

# What Up Doe

Propain

Ah yeah, we gon' have some fun this time, dog

Uh (Freeway)

Dangerous mind shit, haha

Damn, that nigga, Propain, a bad mother

Gettin' bread, feedin' his team like the last supper

Dang, that boy be spazzin', where his ass come from

I'm from the land of the trill, just the last of us

Never knew my dad, fuck him

So where I'm from, we ask nothin' ever, just kick your fuckin' door in

Grab somethin', ballin' on these bitches, my style is of the essence

Niggas hatin' but couldn't walk a mile inside my 7s

Livin' in the ghetto with the problem, I had a lesson

So I'm college educated, still connivin', runnin' reckless

My life was hard, what you surprised that I ain't stressin'

We was taught, if get you hurt and you don't die, it's just a lesson

I'm tryna stack a mil' without the swines tryna arrest us

But chances of us ballin' and stayin' alive is anorexic

I does it, major moves without the budget

And I'm still runnin' shit, underground, Harriet Tubman

I got these streets reppin' out from Austin out to Lubbock

San Anton' to Longview, shout out to my country cousins

And I ain't buzzin', niggas mad I got they dames buggin'

Grindin' up they face like this nigga ain't nothin'

Ha, nothin', but hang back is what I won't do

Trill recognize trill and bitch, I don't know you

One for the money, two for the show

Three for grind, I can't stop, I want more

Five for the haters, I ain't forgot about the 4s

That's what I'm ridin' on when I'm slidin' by them hoes

All my players on the left, what up, doe?

My bare broads on the right, holla, "What up, doe?"

And all my goons in the back, what up, doe?

My trill niggas in the front, holla, "What up, doe?" Ayy

Uh, I-I-I got that Ronald Reagan flow

You-you rappers is pussy, a hunnid naked hoes

Fifty thousand on statements and still we makin' more

I'm tryna teach my niggas who livin' fast to take it slow

See-see-see that tough shit, this ain't for pro

'Cause most of these wanna-be-ass gangstas broke

And all we see is a circus of clowns

A bunch of square niggas I'll rap circles around

Boy, oh, I'm a king of deservin' the crown

A couple fiends just throwin' roses who worship my ground

And if these rappers fly then they turbulence bound

They flow wet, the clothes they rockin' look worse than they sound

Drop Squad, my gang gon' top the hill

New age maf' for real, and fuck who ain't la famil'

I resurrect my city, somebody bring the doctor bill

And make it out to Propain, Dr. Trill

UGK up in my speakers bumpin'

These 15s bangin' like the streets of Compton

The gangstas respect me 'cause I rolled up out the streets from nothin'

And stayed true to who I was and never reached a frontin'

I got a style these niggas tryna steal

Kinda ill, ride the beat like a Bonneville  
Lil mama chill, you with a true G behind the wheel  
I'm in the bulidin', they not, fire drill  
I'm on, shinin' in they face like a diamond grill  
Blow breath, just to show the team how the Bahamas feel  
Surprised my mama with a weekly Benihanas meal  
For all the nights we ain't have shit and was just tryna live  
Bitch, you wanna hate me, gon' and hate me then  
Make sure you hate this dust from this Mercedes Benz  
Shout out to all my hustlers who gon' play to win  
Rest in peace to Clip, I salute the whole ABN  
What up, Bleeder Mug, Keesh Cow Wayne  
Fuck industry, I know them dues from in the streets  
Twenty Dollar, my nigga