

Stereophonics

"What"

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It's the inventor, the wicked ice cold as the winter
As niggaz enter
The dragon, the 44 got my pants saggin'
For all the whucka bring the paddy wagon
The terminator, the bitch ass nigga eliminator
The suicide comtemplator
For your dillusions I bring wicked, that's illusions
To cause mass confusion
I be the nigga bucka, the hood-rat and tittie bar bitch
fucka
Got niggaz screamin' what the fuck, see when
I'm down with Lord Majai and we both yellin' die
Die nigga, we comin' for ya
You wanna fresh style lemme show ya
Bitch, verbally ya never hearda the
U-N-H-O-L-Y 'cause I'm hellified

I insist, real life suicidalist
And for this I'm a white man's terrorist
I never miss when I squeeze the chrome in my fist
My style will make your ass drink a glass of piss
High roller, money folder
Underground rap radio controller
The bone breaker, the thug shaker
From here to Cleveland, nigga run run
To catch the dum-dums
Dumb-ditty dum, do-wa-ditty
Esham, I'm from Detroit city
I flip more tactics than acrobatics
Do hat tricks with propolactics
Unholy, that's what my momma told me
Now I do all my dirt by my lonely
And most niggaz wanna kill you while you slangin' ki's
I clock dollars while they catch Z's
Nigga what

This one right here, this one goes out to.....

