

## What It Is

J Stalin

That's what it is (That's what it is)  
Gang gang, ayy  
I just bought sixty ball-caps up at Lids  
Nigga, gang, gang gang

Gang, ayy, that's what it is  
I just bought sixty ball-caps up at Lids  
Bad bitch said she wanna eat a nigga kids  
Pull up gang, swish, I got mid  
Pussy nigga got me feelin' like I'm Kidd  
Hit his bitch, shit, I'm in the wind  
Ayy, gang, I be feelin' like that nig'  
Boy, you tellin', heard you workin' with the pigs

Bitches know I'm that nig', see all these diamonds on me  
Kept these bitches in the trance, it's my climates, homie  
Split a nigga wig 'cause he said I was phony  
Double back with a SIG, kept a banger on me  
I know why this nigga's hatin', 'cause his main bitch want me  
But I don't love no bitches 'cause at the top, it get lonely  
And I don't trust these niggas 'cause they ain't come from my corner  
He ain't from the Mob, he ain't got it tatted on him  
Soon as I bounce out with that chopper, they scattered on me  
Toe-tag a nigga, I'll blast you, homie  
If I start actin' like a bitch, my niggas, they flashin' on me  
I'm a Town nigga, ho, like Tony! Toni! Toné!  
Back up 'fore I smack you, you don't know me, know me, know me  
I'm a Town nigga, bitch, like Tony! Toni! Toné!  
Back up 'fore I smack you, you don't know me, know me, know me  
45 in my drawers, keep it on me, on me, on me

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Worth a whole lot of money, I don't need these niggas  
Big 40 on me, I'll squeeze my trigger  
Cypress Village nigga 'til the death of me  
But I still keep a shooter to the left of me  
Good coke, I'll give your ass the recipe  
If the car brand new, nigga knew it was me  
He ain't a shooter, that lil' nigga lie straight through his teeth  
He'd tell on me if he could go home free  
In the name of Sid, I be stackin' these Jennies  
Livewire strange, yeah, I still move with Penny  
Hustle like I'm broke, got the game from Lenny  
But I ain't want that bitch, he got the ho from me  
Countin' 'til my hands hurt, movin' the work  
Told that lil' bitch to put the dope in her skirt  
I don't want your pussy, I want the cash in the purse  
And I ain't lettin' none of these niggas get no verse

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