

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

"Whatever it Took"

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Hey Dott Dogg...muthafucka was out there in them
streets
Nigga did whatever it took to get in nigga
From the jackin', to the rappin', to the slangin' crack
and...

First Verse:

X-Raided up in this bitch, bout to disrupt some shit,
Ain't from the pound, but I'm still down to Kurupt some
shit,
Interrupt your shit, cuz I'm always in a rush to spit,
Like an axe, when I rap, I splitter up your clique,
You better relax, be a witness or a participant,
Eddie Gaffin' laughin' at the CO, wonder where the
Sergeants went,
See we flow, but it's way more bigger than that,
Ransom note, deliver the gats and all them wack ass
tracks,
So we slit his throat, it's malicious, but the game's
vicious,
And niggas know, we'll do anything that gains us
riches,
We quick to flow, but we just as quick to bark that heat,
Start that beef and Dott Dogg will pause that heartbeat,
We hard to beat, like Schwarzanegger in movies bout
factual
Burning niggas like third degree,
Critical surgery,
When I'm mad, you hoes burglary, intrudin' your home,
Stole everything like clepto includin' your dome,
Left your ass chewed up, gaze blast, mid-section blew
up,
Bet you all five homicide detectives threw up,
Suit up, in coca sacks then I smoke a bag,
They make me get my focus back, then I choke the gat

Chorus:

When it came to gettin' that money I did whatever it
took,

Fuck dividin' the power, wanted every cranny and nook,
Understand me nigga, my family is full of thugs and
crooks,
Kings and queens protected by knights, bishops, and
rooks

Second Verse:

You better look into my eyes, can't you see the pain?
I'm tired of lies, bitches and niggas playin' games,
This is my ghetto prayer, Lord can you hear me?
Protect my family from player haters, don't let 'em near
me,
No need to fear me, I'm only human,
Pursuin' dreams for greenbacks with more schemes,
than J.R. Ewing,
I mean that sincerely,
Love my alcohol and tetrahydra~~can~~ebanol dearly,
Consumin' twenty pounds yearly,
Clearly I'm out for the cash, nothin' else in my vision,
Takin' chances, makin' decisions that could keep me in
prison,
But circumstances keep demandin' me to break these
laws,
Writin' lyrics strong enough to, penetrate these walls,
Dott Dogg, don't feel I'm guilty,
As charged, I'm filthy really,
Down for the cause, and I'm comin' raw til' they kill me
feel me,
With slugs to the dome, ain't no love so it's on,
And if you ain't thuggin' with me nigga, then I'm
thuggin' alone,
I'm a ruggish bone like Bizzy, Wish, Krayzie, Layzie and
Flesh
Art of War to the last breath, nigga ride to the death,
We hardcore, Dott Dogg and Nefarious,
Mad man, Black Market til' they bury us

Chorus (2x)

Third Verse:

I'm constricted on y'all ass like a python,
I'm ready to spit some venom, turn this mic on,
Run up in em,
Checkin' them niggas like a chess board,
Cuz they be hatin', what'cha think I sport a vest for?
Premeditatin',
Yes Lord I got my eye on'em,
When they try to get me I'ma have a fat surprise for
'em,

Got some advice for 'em,
You better recognize, Raided ain't down for none of
that bullshit,
Got a full clip, and this man eater won't hesitate to pull
it,
And deliver the bullets to your chest like a mailman
droppin' off letters,
Fat hole in your sweater,
Smash out with all your cheddar,
Met a nigga that had much game, deeper than the
abyss,
Taught me such thangs as how to get fame and keepin'
cash in my fist,
Now I insist to get my scrilla scratch,
How real is that?
And I'm quick to peel a niggas cap,
Is you feelin' that?
Move swiftly when I see the cops, cuz I ain't scrillin',
Muthafuckas wanna see me drop, but I ain't willin',
You a pawn in my book,
Busta market a hook,
Saw the fear in your eyes the first time that I looked,
I'ma treat y'all niggas like powdered cocaine it's time
to get cooked,
I'm Michael Jordan, you the average guard about to get
shook

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