

## Murphy Lee

### "Wat da hook gon be feat. jd"

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[Intro: Murphy Lee]

Hahaha, yo, yo, yo, yo  
You never met a nigga like me  
Yo yo, have you ever seen a little dude  
Who be doing what I do?  
Uh huh, yo whoo!  
Let's get at it dog, whoo!

[Verse: Murphy Lee]

Now what goes up, must come down (shiiett)  
But we ain't coming down, it be them same ole' clowns  
Aiming your pound pretending they proud  
But when you leave town they go around they running  
they mouth (maaann)  
They something like a hater man  
Talking bad about a playa as if I'm not gon see ya later  
man  
You constantly frontin until you confronted on  
If you don't like whats going on gwoin to another song  
Cause I keep a hater guilty  
My cars and my money all alike man, both them filthy  
(get it?)  
From skimpy and empty to fuel on full  
See I be high when my car go Bulls  
Obey no rules to school you fools  
Schoolboy's err'y where, we're Young Dude news  
(maann)  
St. Louis like Louis D. Miles and Larry Hughes  
And the Young Dude done paid young dudes' dues  
dude

[Chorus - repeat 2x]

[JD:] But yo, what da hook gon' be (Uh oh!)  
[ML:] See I don't need no fucking hook on this beat  
(Shiiett)  
All I need, is the track in the background  
My headphones loud, keep the blunt goin 'round and  
I'ma rip

[Verse: Murphy Lee]

The sun'll come out.. tomorrow

And I will never have to borrow  
Got my first car when I turned sixteen  
Only drove it home outta town limosines  
Plus we was broke wit a deal but nobody could tell  
So we did what we had to do for "Country Grammar" to  
sell  
Haha, I stay on my own melodies  
Plus I like my Booties and my Boobs like a capital letter  
'B'  
That's how it is, how it better be  
I preferably rather have two or three girls in the bed wit  
me  
Close your errs [ears] ma you ain't heard nothin  
(whaa?)  
I always pay ma let a brother hold somethin  
I'm basically coming from nothing to something  
When I say nothing meaning pocket full of lint and  
buttons  
(We all we got!) Used to be creative on Halloween (how  
you gon?)  
Stop a hotter teen went from nada to a lot of things

[Chorus]

[Verse: Murphy Lee]

People always saying man it must be nice  
No hi no nothing not a simple house life  
Understand the money's good but I'm still from the  
hood  
So don't be asking for no "inch" be expecting the "foot"  
Unless you want a foot (who!)  
I know a few crooks that can place you where you need  
to be put  
And it might not cost me playa  
Got a Benz pepper interior, paint salty playa  
And we all push it, but me I push it real good  
Brains blown out, chromed out, wheel real wood  
Catch me on your local derry  
Or in the studio doing vocals derry  
I'm the same dude that came through wit my crew  
Let the girls do me while you do you  
And um, all I need is JD beat to be banging  
And I'll come up wit these verses that I'm usually  
slanging  
I be ripping man

[Chorus - to end]

