

## Coroner

### "Who Dat"

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[Hook - 8x]

Who dat wanna do dat, like run up on a nigga  
That'll bust, and make the crowd move back (who dat)

[Pharoah]

I got the recipe, to help a kilo swell  
Like seventy two O.C.'s, that potent shit  
Imported from overseas  
Roll herb and the leaves, and blow the trees  
Running with a clan, of them soldier G's  
Killing niggaz in day, or the night time  
When I'm running with a motherfucking 9 millimeter  
I'm Pharoah the six foot nine  
South Park slang, stain my brain  
Now I remain in a hell of a game, cause I stay for  
One nation, under the groove  
Getting down with the funk, by packing a tool  
Like a nigga in the trunk, when I'm jamming the Screw  
Guerilla Maab and Killa Klan connection  
Fucking em up, like an infection  
Leave dull, as a lethal injection  
Underground individual  
A nigga better get his god damn ass on  
If he wanna last long, cause if he stick around  
When I get to dumping and blasting, his ass gone  
It ain't shit to me, to pull in the head  
Better ask somebody, I'm a nigga that always  
Be on top and thoed, waiting on one of you hoes to  
come try me

[Trae]

A motherfucker, coming up out of the gutter  
Guerilla militia, a thug nigga  
Ain't scared to pack triggas, or hunt niggaz  
Slug niggaz run up on me nigga  
I'ma be a great nigga, flat line  
Ahead of my time we shut it down, what now  
I'm a young type nigga, that be ready to click  
Too quick, to let a nigga knock me outta my shit  
I fuck around and throw fists, till I damage they click  
Who the nigga, that'd wanna get apart

Better take your time, we go hard in the paint  
Nigga what you think we fell off, hell naw  
Cause we been on the block, trying to collect my pay  
Make dance what a nigga say  
When I'm running on the block, with a AK  
Going anyway, tell it'd be best not to play with Trae  
I ain't got it all, stepping in my zone and yelling fuck  
y'all  
So you better move around or get down, I ain't playing  
With one of em, I'm a head buster  
Gotta lay low before I touch you, rubbing your guns  
Or fuck around, and make a nigga punk rush you  
With a automatic glock, I can't stop and won't like Pac  
When it comes to the brain splitter  
You oughtta be able to tell, Guerilla Maab  
And Street Military in the game, we'll never fail

[Hook - 8x]

[Dougie D]

Who dat, wanna be fucking around  
With a nigga, that be packing a glock  
With a infrared dot, taking em out with one shot  
It's the Maab and that Military, and never gonna stop  
So motherfuckers will bust spots  
Behind enemy lines, we known to get down  
Motherfuckers be left running and move on round  
Feel us now, repping the street life we will drop bombs  
Trying to play mind games, that'll make a nigga have  
to find you  
Nigga holla, nigga slide you, nigga put him up in the  
trunk  
And ride through H-Town, and then lied by bombs  
For a nigga, y'all ain't really ready for the entourage  
The killas are what I bring, killas and blood spillers on  
my team  
Squeezing these, to fulfill they dreams  
I'm a thoed motherfucker, that's known to drop bombs  
Like a nigga went bad, before Vietnam  
Raining on parades, banging em ranging AK's  
That spray, you fuck around with the wrong ones play  
boys  
Say boy, my niggaz don't play boy, hey boy  
I'm a nigga that'll rough you up, and fuck you up  
And you don't wanna play boy

[Z-Ro]

Bitch you better not be, playing with my lil bro  
Fuck around, and fill your body up with slugs  
Coming around the corner, smoking on the marijuana  
Looking for a son of a bitch, with a mug

But I gotta maintain, keeping my composure  
Military crawl down, Southside soldier  
Pulling up on a motherfucker, that I opposition in a tank  
Running everybody over, clover be wishing well  
Better bust bitch, cause I'ma bust bitch  
Better duck quickly, and swiftly  
I'ma continue my c.d.'s, fellas and split the D  
And that's for dome, you better leave me alone  
And get on, cause I'm a murder on mobster  
Eat steak and lobster, constantly taking  
Your merchandise, out of your cars so  
Don't make a nigga carve you  
Give me that off your wrist, better not miss  
Catch you up under your gun, look at how the blood run  
down  
You got a gun, I got a gun nobody run now  
Who dat wanna do dat, like run up on a nigga  
That'll bust, and make the crowd move back  
You don't wanna that red black, blue black  
Motherfucker say who dat

[Hook - 8x]

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