

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