

Prodigy "Waddup Gz"

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Waddup G'z
By Prodigy of Mobb Deep

What up?
What up G's
What, what up?

What up G's
What, what up?

x8

It ain't nothing but this murder rap
It ain't nothing, it ain't nothing but this money stacks
It ain't nothing, it ain't nothing but the same old
Plan that we had planned from the front door
I write a 16 and disrespect your whole career
Compared to me you sound an amateur
Just a novice; I'm an expert word smith
Playing games I'm an animal with this;
We're not the same, that's very fucking obvious
You're not a made mobster you're an obelisk

Don't let me catch you in the streets; you're a sandwich
Or picnic, pick a nigger; I will damage
Little boy get his motherfucking head flew
It ain't nothing, it ain't nothing I been through
My practice makes perfect aim
Nah you're not ready for war, bang bang

What, what up?

What up G's
What, what up?

x8

It ain't nothing but this murder rap,
It ain't it, ain't nothing but these money stacks
It ain't it, ain't nothing but the same old
Plan that we had planned from the front door
I'll pop a shot that'll wrap up your whole life

One shot, one shot and it's good night
Nice and neat, tuck 'em in the with the white sheet
Sleeping bags for them fags trying to fight me
Can't fight it, this was meant, this was meant to be

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