

T.I. "What Up"

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Aye What's Happenin'

All you haters should get at me cause I hear ya and I'm
watchin' but I'm serious haters so all I gotta say is...

What up, what's happenin'

All u haters can get at me (hey)
Cause I hear ya and I'm watchin' (hey)
But I'm still here I ain't stoppin'

So What up, what's happenin'

All u haters should get at me
Cause I hear ya and I'm watchin'
But I'm serious haters so all I gotta say is what up...

What it is bruh (bruh)

What it do mane (mane)

Still tha man from the pan to tha blue flame
Still gettin dough and make it rain with the loose
change

I bet that what he did a show, now that's a damn shame
I guess that what he hatin for boy u so damn lame
(Sucka Nigga)

Ya Click tha same, a destined bunch of walkin shit stain
Disgraced the A ya give the city such a bad name

You way back in my rearview mirror I'm in the fast lane
Still I hear ya loud and clear on ya lil' song

Go on getcha dissin' on while tha king on
Your self esteem gone (why) cause I'm back now
Let's see if we can't teach these niggas how to act now

Ya Kissin' ass then, ya just as bad now
I check ya ass then, I shut ya ass down
And I deliver front and center, never back down
Who get tha last laugh now sucka nigga

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But I'm serious haters so all I gotta say is what up...

I got a front street swag and a side street hustle
Center Hill, Cedar Ave. that's where I be SUCKA
South Grand Church Street, the first with that work
But we can get it to commercial, if ya need somethin
chirp with
Hey what I care bout who you askin, sayin they ain't
heard of me
I'm certified, certainly
Them videos ain't hurtin me
I still ride with the window rolled down all around the A
town like it's finna go down
If it was ever any questions, niggas finna know now
Won't retire my thrown or surrender no crown
I never bow down (Never)
And never say die (Never)
Just to whom it may concern and who so ever may try
I'm forever Westside
And the featherweight dies

Tell them take your best shot
Gon get yourself hot
Cause I yell Bankhead and you felt left out
I ain't mention yo name
That's what all this bout?

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Cause I hear ya and I'm watchin'
But I'm serious haters so all I gotta say is what up...

From Summer Hill to the hills up in Hollywood
A house full, gettin to it, you know how we do it (Yeah)
Yeah we smoke great (great)
And we drink good (good)
Then we ball hard, just like G's should
Buy what we want
Drive what we want
G4 up up and away we go, we fly where we want
Haters smile like they like it when they really don't
Wish they could just wish me away
That's what they really want
"I really hate his ass"
"I don't like him either"
"We'll do a song together, maybe then we can beat

him"
"Somehow he must be stopped"
"Somethin must be done"
"If we can't knock him off, let's just try him when he get
caught with guns"
"Then if he really done (Yeah) and we really won (Yeah)
"Any more ideas? "
"Suggestions anyone? "
"How bout we stay up all night, on the blog sites,
spread vicious lies and nasty rumors we could all write"
But that's alright
Let the nerds hate
Cause in my face though, them words get ate
And hatin's hard work, when I just bounce back
This God's work
Tell all the haters I'm back!

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