

# Whatever

Masta Killia

"I think of sometime" - sample repeated throughout the song

I see him... Killia... blast on 'em, never  
Yo..

I got the drop on you, don't flinch  
Pop niggaz like John Lynch  
Leave niggaz in they own stench  
I'mma light drinker, heavy smoker  
Known for duckin' show promoters  
Pass the money, over, my whole crew is ex-cons  
Be alarmed, when you hear the \*err-urrrrr\*  
It's on, Silverback niggaz under the stairs  
When we link up, we travel in pairs  
Ya'll niggaz best to beware of the most thoroughgest  
Cover all aspects, four corners  
You can't creep up on us  
I'm takin' one for the team, deal me in  
And when the smoke clears, do it again  
This ain't a side show, you can die slow  
There's no I in team, we all ride... yo!  
The Masta brought the ceremony, this is my testament  
Homicide Housing, that's what I represent

Criminal gun play, chemical dream to P.J.'s  
Last raid, another fed paid, bed rum: Sunday  
The world dyin' for the love of money  
Expensive chains, intensive pain from that cocaine  
Condition the brain, children in strain, as I look back  
Memory lane, civil and plain, it be in fame  
A major part of the game, chemistry grain  
Foolish kids ran when I came  
Forty acres, five percent of terrain  
Spark right through my vein tunnel, aim through this jungle of rain  
A lot of haters wanna see us hang  
But watch me bang as in Eagle/Crane  
Step back, shatter your frame  
Another victim in the system where he barely sustained  
Forkin' in, I sold a million way, his first campaign  
Sippin' rosemary cherry champagne, nigga  
The young and the dangerous, water on the wrist, ice cryst'  
Talk with a lisp, then I be top of your list

We all in this together, forever and ever  
Down for whatever, whenever, yeah, yeah  
We all in this together, forever and ever  
Down for whatever, whenever

Check the Words from the Genius, that was written in pen  
Murder gloves, hide the fingerprint, but never the sin  
Ghetto prophet that's born to quote  
Got the crimies, behind me, with the face on stroke  
Don't provoke, trust son, that thing bust, and we roll dangerous  
Who can handle us, when we rush the clubs on thrust  
Yo, don't miss the lead vocalist, terrorist  
Wu-Tang, a pure danger, the God hold a fort  
Teach law, universal, beatdown, my stomping ground

We hold courts in the streets of New York  
Snort the gun powder, eyes stay red like fire  
Cut the mic wire, hit a love ballad note  
Pen stroke, beautiful quote, for you to deep throat  
Ghetto life had to rough up in the housing  
They only make 'em us, every twenty five thousand