

Crematory

"Nigga What"

Visit "[Nigga What](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*Talking*)

Southside, H.A.W.K.

Throw them hands up

[H.A.W.K.]

I'm a H-Town nigga, representing Southside
Sitting on chrome, and my body frame wide
Wood block guy, sitting on buck eyed
See a pair of thick thighs, ask her do you wanna ride
Of course she do, so she jumped right in
Cause it's her first time, even sitting in a Benz
Five hundred series, with the light blue lens
And you can hear the wind, whenever the rims spin
Sitting in my low, and we watching TV
She said ain't you Big H.A.W.K., from the S.U.C.
Of course it's me, can't you 20-20 see
And plus the vision from my chain, had your vision
blurry
I could tell by her eye, she was captured by the fame
Said she loved it, just spell my name
She was on dang-a-lang, cause I could rap and I could
sing
And I could tell she was lame, to this grown man's
game

[Hook: H.A.W.K. & (Lil' O) - 2x]

Here's a little something for the boppers in the club
(yeah)
All my real thugs, pulling up on dubs (yeah)
Throw your hands up, show a real nigga love
(nigga) nigga what (nigga) nigga what (nigga) nigga
what (nigga what)

[H.A.W.K.]

Dead End ringleader, and I'm calling the shots
Use to push crack rock, till I hit the jackpot
Hidden in a stash spot, got the 4-4 cocked
Me and Jack we a team, like Captain Kirk and Spock
I'm a former quarter sacker, ran with car jackers
Now a rapper turned actor, but still a pistol packer
Don't work for the cracker, unless it's for mills

Cause I'm funky than I'm fired, won't pay my bills
Showing skills make mills, with the lyrics I spill
And I'd be in jail, if looks could kill
Cause I love to make do', love to spit flows
Whether rain sleet or snow, like Black Rob on Whoa
Ten G's a show, if you ask for promo
What's up Big H.A.W.K., well the answer is no
Gotta go gotta go, cause it's crunk in the club
Got everybody screaming, nigga what nigga what

[Hook - 2x]

[H.A.W.K.]

Now it's the last verse, so it's a must I wreck
For my day one niggaz, on them grey cassettes
Cause I'm far from a rookie, I'm a certified vet
And I ain't even broke a sweat, cause I ain't finished yet
Even got all the haters, jumping all up on it
And everytime you see me, it's a Kodak moment
Now sticks and stones, won't break my bones
And since Fat Pat gone, I'm gon add to the throne
I'm the General in charge, so call me sire
And after this plateau, it don't get no higher
I spit rapid fire, and I don't misfire
A lyrical high wire, hotter than a blow dryer
As I start to perspire, from this verbal assault
My career will catapult, and it ain't my fault
I'm too hard to swalla, and too big to over look
And the best way to end this, is with the hook

[Hook - 2x]

Visit [Crematory](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.