

# Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble "Say What!"

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So I'm out the game huh?  
Huh? {\*echoes\* Yo Dre, WE RIDIN?  
Whatever  
Haha! Well I'm witcha homies  
Okaylet's handle the small shit  
I was born to brew up storms and stir up shit  
Kick up dust, CUSS 'til I slur up spit  
Grew up - too quick went through too much do too  
much shit  
Corrupt, and I'm a pour it on like syrup bitch  
Thick and rich, sick and twisted, Mr. Buttersworth  
Dre told me to milk the shit for what it's worth  
'Til the cow just tilts and tips and stumbles to earth  
{\*Poof\* And if I fumble the verse, keep goin  
First take, I make mistakes, just keep it  
No punches pulled no punches that's weak shit  
Fake shit, if I ever take shit I'll EAT shit  
Wasn't for him, wouldn't be shit  
Creep wit me, as we take a lil' trip down memory lane  
Been here longer than anyone in the game  
And I ain't got to lie about my age  
(But what about Jermaine?) Fuck Jermaine  
He don't belong speakin mine or Timbaland's name  
And don't think, I don't read  
Your lil' interviews, and see what you're sayin  
I'm a giant, and I ain't gotta move 'til I'm provoked  
When I see you I'ma step on you and not even know it  
You midget, Mini-Me with a bunch of little Mini-Yous  
Runnin around your backyard swimmin pools  
Over 80 million records sold  
And I ain't have to do it with ten or eleven-year-olds  
Cause what you say is what you say, say what you say  
How you say it whenever you sayin it, just remember  
How you said it when you were sprayin it  
So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?  
Second verse, it gets worse, it gets no better than this  
Amateurs drink veteran piss  
From a Dixie Cup, if you ever mix me up  
Or CONFUSE ME with a Canibus or Dre with a DUPRI  
We'll rub it in, every club you're in will have you  
Blackballed and make sure you never rap a-fuckin-gain  
Dre ain't havin itlong as I'm here to play Devil's

Advocate

If there was some magic shit

I could wave over the industry that could save it when

I'm gone

And buried to make sure the tradition carries on, I

would

If I could only use this power for good

I wouldn't not even if I could

From the hood and I'm a hornet

And I'ma only sting when I'm cornered

And I'ma only sucka punch and swing without warning

And swing to knock somebody's fuckin head off

Cause I know if they get up I won't get a chance to let

off

Another punch I'm punk rock, no one's punk

Don't give a FUCK! White 'Pac, so much spunk

When I was little I knew I would blow up and sell a mill'

And grow up, to be Atilla, go nuts and be a pillar

And I'm, somethin of a phenom'

One puff of the chron', I'm unstoppable

I'm alive and on top again

There's no obstacle that I can't conquer

So come along with us (come on!)

Cause what you say is what you say, say what you say

How you say it whenever you sayin it, just remember

How you said it when you were sprayin it

So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?

Now anybody who knows Dre

Knows I'm about fast cars and Alize, partyin all day

But I handle my business cause it's work before play

Don't look for trouble but I'll serve you gourmet

However you want it, you can have it your way

You fuck my night up I'ma fuck up your day

Bullet with your name, sendin it your way {\*clack\*

That goes for anyone who walks through that doorway

Cause this is my space, you invade it, live to regret it

And you die tryin to violate it

Fuck around, get annihilatedeyes dilated

Heh, like my old lady

Cause what you say is what you say, sometimes what

you mean

Is two different things, dependin on your mood if it

swings

Think too many things

Little hit of Dre's weed, I can do anything

Catch a contact then I'm gone and I'm back

I speed rightand my looseleaf's my launchpad

And I can pull any string

Don't have to prove anything, catch a contract on your

head

You headed West, talk shit about Dre?

You better get a vest, and invest  
In somethin to protect your head and neck  
And it's back and forth all day like Red and Meth  
I joke when I say I'm best  
In the booth, but a lot of truth is said in jest  
And if I ever do live to be a legend  
I'ma die a sudden death  
Five mics in The Source? Ain't holdin my fuckin breath  
But I'll suffocate for the respect  
'Fore I'll breathe to collect a fuckin check  
Cause what you say is what you say, say what you say  
How you say it whenever you sayin it, just remember  
How you said it when you were sprayin it  
So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?  
Watch your fuckin mouth  
Yo this Timbaland, tell them I said suck \*chka\* MY dick

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