

Hannes Kröger

"Dat's What Dat Is"

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(*talking*)

Killer kill from the Ville, Killer Mike
In the motherfucking building nigga
Y'all already know, Killa kill putting it down
New South Movement, mo'fucker
New South Movement, South Lee Southwest Click

[Hook - 9x]

That's what that is pimp

[Bun B]

Now loving, is the size of my shoe
And that's the new size that'll hold you, let your shit
come through
See one deep I'm whooping clicks, gangs
With my 50 Cal. click bang, I'm gangsta walking with
that trick aim
My nuts hang, like D-boys on the corner
And I could send a bitch nigga, a Bengal like Ty Warner
I'm standing on a soap box, preaching the gospel
On how you should move them coke rocks, and protect
yo glocks
And turn your projects, into Ft. Knox
It just a fo' night, with two 44 glocks
Now rise and shine it's a kick do', for your pies and
pine
I'm riding off in the sunset, the horizon's mine
Everybody dies in time, but how will you pass
In a million dollar mansion, or dead broke on your ass
Think fast, cause your number is coming up
And ain't no second chances, when the killers is
running up

[Hook - 8x]

[Paul Wall]

I step into the club, in a fresh white T
Looking for a one night wife, to delight me
A lot of dudes claim, to be gangsta like Ice-T
When in actuality, they sweeter than ice tea
Get your weight up homie, only the strong survive

Get off the bus and pay your dues, you don't belong on
this ride

I'm a full time playa, all about my hustle

Demonstrating my muscle, if I get in a tussle

If you got plex, I suggest you keep it hush-hush

Cause boys wet up on that water, and you might get
bust

I got to stay up on my note, so my game is sharper

I can't be wiped out, I'm like a permanent marker

Boys mean mugging in the club, repping they hood

It's understood but cross that line, homie it ain't good

It's survival of the fittest, I'm the last one breathing

While you in your bed sleeping, I'm still out here
creeping

[Hook - 8x]

[Killer Mike]

Take your ass to church nigga, if you wanna learn
better

Join Mase and Bethle-fuck him, I'm trying to get
cheddar

My stack will clearly show, my talent for moving blow

And it's gangsta music, so fuck the status quote

Grown men talking, who let the children in

Get the nine to spit it in, leave him smelling like chit-
lens

I ain't playing I ain't joking, I'm rolling loaded and open

It's best you not provoking, this man when he pistol
toting

The 4-fiftha, will tuck turn toss twist you

Split you right down the middle, like a brand new
swisha

When the bullet hit you nigga, it rip and tear tissue

Bullet bang, turn brains into baby batter

Turn great matter, into antimatter

Fuck your chitter-chatter, who's good better best
badder

Let the shotgun splitter splatter, who it hit child or bitch

It don't matter, niggaz just handling bis'

Primetime guerilla gang, get his what it is

[H.A.W.K.]

Last but not least, it's H.A. Dub

Buckshot slugs, you covered in blood

Feel me cuz, or get drug in the mud

By these Texas thugs, who really don't show no love

That's what it is nigga, handle your bis nigga

This ain't your year nigga, I'll split your wig nigga

Take a sqwig nigga, this is the new South

We coming hola, so what you talking bout

You niggaz still learning, we got they heads turning
We got the streets burning, this is a street sermon
That's what it is dummy, you niggaz chasing honey
We out here chasing money, jacked by G and running

[Hook - 16x]

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