

Original Kings Of Comedy Movie

"What's Up Wit Dat"

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I'll get mad and deliberately spit in yo face

I ain't no pretty boy nigga I'm a felony case

My daddy was slangin iron back in '78

Is you listenin to it nigga I'm I settin you straight

Tha next one of you niggas that come at me sideways

We'll be entertained wit 4 or 5 K's

Probably might get killed in 4 or 5 ways

Probably won't be found fo bout 4 or 5 days

Lil Wheezy in tha pen fo bout 4 or 5 days

Look he ain't in tha hood fo bout 4 or 5 days

Better not tell me shit when I'm upset

Cause I'll catch a flashback and all of y'all would get wet

Around tha way they call me Slap and Pop

Cause I'll slap a clip up in mac and let it pop

[Baby]

Look nigga if you pull that bitch, you betta shoot that bitch

Reppin fo them hoes that get their wigs split quick

If you abusin that shit, you probably shootin that shit

I'm Mr. Bling Bling nigga fuck that shit

You could find me in my Rover gettin head from a bitch

You could catch me on tha block breakin bread wit tha click

You could find me in tha lot buyin a matchin six

Lorenzo kit wit buttons on that bitch

I hit a pawn shop and buy a gat for tha click

Nigga ask tha Ruff Ryders if you real wit it slick

I took them to tha mansion that's paid out slick

Wit them Hummers, Bentleys and Jags and this bitch

I'm tha numba one wodie I don't talk no shit

Look at all this ice and how I'm poppin this shit

Nigga grease me up or I'll stick you up

Nigga put yo hands up befo I fuck you up

[Lil Wayne (Hook Repeat 2x)]

Now What's up wit dat

Cause you know us don't play

We bust tha gat

It got ice all over wit dubs to match

You catch us on yo block late dressed up in black

Now What's Up wit dat

[Mannie Fresh]

It's like ruff, rugged, raw

Fuckin on tha interstate in a brand new car

Fo my niggas I'm ruff, rugged, wild

Strawberry kool-aid mixed wit Cristal

W-W-W dot fresh dot com

You deal wit me Lil Daddy I guarantee

That am.....gone put yo ass on front of a white T

XXL choker neck playboy or V

[Lil Wayne]

Now I be creepin through tha back wit tha chrome plate
in

Simmy auto, Tec let's get on baby

Now have they seen me in a seat Mer-cedes

Wit yo wife in a car wit yo babies

I'm a hot fire boy and I'm gonna let em burn

Straight from tha 17th point of no return

And I (?) in a Porshe on factories

(?) sittin in back of me

Now I'm feelin accurate

Ice blingin hard suddently tha light captured it

Don't try me or yo moms die from a freak accident

OH NO! could it stop but I got this big ol' 4-4 [gun
sound] pop

And I'm gonna chopped this whole ki into a lotta lumps

Next time you see me I'll have money like Donald
Trump

I'm off tha heezy it could be nite, day i'm still creepin

In a light grey Lamborghini it's Lil Wheezy

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