

## Lil' Wyte "That's What's Up"

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Cold purple sprite  
Full of 'lean in my cup  
Yeah - that's what's up!  
Yeah - that's what's up!  
All the haters in the hood  
Make me wanna cock and bust  
Yeah - that's what's up!  
Yeah - that's what's up!  
I done made a lot of money  
Ain't to many that I trust  
Yeah - that's what's up!  
Yeah - that's what's up!  
But i'ma keep on hustlin'  
'Til my body turn into dust  
Yeah - that's what's up!  
Yeah - that's what's up!

I was born an raised a good old southern boy  
With money up on my mind  
Took a thought turned it into a rhyme  
And now I do this shit all the time  
Purple 'lean in my cup  
I'm throwin' a blunt of 'dro up in my mouth, and I feel  
pimps in forthly  
We the shit ya'll need to quit hating on the south  
Cause we just trying to make it like all the rest of them  
mother fuckers is  
I got talent and raw skills to pay the bills  
So i'm gonna rock the biz  
Call me what you wanna call me  
Arrogant, evilish and conceited  
I will sell CD's off in cicaly, italy, also in new zealand  
Gettin that international money  
Climbin higher up that ladder  
Grindin' daily, bitch, pay me  
I gotta' get my pockets fatter  
Memphis Tennessee is the place  
Where I got all my special training  
Physical, mental, spiritual, lyrical  
Acheived it all without complainin'  
I got a...

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I'm a motha' fuckin' nympho  
Rubbin' tip toes  
Sippin' line in the back of a benzo'  
Hate me last year  
Wait til this year  
You gonna have a lot more shit to be sick fo'  
Runnin' the street and not givin' a fuck  
Still makin big money and get my dick suck  
I'ma hold it down for my town  
At the same time  
Goin' to town to get some more bucks  
If you gotta problem wit that  
Bring it to the hood  
Find me on my block  
And i'll kick your ass  
Ride on the same  
Cause we done whooped plenty of motha fuckas  
Just for talking all that trash  
We don't give a shit bitch  
That's just the mentality of the dirty south  
Nobody really left the house hot  
Ready to fight  
But you better watch your mouth  
I roll with some of the rowdiest, buckest, crunkest  
fucka's  
In the nation  
And even if you keep me slippin' solo  
You won't bust a raisan  
Serious though  
I got dough  
You broke, and know the score  
Purple sprite and paper flow  
While you busy hatin' ho'...

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