

C-Note f/ Lil' Flip

"What it Iz"

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[Hook]

What it is yo, what it is yo
We be stacking big do', and blowing endo
What it is yo, what it is yo
We been stacking this paper, from the get go

[C-Note]

What it is yo, you already know what time it is
Hitting every city, networking all kind of biz
What it is yo, you know that boy gotta keep it real
I'm the first kid on the mic, with that diamonds grill
What it is yo, you know them boys been fronting
Always got them K's, always into some'ing
What it is yo, nigga I'm a big shot
Just like Mos Def, I got sixteen blocks
You know I'm so superior, Palamene interior
Suicide do's, on a Chrysler imperior
Style's so inferior, one shot I'm clearing ya
Them niggaz talking loud in the crowd, but we ain't
hearing ya
Coming through your area, we creases beef is
Never real niggaz, and a few dime pieces
I'm loving the way they stop and stare, I'm loving the
way the diamonds glare
I'm loving the way they can't compare, I'm loving the
way they got somewhere

[Hook]

What it is yo, what it is yo
We be stacking big do', and blowing endo
What it is yo, what it is yo
We been stacking this paper, from the get go
What it is yo, what it is yo
For realer, you don't want it with the Screwed Up Click
hoe
What it is yo, what it is yo
Y'all boys be faker, than Pretendo

[C-Note]

They say them boys down South bank, got that flow got
that do'

See me on the showroom flo', watch me how I cop it
though
Show you how I'm gonna act, show you how I'm born to
stack
Show you how my c.d.'s, fly right off the rack
Concerts all packed, pulled up trunk cracked
Yellowbone on my side, no stomach all back
Escallade all black, swisher sweets ball bats
We got that money by the ton, and you ain't bout that
Nigga I'ma dip boy, ride through the strip boy
Keep the extra clip on my hip, so I don't slip boy
When I see that snitch boy, I'm jumping out that whip
boy
And let this motherfucking AK, rip boy
Miss me with that drama mayn, catch me switching
lane to lane
C-Note up in some'ing sick, rolling with the candy
frame
Ask your girl she know my name, doing shit she can't
explain
I see you mad at me, cause you ain't balling mayn

[Hook]

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[Lil' Flip]

The Maybach coupe coming out, so get your cash for it
I'm going back to Amsterdam, bring your pass-porit
So what it is yo, we blowing big hoe
(Flip what you smoking on), ay partna this dro
Fifty G's in my vault, R.I.P. to Big H.A.W.K.
To the Click that's a loss, we put it down for the South
Big boys big trucks, big rims big nuts
Big guns more than one, my coke game weigh a ton
Spray the gun get away, relocate to another state
Set up shop pick a block, Note got the Escallade
Black cars purple weed, purple drank green money
And we don't fuck with T-B, we fuck around with king
honey
My ring a hundred, my new chain half a mill
Look I ain't capping, but ain't that like half your deal
But nevermind that, now let me recline back
If they ain't Clover Geez, that shit sound whack

[Hook]

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