

## Chapman Tracy

### "What You Weigh Me"

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(he is here again)  
(what you weigh me)  
(There are many this time)  
(what you weigh me)  
Suave House East Coast  
(We must go)  
West Coast  
(Hurry)  
(Follow me)

(A+)  
Seal em off the one who doubts the A+ now where yo  
nuts at  
Let em fall the basketball i'm asking y'all  
Naw fuck it i'm telling right at the door  
We gone meet in the park for the six million pimps  
march  
We spark brain sticky (I'm controllin the top nines)  
Connected wit real pimping my niggas done popped  
wine  
Tell ya broad to stop look at me close  
Cause I ain't saving  
The way a chick could come wit that shit can be  
amazing  
(act bad) fuckin wit your mind  
(A million ways for me to act bad) Only need one to get  
the job done  
False niggas step in my path what i'ma do  
I'ma cut the sheepskin off of the wolf reveal the truth  
Ain't no use in helping no good niggas cause they  
betray you  
Frost eyes strapped with a sword ready to slay you  
I'ma lay you down busta you can't replace me  
I got your daddy feeling like a woman now what you  
weigh me

[Chorus]  
They say life is a bitch shit  
So is death  
Until die and then came to life again ask yourself  
Is you frontin for your manhood from the go

Or are you fronting for a certain section or a certain ho  
I intend to take no mo  
No blows  
Knock em out opposite of No-Doze  
Say plus never can us never can say we  
Love ho's go to pay me now what you weigh me

(MJG)

Who in the fuck is this? (MJG) I'm in yo shit  
Leave yo door locked down (my fault) I'm in yo bitch  
See you told me in the beginning she had a large heart  
Hell but I didn't know she had large lips and down the  
part  
And good throat too (deep as the ocean) now I can see  
how she provoke you  
Man she can swallow some shit any other bitch would  
choke to  
She got you outta yo mind from flattery took yo  
paycheck  
Promised to be down and you ain't never seen that day  
yet  
You fuckin wit niggas that who coast ho's  
Pointin fingers and slick tricks and broke ho's  
I dispose of those  
We broke toes they can't stand on they own ten  
We don't fold the competition gets blown in  
Im known in and out of state  
Bitches come a dime a dozen no niggas get outta  
place  
I relate to all the true ass sistas who truly play me  
Ho's you passed you gone in yo heart now what you  
weigh me

Chorus

(A+)

You can't stop a young entre-pre-nuer doer  
Bitch as soon as you can take the tour  
She's easy dawg wanna make it wit me splurge life  
The chick would kill for me  
Just to be my third wife in my third life  
She's a passed around phony hand me down ass ho  
And when niggas think they know everything you don't  
know  
Jack sh (nah) two cent trick you need a fix  
You got the Jones  
Call that broad and pay to keep the lights on  
The good life living like you was raised  
You coming wit that check well pimpinery gets paid  
And ain't no minuses  
It only be pluses when I'm involved

And any funny business go down it get resolved  
Cause I ain't got to be taking a chance  
Playing my life just like a lottery  
Shaking my hand  
But still you wanna put a stop to me  
Say you wanna get on down  
Well ok we stumble and fumble now what you weigh me

Chorus 2x

Scratches  
(Be careful)  
(Be careful)

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