

Juvenile F/ Big Tymers, Lil' Wayne

"Who You Be"

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[Method Man]

Gonna throw a lil' somethin like this

Pacewon

Mista Meth

Young Zee

Funk Doctah

Come on

[Pacewon]

Yo, yo, yo

I like to smoke I like to gamble

Slap that face I'm like Anthony Soprano

Lets here it for the mob boss

Bird catch it highed up til his eyes crossed

Fat belly, tall boy loungin with his socks off

No tan, toe jam like Roseanne

Got guns so big I bust with both hands

Pull 9 M-M's and tecs that don't jam

Mad family and friends in the drug program

[Method Man]

I go *raaaaarr raaaaarr* like I had cereberal palsy

We ain't got no time to be playin with y'all see

Shoalin, Dirty Jers' what y'all aint heard?

Fuckin ya birds, pluckin ya nerves, puffin ya herb

Slap ya C.E.O. off his podeum

Hand in my coat like Napoleon

Wrapped around a hot nickelodeon

Oh seven one three oh four thats the code we in

School of hard knocks here we go again

[Young Zee]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Aiyyo Hot Nicks you got me noddin of the doses

While the Outs burn bush like God talkin to Moses

They mad I push the F1 with three front seats

Rock fatter chains than slave workers had on they feet

Smoke blunts til my breath smell, hop on my Nextel

Chick from West L bang her head against the bed rail

Ya'll betta leave 'fore Zee get evil

I'll tell you a secret, I see dead people

[Redman]
Aiiyo, aiiyo Pace
The Doc sports timbs with no lace
I come in her mouth and it look like colgate
I'm a gorilla, chewin on bananas
Psycho Im the one that blew my head in ?scanners?
BRICKS, lyrics and guns gotta stay smokin
Even Live to L.A. don't leave the gate open
I carry two shotties and I'ma squeeze both'um
And when I'm done me and ya bitch elopin

Hook:

[Young Zee] Y'all know, this how its suppose to be
And Y'all know
[Method Man] Think of me 'fore you smoke them trees
[Young Zee] And Y'all know
[Pacwonn] Wack raps make me choke emcees
[Young Zee] Aiiyo people, yo who the fuck we be?
[Method Man] Who you be?
[Young Zee] Young Zee from the M-P-C
[Method Man] Who you be?
[Redman] Funk Doc from the P-P-P
[Method Man] Who you be?
[Pacwonn] Pacwonn from the O-U-T
[Method Man] Who you be?
Mista Meth, Wu-Tang Killer Bee

[Redman]
Aiiyo presto outta box
Tap you white folks outta locks
Take the shotguns out the grandfather clocks
Planets that I rock you can't astronaut
My house was on Afrika Bambattas block
Aiiyo my candy is prepared for manhandlin
The click from jammin avalanched the grand canyon
Thats how big it is, how large it is
Pitbull bite ??? through it ???

[Young Zee]
Yeah
Tryin to scare Zee and Funk Doc y'all playin
If this Scary Movie, you the fag like Shawn Wayans
I pop a lot, I pop shit I pop guns
I pop cherries nigga my pops on the run
You pop shit ya crew betta run
I pop all these shells out and shot pellet guns
Yeah rock box I loot Elle and run
Rock the Bells mix it with Duke Ellington

[Method Man]

Yo

They call me Mista Tecal ya stallion
Hard headed dick gotta pussy fetish
Get'cha cosmetic, Meth at it call a medic
And while we said it
These niggas wanna catch amnesia and like forget it
The Outsidaz and y'all can call me Bony Boy
Or Rockwilder when we Face Off like Castor Troy
Creep with me as I roll through the stack
Maniac, lunatic and my whole click packed

[Pacwone]

Aiyyo Doc

I be spaced like Star Wars
Hardcore nigga don't lock my car doors
I rock shells toes backspin on cardboard
Gazelle type frames, wave caps, and four-fours
Graffiti to place leave my tag Pace Blunta
The barrel of my glock stay hot like late summer
You freckle motherfuckas need shade to lay under
JAKE HUNTER, look but don't bite I take cover

Hook x2

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