

## Juvenile-Wacko-Skip "What's Up"

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f/ Kango Slim

[Verse 1: Skip]

U-T-P

Its only 5 seconds till' we blow up  
4 - 3 - 2 - 1 - boom, hold up  
Skip, you all pickin that cotton?, no sir  
I'm in the back with your daughter trying to poke up  
Why do you think there's chicken and watermelon (why)  
Cuz the beef it come easy and be hard to sell it  
See I got some right now and you all can get it  
Enough shells in this bitch to make you bargain wit it

[Juvenile]

35

45

55

65

75

[Skip]

SOLD

UTP done shipped gold  
So they done re-ordered  
Saying we harder  
Not even MTV trying to be bothered (what !)  
Now we pardoned the whole program  
Do you have grey poupon...no ma'am  
Play your hand, I'ma do me  
And that "U" and Juve, thats UTP

[Hook - Kango Slim]

UT Piggidy stay smokin that biggidy  
Me and my niggadies got this bitch of the higgady  
(Juvenile)  
Whats up {\*10X\*}  
(Kango Slim)  
UT Piggidy stay smokin that biggidy  
Me and my niggadies got this bitch of the higgady  
(Juvenile)  
Whats up {\*10X\*}

[Verse 2: Wacko]

Damn skip, its hot in here  
Somebody got shot in here  
How'd you get that glock in here  
They shootin !, like Nas in here  
Me and my niggaz never pop the air  
We'll pop ya hair  
Leave holes in a RocaWear  
shit bad gone stressed in a rockin chair  
Or Up in ICU, they got doctors there  
we the reason why the choppers here  
And them drops is here  
Why them minks and them (?) in there  
Damn Juv, you even runnin shop in here?  
Watch yourself, they got undercover cops in here  
See you peepin out the glock a wear  
Its some hot look here  
I can stash 10 shots in here  
Flew to NY you know I to cop from there  
On 1 45th and broadway, its proper there

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Juvenile]

I guess I'm the bad guy in this movie  
Dun dun dun dun, dun dun dun dun, here comes Juve  
My courtway don't have no lights  
We don't have nothin but shootouts and murders we  
don't have no fights  
You know  
Give me the chance I'ma show you a lick  
have a gift wrapped packet sent south to his bitch  
Robbin' face dear diary  
I'm lookin for a way out, believin in the gun but I know  
one day its gon' play out  
Fuckin with them, this is UTP day now  
When we hit the projects niggaz know to bring them K's  
out  
weapons in bags stay close to the stash  
my bitch'll put it in her pussy when the po-po's pass  
They gon'fuck with me anyway cuz they know my past  
The really don't appreciate the way I brag  
I got 50 000 dollars in my grill cuz I spit jewels  
Worry bout' me, I'm not concerned bout what a bitch do

[Hook]

