

Jejo And Co

"That's What's Happening"

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[Lounge Lo]

Ay-yo I talk what I talk, who gon' shut me up?
Why you think of blowin' me up, or blowin' the dutch
Keep a double 4 in the clutch
Staten Island, Lounge Lo
Park Hill Projects, and that's what's up!
Keep it commin', spit fire daddy
And ya'll niggaz is lame, before I go just remember the
name
I'm in the hood where they shoot guns by the seconds
You in the hood where they shoot guns indirected
L.O.B.B. see TV, call B.I.
Tell him to tell D.I. to come see me
Wit' a bag of knuckle-head
And who am I to give a fuck about the next man?
Who care if he fuckin' dead
Me, right! Is gon' spaz on ya'll, spaz on ya'll
Got to get my cash on ya'll
I got a brick ta work, I said ya'll can't have none
Ya'll can't have none, plus I got a chick ta work
My score is nice, don't ask about me twice
Test 3 times, it'll cost ya life
Gotta stripper that'll give ya no ice
Nah'mean?? And the same bitch will clipper ya pipe
Fuck wit me!
Gotta strong circle that'll hurt you, from little babies
grown-ups
Plus them outta town niggaz that'll murk you

[Chorus: Remedy]

That's what's happenin', you done had it
Everybody hood got people that ratted
That's what's happenin', ya'll done had it
Everybody hood got people that ratted

[Solomon Childs]

You cats is pink on the inside, like dispersement forms
We played the cell houses, ya'll played in dorms
Professional, international poster kid
Big crimes came wit' big biz
New York's wildest rookie, since Grandmaster Flash

Big boys here now
Slow down you might crash
We rule all cash, and I ain't listenin' to ya'll niggaz
Spit these lines for my niggaz
Stick up game ridiculous
I bust a vein in the microphone
Fell in love with the smell of the sweat on the poem
Blood on my blade, shit on my hands from my knife,
humble
But cats don't listen, so why warn em?
Music will have you ?mourning extortem?
New York's divine leaders
I tell a story for em', perform bops
Bring forth wild brothers together in the forum
Spittin' with confidence
I thought I'd double up on em', I thought I'd double up
on em'

[Chorus]

[Remedy]

There ain't many street kids left
I could say their names in about one breath
I could count your mans on about one hand
Take it from the words of a true man's man
The streets forever talkin', dead men walkin'
Window hawkin', yo the fiends come stalkin'
Ya'll cats had it
It was either him, her, or you
Or somebody you knew that done ratted
The Shaolin, everyone knows everything
It's scary, cut they tongue, shits hairy
The so called mans you got, wanna Lancelot you
And got you in a trance that locked you
Government informants, rat fuckin' bicthes
Tell'tale snitches, 6 foot ditches
Wanna talk about with who and where and what'cha do
And if they told on him, then they'll tell on you

[Chorus 2X]

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