

## Young Dro "What It Is"

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Young Dro, Young Dro

[Girl:] Ladies and Gentlemen, this is a Jazze Phizzle  
production Young Drooo

[Chorus: x2]

Are you a killa? What it is  
Hell Yeah, What it is  
Drug dealer, what it is  
Young player, ride tall  
I just wanna sit up in the air  
Get high, I just wanna be up in the air

[Verse:]

I'm in the air (come down)  
Ain't comin down (why?)  
Up here dammit (where?)  
Ain't comin down (please)  
Bubbelishous coat, 26's in the town  
I'm a killa too,  
Killin bitches in town  
Chevy with the beat down  
Make you spin around  
Like a fishtail  
I'm Fish scale  
Ask the niggas on da ave  
He the shit yeah  
I don't tolerate  
My Impala great  
Bring the choppa out  
Bet I discombobulate  
I'm a tough nigga  
You a fuck nigga  
See me in the club all Prada'd up nigga  
I got a semi too  
My whole penny do  
I got diamonds, urnge(orange) like Winnie Pooh  
Gittin tolapia  
And caviar for dinner too  
Mafia as a mother fucka  
Don't make me have to get at you  
I throw a hundered shots

Nigga plus fifty-two

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]

My car actually  
Willy Wonka factory  
Ice look like raspberry  
It'd be hard to try and tackle me  
Nigga I'm a killa i suggest you don't come after me  
Bitch I'll be in Collipark

Plus I'll on McAfee  
Bankhead faculty  
Boy you need to rap with me  
Come and talk to me  
Before I open up your cavity  
Shots come rapidly  
I told you not to mess with me  
I don't play with little boys  
You tryin to Michael Jackson me?  
Know a nigga ridin the air fantastically  
Til the day they kill us  
Never put my rims up  
Actually, car flop purple when the sun come  
When it get dark  
Boy that thang be lookin drum plum

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

Mink coat  
Shit polar bear  
Hoes over here  
Hoes over there  
I'm bout to take flight  
I'm goin in the air  
Candy with the gloss  
I'm about to lift it out  
See somethin on me on me you don't like  
Then lick it off  
We don't need to look at the time  
We rip em off  
My wrist forty  
Forgot how much Tip costs  
Buy a hundered k i don't wanna play  
Young Dro ride tall on a summer day  
Sellin dope, it'd be jumpin where my mama stay  
Bad hoes get treated like runaways  
Bitch you need to go home cool out and smoke a blunt  
a day

Gon say it folk my Cutlass look like egg yolk  
You know I keep a tool with me all in the bed though  
My money fed though  
It's Grand Hustle bread folk  
We sit 28 inches in the air  
What you scared for?

[Chorus x2]

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