

Chris Rock

"What The Fuck You Want?!"

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Flipmode motherfuckas
Flipmode motherfuckas
What the fuck you want
What the fuck nigga
What you want
What the fuck nigga (We gon hit it down like this nigga
what)
Check it out

I be
Testing your fate and wrecking your face
Invading your space
And watch the tables turn like you're trading a place
I pull stunts like evil kadeival
Me and my people fly like an eagle
And blow your entire cathingil
Hurry hurry
Don't worry worry
Hit y'all with a flurry flurry of jazz
Leaving y'all niggas blurry blurry
Brew up some shit like I'm cooking for y'all
When I'm done then I come looking for y'all
(Huh huh hold up hold up)
Federal cases cause nuff bodies end up in medical
places
In they blood finding them chemical traces
Leaving special investigators going through skeptical
phases
While we getting money the decimal changes
I was a seven-day affentice apprentice
Now I strike with a vengeance
Blowing the door right up off of the hinges
This be that put you out of your misery song
And make you ask your man is this the joint he dissing
me on
That's when I ask

Chorus:

What the fuck nigga what you want
What the fuck nigga what you want
What the fuck nigga what you want

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What the fuck nigga what you want
What the fuck nigga

Moving your muscle and doing the hustle
See nowadays we getting money like rustle
Who really wanna tussle
Challenge the super saber in a nigga
Blast the challenger way out of space like Galica nigga
Battle star Galactica cross my diameter nigga
Derange your whole circular shape into triangular
nigga

Yo

So what it was my fault
That I had to bring this shit to a screaming halt
What you need to do is open up the vault
That's why I make sure that my vest will be on
So when I blast you and your additional stress will be
gone
Then I sprinkle just a little bit of salt on your plans
And watch your shit shrivel up right in the palm of my
hands

I ain't afraid of ya
But I thank all of my niggas for saving ya
I was about to take you back
To when your mother was making ya
Clapping you up
Slapping you up
Trapping you up
Holding you hostage
Duck taping and Saran wrapping you up
Yo

First she was sober
I smell aroma
Put you in a Trans
And slip into an irreversible coma
Fuck y'all cubic zirconium niggas it's over
Closing in on all y'all niggas
While we're moving in a little closer
Then I evaluate and elaborate
Confiscate your shit and dare your ass to retaliate
That's when I ask

Chorus (2x):

