## Jermaine Dupri & Murphy Lee "Wat Da Hook Gon Be"

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Hahaha, yo, yo, yo, yo
You never met a nigga like me
Yo yo, have you ever seen a little dude
Who be doing what I do?
Uh huh, yo whoo
Let's get at it dog, whoo

Now what goes up, must come down (shiiett)
But we ain't coming down, it be them same ole' clowns
Aiming your pound pretending they proud
But when you leave town they go around they running
they mouth (maaann)

They something like a hater man

Talking bad about a playa as if I'm not gon see ya later man

You constantly frontin until you confronted on If you don't like whats going on gwoin to another song Cause I keep a hater guilty

My cars and my money all alike man, both them filthy (get it?)

From skimpy and empty to fuel on full See I be high when my car go Bulls Obey no rules to school you fools Schoolboy's err'y where, we're Young Dude news (maann)

St. Louis like Louis D. Miles and Larry Hughes And the Young Dude done paid young dudes' dues dude

But yo, what da hook gon' be (Uh oh!)
See I don't need no fucking hook on this beat (Shit)
All I need, is the track in the background
My headphones loud, keep the blunt goin 'round and
I'ma rip
But yo, what da hook gon' be (Uh oh!)
See I don't need no fucking hook on this beat (Shit)
All I need, is the track in the background
My headphones loud, keep the blunt goin 'round and

The sun'll come out tomorrow And I will never have to borrow

I'ma rip

Got my first car when I turned sixteen
Only drove it home outta town limosines
Plus we was broke wit a deal but nobody could tell
So we did what we had to do for "Country Grammar" to
sell

Haha, I stay on my own melodies
Plus I like my Booties and my Boobs like a capital letter
'B'

That's how it is, how it better be

I preferably rather have two or three girls in the bed wit me

Close your ears ma you ain't heard nothin (whaa?)
I always pay ma let a brother hold somethin
I'm basically coming from nothing to something
When I say nothing meaning pocket full of lint and buttons

(We all we got!) used to be creative on Halloween (how you gon?)

Stop a hotter teen went from nada to a lot of things

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People always saying man it must be nice No hi no nothing not a simple house life Understand the money's good but I'm still from the hood

So don't be asking for no "inch" be expecting the "foot" Unless you want a foot (whoo!)

I know a few crooks that can place you where you need to be put

And it might not cost me playa

Got a Benz pepper interior, paint salty playa

And we all push it, but me I push it real good

Brains blown out, chromed out, wheel real wood

Catch me on your local derrty

Or in the studio doing vocals dirty

I'm the same dude that came through wit my crew

Let the girls do me while you do you

And um, all I need is JD beat to be banging

And I'll come up wit these verses that I'm usually slanging

I be ripping man

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