

La The Darkman

"Now What"

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(Spice 1)

Yeah nigga...

Bossalini, Fetty Chico, Shiznilty

In this muthafucka with EA-Ski K nigga

I got my muthafuckin EA-Ski K nigga

Yeah...

We ain't did shit for years but here it is you punk
muthafucka

You thought we wouldn't gon do it bitch

Blooaw..!!

(Spice 1)

It's like the NFL

But I don't rush the quarterback I rush the whole thang
back

And I pick up another sack

Face-maskin muthafuckas but the mask we gon wear is
black

And when I touch down my team pick me up in a
cadillac

Nigga how you love that?

Where the bud at?

Suckers never could hold a thug back

Spittin drug raps

Me and Ski we got the blood batch

Now what batch (=bitch)

Niggas out there who doubt us they can suck dack
(=dick)

I bust caps, snaps niggas and head back

Open the bottle of cognac, lookin for ?? and phone taps

Bossalini you can't see me, niggas need to go with that

I get high and blow up with my mind lands

And land mines right between your muthafuckin eyes

In these sins of time

Extra ordinary, far from your average

I'm puttin extras on it, extra manage, extra savage,
extra G's

Get your money on

M.O.B.

That's money over bitches cause they breathe envy

(Chorus)

Now what?

Some niggas say we ain't doin way too much
But Spice 1 and Mr.Ski hooked the fuck back up

Now what?

Some niggas say it's time to bring the pain
So we came to put our muthafuckin dick in the game

(EA-SKI)

I cut loosin these fuckin ho's
Bitches get shooked when I hook up with my dawg
It's like that nigga
We're tryin to get phat and that's all
I got my muthafuckin mind on it
I'm bout to put my hands on it
Look out for your spot when I lands on it
Keepin it gangsta, 24-some all day shit
We're bringin it bitch, claimin it on this ol' Bay shit
I got my heat locked and I cocked it
I gotta keep these fuckin big nuts in my pocket
Look out for this muthafuckin hot glock when I drop it
Pop it, yes I will
You ain't got shit that can stop it when it's bout to kill
Tryin to make my cash flow
Stay out my path when I roll
Tryin to ask shit to make my man swell
Get chicked on, nigga we ain't gon fuckin around, we
call to ball (that's right)
Out here doin this shit, puttin it down like a waterfall
Big dog tryin to catch one, get in my way catch one
To the gut muthafucka, now what muthafucka

(Chorus)

Artist, producer, the nigga that'll bring the heat
And make these bitches bow
Even these all-in rappers can't fuck with my style
I hit these niggas with that Mr.Ski shit
It seperates me from that fake gangsta shit
Nigga I blast, musically, vocally I'm unfadeable
...A earthquake...?
Fuck that, I hit niggas with tornados and brake 'em
down
Shake 'em down, lay 'em face down
Give me mine or I'ma empty out these rounds
Now what?

(Spice 1)

Extra clips, extra funds, extra cash, extra guns
This is the new millenium, many niggas packs milli
guns

Trigger gots no heart, we still dump 'em in ditches
And we can soew up your spot
We leave your shit up in stitches
See this is the type of shit that hater niggas dream
Suckers wave their eyebrows, bitches turn they head
Lookin at us, sayin "Damn! Mr.Ski & Fetty Chico"
I wonder if they goin to the studio, can we go?

(Chorus)

(EA-SKI)

So now it's up
So now it's up
Now what nigga...?
Tell me...
Somebody better talk to me...
I don't hear nuthin...
Are you stuck...?
You didn't think this would happen, not...?
You'se a bitch made nigga
Yeah, you're sittin up there pissed with your eyebrows
down...
Punk..!!
Hahahaha...
We're doin it like this everyday all day 2K
Spice Weezie
Mr.Skeezie
C-M-Teezie
I-M-Geezie
I'm out this bitch

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