

What What

Bizarre

All my ladies say WHAT, WHAT, WHAT
And all my dogs say WHAT, WHAT, WHAT

Ladies and gentlemen may I grab your attention
Its the dopest MC from the Midwest
Did I mention
So clap your hands and stomp your feet
And party on down to the Bizarre Kid beat
Throw your hands in the air so I can feel it
It's the big guy rappin with the idiotic literatein
Forget your small talk watch Bizarre Kid get wild
Guarantee to get your girl warm like a reptile
Big chubby guy comin straight from 7 mile
Your girl heard my style
And said, "ooh he's foul"
So tell your man to stop trippin bro
Or he gonna get rushed by 10 guys he don't even know
Representin the men, moneys what I'm gettin
still gigglin bush , my styles forbidden
It's the big guy, do the butterfly to the ground
And the base head bounce
Man I got that packed down
Man forget the night
We gonna party till the day
And I'm a strip dance at your girlfriend's cabaret

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And all my dogs say WHAT, WHAT, WHAT, WHAT

Does Bizarre roll with Slim Shady, Yeah yeah
Quick to drive up in your Mercedes, Yeah yeah
Datin ladies nearly 80, Yeah yeah
Now who in this rap game could fade me
Some of you rap guys never heard of me
Sometimes I be in Dallas or even North New Jersey
Forget the Moet we drinkin Hen dog all night
And pass the dance so I can get high as a kite
A slow song come on it's time to dirty dance
And right now I'm grabbin any girl I can
Grab her butt cheeks and hold her real tight
And tell her me and you were gettin wild for tonight
Gimme your beeper number and check before you leave
"Ay yo call me tomorrow and ask for Steve"
Oh no this shit I couldn't believe
Me and ??? grabbed her by her knees
Snatched outta her weave
And grabbed the car keys

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Now everybody throw they hands up
This ain't a stick
We came to this jam
To buy ??? and play a game of pick up
With any big butt freaks that's done for the cause
And yo Bizarre was at the bar down ???

I'm still game spittin while you still get in
Still gettin down how we livin
Wild like we outta prison
Run our mouth, kick in doors
And I'm talkin to a chicken head that could be yours

Slam dancin with girls just to see they chest bump
Now everybody bu bu bum bump bump
And get down to the sounds that we can cock jump
Or mess around and get your whole damn block jumped

Watch you beeper when I'm walking through the crowd
Which one of y'all actin wild, getting loud
You still screamin that somebody still hatin on you
We in the parkin lot 50 deep waitin on you
Da Brigade actin up and we still scrapin
Walkin back up in the club like ain't nuttin happened

WHAT WHAT WHAT
All my ladies say WHAT WHAT WHAT WHAT
And all my dogs say WHAT, WHAT, WHAT
All my ladies say WHAT, WHAT, WHAT, WHAT
And all my dogs say CUT, CUT, CUT
All the DJ's play my CUT, CUT, CUT