

Finn Brothers

"Whashapnin' Thug?"

Visit "[Whashapnin' Thug?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse One - Max Minelli]

After ya lick come score somethin' from me then
After ya score try and flip your money then
Keep doin' that you'll probably stack
And after all the bullshit it's probably Max
What's hap'nin thug, let your mind be free
And go'ne and put it in the wind cause it's fine with me
You see that boy Young Minelli, I'm a G and a half
I make ya girl bounce that 'till I'm seein' her ass
It's a beautiful thing man, I just can't trip
I got nothin' but time, and plenty money to flip
I'm just tryin' to win
Tryin' not to sin
Tryin' to stack, but it seems like I gots to spend
Why you wanna see me broke tryin' not to bend
I gotta break big bread with my momma and them
Ya heard that?
Trunk slappin' to the best of my sounds
I hollin' at my nigga Foola and the rest of my round,
rounds
Ha?

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Whashapnin' thug (for all my hustla, hustlas)
Whashapnin' thug (we keep it gangsta, gangsta)
Whashapnin' thug (Now go'ne holla at ya dog)(oh)
Whashapnin' thug?

[Verse Two - Max Minelli]

From the big cities down to the small towns
We ain't never had so I come to tear it all down
And I see, how they be lookin' when I swang
Ain't gone knock me off my hustle cause I'm still gone
do my thang, mane
Ready or not, I come to give you what you need
Broads so jocked out, they get to hollin' "yes indeed"
Face off to the "T-t" clappin'
and the "B-Boom" bumpin'
Fa real, 'll knock you clean up out ya seat
How ya wanna get it?
Straight, from the man, the one, the gutta, the great,

the raw and the real
Now go'ne tell me how you feel, fa real
I'm so thowed it's a damn shame
Hit him up heavy, holla, and we can do the damn thang
Now I'm sayin'
Serious 'bout stackin' my nachos
Desperados
Ridin' on some choppas and some hot Vogues
Ya heard that?
Trunk slappin' to the best of my sounds
I got to holla at my G-Money and the rest of my round,
rounds
Ha?

[Chorus]

[Verse Three - C-Loc]

Whoa now
That's what they tellin' me, but I keep my mug on
The only label with ten felonies, that keep bubblin' on
Steady duckin' first degrees in this place I call home
Maintainin' focus on my G and ho shit, don't steer me
wrong
Now when big daddy blaze the scene he leave his I.D.
unknown
Only hot girls and felons in the zone where I roam
Enemies exterminated at the touch of a phone
Like your 'burban been invaded by a species unknown
Now what what, playa what, it's a bust back thang
True love for blood familiar baby, not a thang change

[Max Minelli]

Ya heard that?
Trunk slappin' to the best of my sounds
I hollin' at my nigga Loc and the rest of my round,
rounds
Ha?

[Chorus]

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