

# Juvenile

## "What's Up With That?"

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Juvenile:

Look... Uh..

Cash Money nigga, Juvenile nigga,

Put a limit to the bullshit and give me some space.  
Nigga recognize a G in me when I'm in a place.  
I get mad and deliberately spit in yo' face.  
I ain't no pretty boy, nigga, I'm a felony case.  
My daddy was slangin' iron back in seventy eight.  
Is you listenin' to a nigga? Am I settin' it straight?  
The next one of you nigga's that come at me sideways,  
Will be entertained with four or five K's.  
Prolly might get killed in four or five ways.  
Prolly won't be found for four or five days.  
You read it in the paper in bout four or five days.  
You hid in the hood, about four or five flames.  
Better not tell me shit when I'm upsetted.  
Cause I'll catch a flashback and all ya'll get wetted.  
Around the way they call me "Snap and Pop"  
Cause I snap a clip up in the Mac and let it pop.

Baby (of Big Tymers): Look, nlaya.  
If you pull that bitch, you better shoot that bitch.  
Reppin' for them ho's will get your wig split quick.  
You abusin' that shit? You prolly shootin' that shit.  
I'm "Mr. Bling Bling", nigga, fuck that shit.  
You can find me in my Rover gettin' head from a bitch.  
You can catch me on a block, breakin' bread with the clique.  
You can fine me on the lot, buyin' a matchin' six.  
Lorenzo kit with buttons on that bitch.  
I'll hit a pawn shop and buy gats for the clique.  
Nigga, ask the Ruff Ryders if we real with it, slick.  
I took em to the mansion that I laid out slick.  
With them Hummers, Bentley, and Jag in this bitch.  
I'm the number one, whodi, I don't talk no shit.  
Look at all this ice and how I poppin' that shit.  
Nigga, grease me up, I'll stick you up.  
Nigga put your hands up before a fuck you up.

[CHORUS] (2x):

Lil' Wayne: (Ay, ay, ay)

Now whussup with that?  
Cause you know us don't play,  
We bust the gats...  
And we got ice all over,  
With dubs that match...  
Then catch us on ya block late,  
Dressed up in black...  
Now whussup with that? (Look)..

Mannie Fresh (of Big Tymers): Like rough, rugged, raw.  
Fuckin' on the interstate in a brand new car.  
For my niggas, I'm rough, rugged, wild...  
Strawberry Kool-Aid... Mixed with Cris-tow..  
W-W-W dot Fresh dot COM..  
You play with me lil' daddy, I guarantee ya that I'm...  
Gon' put yo ass on the front and back of a white tee.  
Double-X L, choke a neck, playboy, a V..  
(You shouldn'ta played with me..)

Lil' Wayne: Look.. Nah..  
I be creepin' in the back with the chrome plated.  
Semi-auto Tec, let's get it on, baby..  
Nah they had seen me in a C-L Mercedes.  
With your wife in the car with your babies.  
I be a hot fya boy and I'm gonna "Let 'Em Burn"  
Straight from the 17th, point of no return.  
And I squirm through traffic in a Porsche on factories.  
Hennessy done tackled me, now I'm feelin' accurate.  
Ice blingin' hard, suddenly the light captured it.  
Don't try me, or ya mommy die from a freak accident.  
Oh no! Couldn't stop but I got this one big ol' 4-4...  
PrrrrrPOP! And I'ma chop.. this whole key into a lotta  
lumps.  
Next time you see me, I'll have money like Donald  
Trump.  
I'm off the heezy. It could be night, day, I'm still  
creepin.  
In a light gray Lamborghini, it's Lil' Wheezy. What??

Ziggy (aka Ziggly Wiggly):  
What's up with that?!? Pop a disc in MY mouth!  
Run a vacuum cleaner over MY back!  
Put some Armor-All on MY feet! Why I can't shine?!?  
You need to put some bumpers on me.  
Put some candy on my shoulder.  
When I come through, make sho' I shine!!

[CHORUS] (4x)

(Turntable scratching to fade...)

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