

Hip Hop Boyz

"What U Got"

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[Sha]

Yo, didn't Kane use that?

[Breeze]

Yeah, but he didn't flip it like this though

[Sha]

Yo you know what you got to do though?

You got to set this motherfuckin track on fire though
man

[Breeze]

No doubt man, this is me, I'm sayin (a-ight)

You know?

[Sha]

Yo, so yo yo yo, let me

Let me feel this shit, and see what you gon' do with it

[Breeze]

Oh! Aight yo, bust it, aiyyo

I'ma freak it like, yaknahmsayin?

Kinda like how he started it, but bust it yo, bust it

(A-ight)

Ruff, rugged, and real, you love it, or feel
the shove of the steel in your ass, then at last
respect for certain, your neck was certain from the mic
movements

Shit aroused, they be like, "You got a groovin hittin
sound"

Casey Kasem, callin a truce, but fuck that

You crazy? Blaze him, slaughterin you with love taps

Well no prob the flow robbed you and your world

like when your girl's just my pal, bust my style

On my grill, sportin the illest bizarre smirk

I gave your girl some chloraseptic, cause yo she's a
hard worker

You scarred her, but you ain't tryin to tangle with the
force of

yellin, "Yo fuck you lookin at?" You're frontin like you

crosseyed

Of course, why, you like breathin; with aggression
I strike, leavin this a question - in a session
comparison B, you're through, the ratio for workin shit
embarassin - me to you, fellatio to jerkin it (*Sha
laughing*)

No doubt, like that YOU KNOW? (Yeah yeah!)

Then I'ma freak it, I'ma have this, yo

I'ma have this girl singin - "You wanna be startin"

(Word?!)

like that joint, y'know, Michael word (Yeah!)

Yo, she she look like Mary with big tittes (Mmm, dang!)

That's my word yo

Yo Big, that's what I'm sayin

So yo you feelin this joint?

[Sha]

Yeah I'm feelin this shit

[Breeze]

You don't sound enthused yo, what's the deal?

[Sha]

Yo yo no I'm feelin this shit man!

[Breeze]

Whassup lace your man lemme just hear how your joint
sound

[Sha]

Yo you know I don't do that shit no more son

[Breeze]

C'mon son, this is me, your man

[Sha]

Yeah alright aight fuckit, for you I'ma do it (Aight no
doubt)

Knahmsayin? Start up a little somethin like (yeah)

I have sound waves, that'll touch you in many places
While I 'rase your faces, even number traces in some
places

Above Jordan, the list of the twisted

My mind's enlisted, I guess that's why I'm sadistic

Cause you don't know the shit you been startin

My heart done heartened, ready to put the WORLD on a
milk carton

Fuckit, no one else deserve to live

I done gave all I got to give and still ain't got shit
(What?)
So who mad? You grab and ransom
And I'ma pierce his soul and touch the heart of his
grandson (oh shit!)
Cause my lyrics are like being food poisonin injected
through the ear
Fuck what you heard, this is what you need to hear

Knowhat!msayin? A little somethin like that

[Breeze]
What?! Yo you still got it old-timer!

[Sha]
Yo good lookin, good lookin new-school

[Breeze]
You know my stee', but you got it!
Word, no doubt

[Sha]
Yeah-hhh, ayyo, yo ayyo son
Yo 'po-nine (dang)
Yo son behind you, yo slow down son
Slow down son..

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