

Cravin' Melon

"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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