

## **Built To Spill**

### **"Whoop! Whoop!"**

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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!

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