's F.O.Y. Killas to make it understood
I shoulda beat yo ass in Chicago
Don't need security guards wherever I go
And if it wasn't for Mustafa I really doubt
Anybody else coulda saved you from gettin' knocked
out
That's what I'm about niggas gave me the scoop
Say what you killin' Rickets & Sloops!

2x CHORUS:

How could I dis thee let me count the ways
See I can talk about yo ass for days
I know shit about you you don't even know
And if it wasn't for us you wouldn't even be breathin bro
That's for sho this ain't no fairy tale shit
But look at the thanks I get!
A hit record don't mean a motherfuck to me
Niggaz gave you a pass reluctantly
Cause you told em you was with us the FOY
And the niggas that was with me when I left know why
I said fuck street knowledge and sat far away
Fuck Ice Cube and pass Chardonnay
I gave all I could give
But niggas know we all work and know we all live
And tryin to fuck me that's the worst mistake you
could've made
Y'all cursed til the price is paid.

2x CHORUS:

Solo: What's up nigga you got beef with me nigga?
Cube: Naw I ain't got beef with you nigga!
Solo: You got beef with my homeboy nigga?
Cube: Yo homeboy got beef with me!

Solo: You got beef with me then nigga
Cube: And!

Visit [Bros](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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