

Whaaaatttttttt

Well, I'm Breezy D, I got riches galore
You may have a lot of riches, but I got much more
In my super duper coupe coming out to scoop
Motherfuckers shook up, don't know they poot from they poop
I got niggas on my bumper when I roll through the hood
I'm jumping out strapped, 'cause I'm up to no good
On Crenshaw and Jefferson, my packets are bigger
I'm just like Florence Johnson when she bagging on niggas
Got my hand on my booper when I'm setting up shop
I creep across the street and I threaten the ops
I dress for the occasion, and extended the stay
It's khakis, not denim, and some brand new J's
Now I took over they hood and my partners pull up
They jump out drinking, smoking, they ain't giving a fuck
I'm laying with these hoes these niggas used to pay
They come airing out the block, head to MLK
(Whaaaatttttttt)

One, two, three and to the four
Fuck you gon' do when the feds at your door
Flush it, or say "Fuck it," go out like a G?
Ain't no easy calls in the CPT
So do I, run, or shoot it out?
Hit a switch on my drop Chevy, niggas moving out
Do I hit the corner on three wheel motion?
Nah, drive the lowrider into the ocean
Eazy call

Every day I wake up, I'm shaking the flakes up
Getting caked up, niggas duct taped up
In the trunk, like a hundred bricks getting dumped
Young punks got slumped over chunks of the funk
George Clinton, "Atomic Dog," Suga Free pimpin'
Bumpin' DJ Quik, pistols out the window whistlin'
Good God, who was that making their heads bob?
Big Hit, dog, the spitting is like a job
I get it like the mob with little or no effect
It's getting too easy, I'm starting to lose respect
I'm starting to feel guilty, I'm filthy as Mayweather
Floyd, come surf with Hit-Boy, the wave's better
Artists running down Big Hit, they go platinum
You want the hardest shit, the Hit boys what's brackin'
I got a firm hold, I'm letting this fucker go
I surpassed the meaning of dreams the world knows (Whaaaatttttttt)

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