

## Mango

### "Whatcha Know About That"

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Verse 1: [Willie D]

As I roll through the motherfucking inner city  
27 years and the block still looks shitty  
The mayor put his picture on my fence  
Promised us a lot of shit and I ain't seen that bitch since  
I'm bout to do a Frank Nitty  
Cause the potholes fucking up the shocks on my new  
Chevy  
Gotta Malcolm X 'em like Spike Lee  
Cause they taking niggas in the hood lightly  
Politicians just use black folks  
They only come around when they want a  
motherfucking vote  
And ain't no sense in you going to city hall catching  
fevers  
You stand a better chance seeing Jesus  
So I got me a plan  
Steal me a Astrovan and take the law into my own  
hands  
And I ain't going out talking to them hoes  
(What's your objective?)  
I'm putting blood on they clothes  
Cause they don't respect niggas  
Until we start shaking they ass and pulling triggers  
And that's a Goddamn fact  
Now what you so-called hard motherfuckers know  
about that?

Chorus: [Melanie McGee]

I wonder why life's a bitch, then you die  
Same thing that makes you laugh makes you cry  
Why judge that bro, cause you reep what you sowe  
What goes around, come around, now you know

Verse 2: [Sho]

Little miss Jackie, she got turned out  
Fucking with that glass dick  
Little miss Jackie, she turning tricks  
She putting her mouth on everybody dick  
Hey yo Jackie, finest little thing in 12th grade

Jazzy haircut, Anita Baker fade  
But I couldn't get the play or the time of day  
Cause in life we was headed in opposite ways  
While she was trying to reach the top  
I was slanging rocks, drinking brew and dodging  
crooked cops  
Used to give her my all  
And every day in school a nigga got dissed in the halls  
But it didn't take long for me to find  
Every dog can't chew on every bone  
Then some time went by  
I heard through the grapevine, little Jackie was getting  
high  
This I just couldn't believe  
Not Jackie, miss most likely to succeed  
One day rolling up the cut  
I seen this fiend, pants all in her butt  
I'm thinking to myself that's a shame  
I stopped at the light she called out my real name  
Stuck her head in my window said she needed help  
I looked it was Jackie 'what you did to yourself?'  
The devil ain't nothing but crack  
That bitch small as a tic tac  
What you know about that?

Chorus

Verse 3: [Willie D]

Now let's talk about Craig, a jockey and a dopehead  
>From the time he could walk little Craig was misled  
He had a freeloading stepdaddy, mama was a hoe  
She sold her ass to take care of that Negro  
He used to pimp her, and make her give him every cent  
(And peep this, made her own kids pay rent)  
Craig started jacking, bringing every dollar home  
Got a gun and a screwdriver, fool got his hustle on  
Crank your shit in a second  
(And if you walk up on him, you better draw your  
weapon  
Cause he'll put you to rest, and rest you quick  
And wouldn't lose sleep) Not one single bit  
Then he met this girl who became his wife  
Bought a car and a crib, started a new life  
'Til one day, riding with his family  
He saw this nigga that he fucked back in the game,  
gee  
He threw some dirt, the nigga threw it back  
Dressed his family in black  
Now what you know about that?

Chorus

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