

## Jay-Z F/ Amil, Ja Rule

### "Whatever"

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[Fiend]

Ahh I'm just doing what the drug dealers do  
Makin money and smokin weed with my thug nigga  
crew

C'Mon I'm just doing what the drug dealers do  
Makin money and smokin weed with my thug nigga  
crew

Ya heard me!??

[Mr. Serv-On]

I got pimps lined up saying the love my game  
I got bitches screaming out the gate, hey baby my  
name  
I can't bust for nothing, I can't fight with no ho  
I got 10,000 project niggaz rushin my show  
Pushin side to side, if they feel what I say  
If you scared of real niggaz get the fuck out the way  
Never lovin no bitch, I won't live cause I'm rich  
3rd ward I represent, yea I'm bleedin for this  
I wear my tank with pride, ain't no peace in my eyes  
Say the wrong thang promise silly bitch you gon' die  
Never fuck with troubles, couldn't run from cowards  
Tre 6 ya heard.....the world is ours

[Chorus repeat 2x: Fiend & DJ Paul]

Ahh I'm just doing what the drug dealers do  
(It's whatever nigga, it's whatever)  
Makin money and smokin weed with my thug nigga  
crew

(It's whatever nigga, it's whatever)  
C'Mon I'm just doing what the drug dealers do  
(It's whatever nigga, it's whatever)  
Makin money and smokin weed with my thug nigga  
crew  
(It's whatever nigga, it's whatever)  
Ya heard me!??

[DJ Paul]

Until I croak, I'm hollerin' don't fuck with my click  
It's Hypnotize but I fuss with no cowards bitch  
These words that out my mouth, from my heart they

come  
I cuss bitches with my auto P-90 gun  
I cock back and got niggaz like on the run  
It's no release on the trigga to job is done  
Off in my cooler, bitch, the coward has got no place  
We fire shots from a Navi off in ya place  
\*Blah Blah\*

[Juicy J]  
We got this whole town killin, M-Town figures  
Hooked up with these fools from New Orleans now we  
bigger  
Droppin off them kizy, them junkies yellin pleasy  
Can I get it hit before I put ya block on freezy  
I told that fuckin junkie, with his nose a runny  
Get the fuck up out my face I'm going to make this  
money  
And since I'm always stressin, I keep a smith-n-wessen  
I looked em in the face before I put 2 in his chesta

[Chorus repeat 2x: Fiend & DJ Paul]  
Ahh I'm just doing what the drug dealers do  
(It's whatever nigga, it's whatever)  
Makin money and smokin weed with my thug nigga  
crew  
(It's whatever nigga, it's whatever)  
C'Mon I'm just doing what the drug dealers do  
(It's whatever nigga, it's whatever)  
Makin money and smokin weed with my thug nigga  
crew  
(It's whatever nigga, it's whatever)  
Ya heard me!??

[Weebie]  
I fuck with these thug niggaz, just not givin a fuck  
nigga  
Get lower then a mug nigga, send something through  
ya jug nigga  
Runnin up ya street shootin, shit thats hittin ya dick  
Weebie and Three 6 nigga I know ya lovin this shit  
Ghetto Platinum certified I die and ride for it  
See these hoes that think they wet and don't get it they  
cry for it  
See I gave it to them anyways, I fuck these hoes in  
many ways  
I'm off the block, I'm sizzlin' hot, so hot so many days  
Serv-On with 6 shot, with Fiend, ya popped now  
We got it on lockdown, we never gon' stop now  
Love it or leave it baby cause Weebie gon' set it off  
Hatin' on Ghetto Platinum, the trigger I'ma let it off

[Chorus 2x]

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