

## **H.A.W.K. f/ Big Steve, Mr. 3-2**

### **"What's Happenin' Out Here"**

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(\*talking\*)

Yes, and at this time I would like to give a big  
I mean a very very big round of, fuck you  
To you hoe ass niggaz, out here swooping on that bitch  
Affiliated playas, representing

[H.A.W.K.]

Now real is real, and fake is fake  
Just follow my guidelines, don't make the same  
mistakes  
They say blood's thicker than water, but how thick is  
your blood  
Is it thicker than the mud, that I'm made of  
I could give ya love, would you die for me  
Will you always be around, like when ya get high with  
me  
Or could it be, that I am crazy  
To be all I can be, for my worst enemy  
Deceive me, 3-2 and my partna Mafio  
It's so fa sho, bout to knock down the do'  
Today is fold, like my baby bro  
Who put the light up on me, for my high pro glow  
I'm so fa sho, whether it's stage or studio  
A pot of gold is for me, at the end of the rainbow  
Ain't no game hoe, see I'm serious bout mine  
And in 199'grind, it's my time to shine  
I'm lyrically inclined, to put boys to shame  
And as time passes, all y'all gon scream my name

[Hook - 2x]

Man, what's happening out here  
See these niggaz, putting shit up in y'all ears  
We switching game, like niggaz switch gears  
We on the grind, with blood sweat and tears

[Mr. 3-2]

What's happening out here, too much capping out here  
I ain't having this here  
It's just me my fifty caliber, and it's no man I fear  
I never thought shit, would get so funny  
My partna left a free world, with cocaine and money

He wasn't tripping, but you know how niggaz do  
You go to jail, mentality of hoe niggaz is fuck you  
They run off with your paper, and your cheese  
Cash in off your profit, and play broke on the streets  
The game go deep, nigga why the fuck you think I'm  
bulletproof  
I ain't just running round here trying to cap, baby I  
speak the truth  
Now raise the roof, when we're flossing in the dropper  
baby  
My motto is fuck you nigga, cause God made me  
And that's the only war, that I gotta answer to  
Mr. 3-2, quit that bumping cause I'ma do you  
From the very first time, I hear you talking down  
Set an example off the top, and let you know it's H-  
Town nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Big Steve]

Man I feel a whoop, coming on  
Times of the times, got Mafio gone  
Something is telling me, leave these fools alone  
So I stay high, still riding in my zone  
I break bread with these niggaz, say they love me  
Even though sometimes, friends wanna bust me  
The old change, that I owe boys in the game  
I never knew, bout these loot whores in the game  
Stealing change, out the back seat of my car  
Cause they know, Mafio sell big bar  
In the jug or prescription, or baby jar  
See me chopping up the blocks, in a foreign car  
Me and my gang affiliates, we roll candy red  
And that's for Fat Pat, bitch now turn your head  
See I'm locked in the game, like Corleone  
Nigga I ride for ya baby, till ya come home  
Strapped with .45 chromes, me and 3-2  
Wrecking shop with Big H.A.W.K., bitch we killing you  
And I'ma leave you motherfuckers, on that note  
Man what's happening out here, bitch I'm cut throat

[Hook - 2x]

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