

What's Wrong With You?

Gravediggaz

Check it... yo.

Instead of beat a brother's head off for half the rent
Half percent, brothers need to all get bent
Whips and gold to hold to a master flow
Rollin' with the G.O., these deeds for Castro
Competition far from close, rip and roast
Flip ducks on the skillet, feel it?
1-0-5th, the hood, only if the weed was good
Roll it up, make it last like I'm puffin' the past
Gaze beyond, where I'm from, brothers don't bargain
Gods on the grid like Murtogh's and Riggs
If you don't give a fuck, then you know what's up
Cock D.O.D's, with or without the nuts
Steady riot, heavy flow, East crush a ghetto delux
Muthafucker, what? Bum rush ya

Codeine ice breath, flexin' my biceps
Fuck with me, put your ass forever to sleep
Yo.

What da fuck is wrong with you?
What da fuck you gonna do?
What da fuck is wrong with you?
I'll bust your ass and cap your crew

Ssss.

Yo, blind fury, whatever the force, I'll shake it off
Evidence I weight, ghetto cap backs and broth
Grew up, a teaspoon, overdose off jams
Hot watch, plenty of beats, shots of miligrams
Stone roller, head up, a shot release
Stay gritty, Black Lordz runnin' the whole city
B-Ball and rampage when I rip the stage
Part the Red Sea with a pump and a gauge
Niggaz wanna tailgate, then chase the bait
Black spider, drop brothers like a low rider
Lashin' my whip, watch brothers abandon ship
What the fuck's so new, about the shit I do?
Chargin' cats to breeze, palm M.C.'s
Catch you with mines, niggaz doin' serious time
Pick up from where I left and cross the globe
Represent E.N.Y., until I die... what!

Yo, I spit the live shit, divide the jewels
Rave reviews, the nuts on my prosecute

Midwest be the place where I rest
No time for the stress, yeah I get sit on with the best
Talk shit, nigga, I hit's the chest
Yeah, I smoke Philly blunts, nigga, with the best, what?
Hard hittin', cigar splittin', now I'm driftin'
Hustle just for days, new ways to get paid
Them niggaz on the blunt, serve weight
Turnin' bricks, nigga, into cash in a day
Check it -- one man suicide, another man's brief
If you bow down, nigga, you will self defeat
Talk is cheap, nigga, show the actions that you speak

I know the game plan to a T, street choke
Niggaz can't survive on these streets
You can feel the words that I say through this beat
This hip hop music be the code for the streets
My Chi-Town niggaz represent for the streets, what?