

**WTF!**

**Duke Deuce**

Oldhauntie came through

Nigga, what the fuck?! (Huh?)  
Nigga, what the fuck?! (Nigga, what the fuck?!)  
Bitch, what the fuck?! (What, what, what?)  
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What the (Huh?), What the (Who?)  
What the (What?), what the (What?)  
What the (Huh?), What the (Who?)  
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Shut the fuck up  
Shut the fuck up (Bitch), shut the fuck up (Stupid ho)  
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(What the fuck?!)

Fuck whoever don't like this song, I crank this bitch up by my own (Ayy-ayy)  
Crunkstars in the fuckin' crowd, get buck, get wild, let's go, let's go (Let  
's go, let's go)  
I might jaw a nigga just to shoi hkm I ain't no fuckin ho (No fuckin ho)  
I told Wafi, "Heavy on the ice, my pockets on fuckin' swole"  
Building my brand from the fuckin' ground up, you ain't never gone see me fo  
ld (See me fold)  
Lame ass nigga, we know y'all hatin' on us, that's why we fuckin' y'all hoes  
(Fuckin' y'all hoes)  
See my ice, she see my whip, the bitch gon' blow like good C4  
I'm the gang, he the gang, she the gang, we the gang, sticking to them Tripl  
e M codes  
I don't know nobody realer, I'm really eatin' steaks with some muhfuckin' ki  
llers  
You must want Anna like Miller  
Bitch, I'm rich, I drop off the scroller to hitters  
Still on my toes like Thriller  
Hoes by the two's, one chocolate, and one is vanilla  
And bitch, I own all my cars, I ain't nothin' like these rap niggas  
On God

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Fuck the laws, lil' bitch, I'm hot  
Cock the Glock, get popped, get dropped

This not a hard top, this the drop (The drop)  
Put me on any beat, I bet I pop (I pop)  
Nigga really talking like Duke ain't the hardest  
Rap game janitor, take out the garbage  
Styling, I can drip a shirt out of Target  
Black and white money, I'm in everybody market  
Lacking never, gangsta forever  
Why pay a shooter? I can shoot the shit better  
Bottom plastic, the top is metal  
Shoot 'em, bow-bow, leave his soul in the weather  
I did it, I done it, now tell me who better  
Don't play with Duke Deuce, that's a whole 'nother level  
Wherever, whenever, pop shit on whoever  
Protected by God, but the choppa the devil (Yeah, yeah)  
Two-toned pendant, but the center rose gold  
Leave your ho 'cause she might get stole  
I was out late, you was under your ho  
You ain't got no grind, can't meet your goals  
Everybody know I'm that nigga, but don't nobody know you, nigga  
Money ain't fall in my lap  
Half of these rappers ain't winnin' off trap, nigga, we know you cap  
Niggas done threatened my life, I was still thinkin' 'bout money  
Like niggas ain't talkin' bout nothin, you ain't never even beat up nothin'  
Last time I checked, you a bitch, you must turnt to a G or some  
You too old to be trying to get rank  
Lil' boy, sit down before you get spanked, bitch

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