

Michelle Tumes

"Whatever Tho'"

Visit "[Whatever Tho'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus: [Woodie]

I might of shot your homies
Once or twice you never know
But I still walk the streets
So I assumed they let it go
But just in case they didn't
I pack metal for clever folks
So all that talk in breakin' Woodie off
Whatever tho'

[Woodie]

I'm still puttin' it down
Sidin' through the town Yoc bound
Suckas wanna talk down
But ain't prepared to cock down
They wanna bang like killas
But don't bang with no killas
They wanna claim they killas
But don't hang with no killas
This is Antioch, the A-N-T-I-O-C-H
And I'm the one who brought the Yoc
Up out the Golden State
You wanna hate this
Hate yourself
Think your from the Yoc
Talkin' down on my name
Cuz I ain't askin' you to jock
Just recognize
From two professional years of rappin'
East Co. Co. Records puttin' this crap
Back in time on the map
And then some
We takin' nationwide infected
Each and every nook and cranny
Were that Yoc life bakins'
And I reckon
We'll be collectin' dividends along the way
And that's exactly were this haterism comes into play
What's there to say
Nothin' but hot ones
I got for those talkin' down on me

[Chorus] X2

[Woodie]

Come on haters try to stop this
Dig deep into your pockets
Cuz that'll give me a legit reason
To make yo knot twist, not this
Northern fella Antioch dwella
Won't fall hostage
To the thoughts and plots of the jealous
Your gonna watch this
Independent label succeed
Were re-precautions 10-4 for
Every homey that bleeds
We'll plant our seeds in some mattress
And watch our killas grow
Teach 'em everything we know
So that they gonna run the show
I'm talkin' fathers and sons
Uncles and nephews packin' guns
Holdin' down the fort
Prepared for war
Protectin' loved one
No more snatchin' up our dreams
Through the dope on triple beams
Or an enemy shot
Cuz that's the power money brings
We're the kings of our own plot
We found a spot
Don't make room
If you think we're bluffin'
I assume you have a skank too
So if you wanna get me
Come and get me
Quit talkin'
And send the messages through bitches
Cuz that shit'll leave you chopped up

[Chorus] X2

[Woodie]

You wanna talk behind my back
And jar jack amongst female company
And every word up out your mouth
Eventually gon' come to me
How dumb could you be
Maybe you really wanna see me
But most likely you a sucka
And you hatin' you can't be me
Probably got that A-D-D

Attention Deficit Disorder
And you've notice when you say my name
That people won't ignore ya
That's pathetic
Just another sorry chump in the game
Go ahead keep bumpin' my name
Cuz your just pumpin' my fame
But when we cross paths
Haul that
So people prepare to ache
Cuz I'm a draw fast
Cock blast
With heat to tear your brain
Cuz I've HAD IT UP TO HERE [echoes]
Through your history
I got my stripes
Sucka you ain't pumpin' fears
So come here and get a dose of
This Antioch West Twompsta
The demon in me wants to
Go back to a mobsta
And put this music shit on stand by
To make a man die
How do I cope with this
I focus on the grand prize

[Chorus] X2

Nothin' but hot ones I got for those talkin' down on me

[Chorus]

Shit! [echoes out]

Visit [Michelle Tumes](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.