

D-Block

"Who's Dat?"

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[Styles P]

Hahaha, OWWWWWW!

We just keep smokin and smokin and smokin

Hehehe, I enjoy myself!

I eventually expect to fall out one of these days

But fuck it... whattup?

M-I-double-L-I-O-N's

Got cash, can't trust some of my old friends

Niggaz ain't walk this path of my old Timbs

Let me find out it's my lawn that there's potholes in

Cause P ain't Posdonus, smoke blunts like a rasta

Hold uzis in a mobster suit

The Bugati got ostrich seats, my gosh I'm loose

Pick up 50 G's a morning with my orange juice

Now, you don't know me and you don't want to

Cause - six in the mornin, I'm comin to hunt you

Give it a little time, I have the country sewed

Cause I did more dirt than a country road

Frankly I don't give a damn like, Humphrey Bog'

20 bricks, 50 pounds that's my monthly load

Nigga watch the pump explode, you can jump if you

want

But I'ma dump 'til I ran the globe (c'mon)

[Chorus: T. Waters]

Who's that makin that God damn noise?

That's S.P., Waters and them D-Block boys

Don't worry 'bout a scrap daddy, we pop toys

So don't go fuckin with them D-Block boys

Now now now who that makin that God damn noise?

That's S.P., Waters and them D-Block boys

Don't worry 'bout a scrap daddy, we pop toys

So don't go fuckin with them D-Block boys

[T. Waters]

Street dreams consist of triple beams

A vest'll connect with the best for red seams

A M-16 for fiends with heavy habits

Why wait on him when Waters already have it?

Spread to the West, started with petty traffic

Get a gassy nigga ass and dead him with some matches
Now he ashes, no need for a casket
Fuckin bastard, I'm the greatest, young Cassius
Squeeze first or get hit 'til your knees hurt
And do top {?} free work on your t-shirt
Usually with bitches I start with the beat first
But I'ma show these niggaz that beef hurt
Now now now, I stay true to my tattoos
One life to live, forgive me T. Waters a fool
I used to sell weed, half quarters at school
Put some bread on his head, I'll slaughter the dudes,
ya heard?

[Chorus]

[Styles P]

You don't wanna be in the coma
Fuckin with this Ruff Ryder artist, D-Block owner
Any liquor I drink I chase with Coronas
Rap so hard niggaz tryin to clone us
Needed a Ghost Rider you just shoulda phoned us
You really ain't gangster cause you been woulda
showed us
Whattup homey, whattup cuz
I keep a orange boxcutter and I don't cut up rugs
Mad beef jumpin off is what a whattup does
If I felt like the vibe was wrong, that's my word
12 gauge mausberg, your side is gone
Now some of y'all is joinin, some of y'all retirin
You need a hit man, I'm the one for hirin (call me)
I keep the dutch and the gun, still firin
Watch out for niggaz, cause feds got 'em wired in
First second third and fourth, I hear si-rens

[Chorus]

{*gunshot and gunfire*}

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