

## **Edwin McCain**

### **" What the Fuck"**

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[Lil Scrappy]

It's so groovy nigga, ay Lil Jon, hand me the beat nigga  
show these niggaz, what it really is, BME click, it's goin  
down tonight  
this for everybody in the club you kno the street  
that wanna kno what the fuck goin on in dis bitch

[Chorus]

What the fuck is goin on (\*2X\*)  
That nigga eyein me (\*2X\*)  
Fuck nigga eyein me  
He keep on eyein me  
What the fuck is goin on (\*2X\*)  
That nigga tryin me (\*2X\*)  
Fuck nigga tryin me  
He keep on tryin me

[Verse 1]

Fuck the bullshit, beat that ass to the flo'  
He twistin' and he shakin' like a got damn ho  
don't run or bat me, always tryin' to attack me  
destroy your brain cells, from the heads I be clappin'  
I'll buck all day, I'll buck all night  
damn right I beat ya ass, in the got damn fight  
don't stand so close, getcha damn nose broke  
tryna gimme dap when you see me, bitch you ain't my  
folk  
you be tryin me, I'm a thug ass G  
come and switch ya sideways, I'ma ???  
thug straight trappin, 'til I get rich off this rappin  
I ain't got no friends, gotta watch who's heads I be  
snappin?  
flippin' and flappin' at the mouth, yeah its off the chain  
spit pimpin on a real bitch, just to get brain  
what the fuck is you tryin me for  
I ain't no bitch, I ain't no lame ho

[Chorus]

[verse 2]

what the fuck is goin on

I beat the fuck out ya ass, and run ya bitch ass home  
I'ma young thug nigga, I ain't no fuckin joke  
if I ain't no lame nigga, what the fuck you eyein' for  
talkin all that shit, bitch take it outside  
pop ya bout 3 times, now ya turn clockwise  
I ain't playin, I done been tried  
damn near took a life, used to call me chuckie  
cuz I stabbed a man wit a knife, my life  
tatted on my neck, so you best respect  
we thug stylin BME, leavin hoes pussy wet  
all our ?? niggaz ball, I don't thank no bitch  
I gotta hoe in the car, that'll get up in this shit  
I'm gone and pissed off, my brains and nerve lost  
I carry my own coffee, you spill you get tossed  
and last but not least, bitch quit tryin me  
you ain't got no business mothafuckin eyein me

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 3]

Hataz dress to impress, but they missed a spot  
it takes chest to distress the longevity pot  
but I gotta 380 ready, keep ya eyes up off me  
keep ya eyes off my dick, and get ya own damn money  
you bony mothafucka getcha head split right open  
I do it in the street, and leave ya neighborhood spoken  
and they hopin that the mothafuckin war is over  
these lyrics so diverse that a click-clack and break ya  
shoulder  
I done rolled up on the southside of the 'A'  
if you keep lookin, I'ma bust ya ass in the face  
I ain't gon bless, I'ma just make an example  
all that unloyal shit, gon getcha fuck ass ???  
when I cock back, my piece is gonna sound like BAM  
hit ya ass so hard, the fuckin crowd say damn  
"You just got knocked the fuck out"  
that's the way we do niggaz that be eyein in the south

[Chorus]

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