

## D-Cru

## "What the Fuck"

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(Intro: Noreaga & Spice 1)

What the fuck, Spice 1 in this motherfucker  
(Yeah nigga spark savin'), it all even, it straight  
gangsta, break a leg  
What the fuck, what the fuck, it all easy, Spice Weezy  
(blaow!!)  
Firest niggas of all coasts  
(ay nigga, ay check this out nigga, ay somethin' like  
this nigga  
Youknowwhat! 'msayin' nigga, feel me nigga  
I'm on some motherfuckin' mobb shit)  
(Whas happenin' Nore?) Get up  
(What's crackin' nigga?), break a leg, break a leg!!

(Noreaga)

Yo, yo, I'ma killer nigga, and a gangsta too  
Murderous motherfucker that'll fuck your boo  
Have her cryin' and shit, on the verge of dyin' and shit  
Me and Spice 1 just applyin' the shit from the bay area  
To the East Coast shit, +Trigga Gots No Heart+  
and we say that shit, yo, you ain't know?  
Aiyyo, now you know, from Oakland, now down to  
Sacramento  
To my niggas gettin' signed now with no demo  
They be proud of the game, speak loud of the game  
All y'all niggas ain't got no, love for the game, aiyyo I  
did my shit  
yo I mastered my shit, platinum role, now yo I smoke an  
O  
Me and Spice Weezy, no dizzy, one treezy, wall graffiti  
What, what? Spice 1 motherfucker, The Black Bossalini

(Chorus: Noreaga & Spice 1 - w/ variations)

[illegible]

(Noreaga)

Now you know, from Oaktown now down to Sacramento  
(Sacramento)

Better than Iraq (Iraq), niggas just play a demo (demo)  
It's all good nigga, it's all good nigga, it's all good  
nigga

Aiyyo, now you know (now you know), from Oaktown  
now down to Sacramento

(That's Oaktown and Sacramento)

Better than Iraq, where we just play our demo (play our  
demo)

It's all gangsta nigga, it's all gangsta nigga, it's all  
gangsta nigga

(Spice 1)

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

Stick an Uzi at this nigga gettin' lighten shit up

Immortalized, thug niggas realise gravediggaz

From New York to California bring all my figures

Put it down like G's, turn to part of the cheese

Money-hungry motherfuckers with the thug disease

Nigga please we bomb pimps, players for sheets

Ridin' on enemies, make sure them motherfuckers  
bleed

Hit the weed, get the cash, money and bitches

Bendin' double make it to Diamond Lexus and saggy  
bitches

Two-hundred miles an hour, pushin' bodies out the car

We disintergrate niggas, give a fuck who you are

Keep my soldiers on the payroll money and power

Not too many real killers to be fuckin' with cowards

Keep it craculatin, for sheesty with Noreaga

True life players, kidnap 'em and make 'em pay us

(Chorus: Noreaga & Spice 1 - w/ variations)

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!

What, what, what, what, what, what the fuck!  
What, what, what, what...

(Outro: Spice 1)  
My nigga Bill Clinton is a motherfuckin' player  
(\*echoes\*)  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

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