

## Queensryche

# "What's Poppin'"

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\* also appears on Mobb Deep's "Free Agents - The Murda Mixtape (Bonus Disc)"

[Tragedy Khadafi Talking]  
Yeah...Get it poppin'...No doubt  
Thug shit... for your ear  
Yeah...Two-Five

[Tragedy Khadafi]  
It go one for my real niggas, two for the bass  
Three for that weight regulated out of state  
Four for the guns blowin' getting shit straight  
For them bitch ass niggas that hate  
And I can tell right now that you really not knowing  
When the guns start blowing and your blood stop  
flowing  
You can take it to the heart bitch nigga play your part  
All you saw was the spark now you laying in the dark  
From the hood that I rep every nigga in my set  
Generals to Cadets two-five 'til the death  
Inadvertently I know niggas wanna murder me  
But can't even analyze G, The Mahdi  
Flow so precise, thug paradise, five karot ice  
Black Christ living the life  
Niggas see the light when they start losing pints  
You can die by the gun or the knife

[Havoc - Hook]  
hey yo  
Eh yo a nigga ain't stoppin' know I got to get it poppin'  
Yo you know a nigga plottin' I rep the dirty rottin',  
(What's Good?)  
Ain't shit tryin' to get these chips  
And the first nigga tryin to stop me gettin hit  
And you know a nigga poppin that shit when it's poppin'  
Had a whole world watching and the whole game  
boxed in (I'm Good)  
Okay with it, talk cause I live it  
You appreciate the God like an up north visit

[Havoc]

Thun I analyze these niggas, cause they simple like  
bitches  
And to damn feminine to fuck with this veteran  
Stop the rhetoric, you know the led will get hot  
You know this metal shit ain't nothing to fuck with  
Know I work that steel with a workman's will  
Staring so hard don't make me hurt that grill  
Apologize nigga dog you ain't that real  
Your man got bagged did time you squeeled  
Glass slipper wearin' ass niggas get killed  
You ain't a grown man 'til you pay some bills  
Keep it gully been pimpin' before I had 4 wheels  
The pipe game cool, but my talk game ill  
Wanna fuck with a nigga cause I know my shit  
You owe that bank, I own my shit  
Out the gate don't ask, can't floss my whip  
It ain't who you know, bitch it's who you with

[Havoc Hook]

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[Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo I settle with, heavy metal shit for my thugs in  
Connecticut  
Murderville nigga how you feel?  
Flow so sick, them niggas can blow dick  
Better analyze what lies before you trick  
In the mix of some Queens niggas tryin to get rich  
Any nigga in my way can feel the gun spit  
Get your Du-Rag split with long four-fifth  
Hand glide thru your hood in the six  
Road call for my niggas who you wit? (Thug Shit)  
Road call for my niggas who you wit? (Thug Shit)  
Let it bang make it pop 'til your heartbeat stop  
Know the game don't stop 'til the casket drops  
The God run out of shots then they tape the block  
Rep to the death for my carnivores on lock  
And my dogs in the box meet you back on the block  
You know how the team rocks, 'til we reach the top

[Havoc Hook]

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