

Wassup

Travis Porter

I say now
Wutchu know about standing on the block?
Young ass nigga with his hand on the glock
Nervous ass nigga, keep on watching for the cops
Keep a blue file in my socks,
I pull up and I drop my top

Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?

Banged up, got a big chick,
Drank more, have a lot of sip
Roll around on Pergosette
Whole pound of that purple shit
Feragamo my fashion, smoke one with young Ashton
My nigga throwin a B, ya already know what's breakin
Wassup? Wassup? What's happenin?
My plug sent me a package
I make a lot of money and I'm living like savage
Got a Audemar on my hand
Just manage your ho 10 bands
3-65 we gon hound
Any bitch out here kinda help
Grind on that sex, countin up them racks
Pound of that gas, all my rounds get cash
'Cause the big pan was the band
That D shoe was the beer
Nigga everything ain't worth my partner
Got everything for sale

I say now
Wutchu know about standing on the block?
Young ass nigga with his hand on the glock
Nervous ass nigga, keep on watching for the cops
Keep a blue file in my socks,
I pull up and I drop my top

Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?

Okay shorty and her friend wanna fuck, wussup?
I told her hop in the truck, like what? Wussup
We getting money slow bucks
Ya'll niggas ain't got no luck
Ain't niggas ain't getting no money

She ain't gon let you fuck
Wassup? Why the hell is you starin?
He bleed like I bleed so why the hell would I fear him
Why the hell would I care as I long as I'm breathing this air
And got these diamonds in my ear
And that Ciroc mixed with that beer
Wutchu know about standing on the corner?
Just a young nigga, never heard of Feragamo
But I heard of 9, heard of Tex, heard of bricks
Got some young bitches skippin school suckin dick

Okay Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
My motorcycle my truck
My ho yo bitch is slick
I like the way that I fuck
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
On 4 with no light no dough
Spend 12 on a dollar, homie Christie luke I turnt up
I'm cold, the freezy way, got a lot of folk God pleased today
Print hers key like D
But ya ain't Spanish ho with me go E
The way please just easy way
Homie wanna see a nigga bleed today
I'm with 20 ya'll niggas on scene today
Said the goddamn one and go squeeze away
Uh wussup? My neck, my rear, my stock
Girl we got bitches stuck
Young nigga get rich and fuck
Ice water my piece, ice cubes in my cups
I'm G'd up, front and feet up
Then everybody know wussup

I say now
Wutchu know about standing on the block?
Young ass nigga with his hand on the glock
Nervous ass nigga, keep on watching for the cops
Keep a blue file in my socks,
I pull up and I drop my top

Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?

25 cameras, 25 hammers
Chilling in the hood with my hand on the hammer
East side of Atlanta, Columbia drive shoutin
Try me if you want, I bust yo head with that 40
I'm a walkin bank, you know I be kept talkin
Never saw the draw but I know how to make it profit
When I'm in the streets you never try me
When I hit the club don't check for ID
This shit here so FIE and yea we got the beach from the sea
Young niggas gon have the club on swole
Listen to my song when I fuck yo ho
Walk through the door with 2 bad hoes
I'm a young ass nigga, you a killa on the low
She gon leave the finders flow
Told the bitch to find the do

So she started questioning, you know I got the extra ho like

Wutchu wutchu wutchu know about a whole quarter block?
Pop the mollies, yea we got it, you want it comin sure
Yea them folks might circle round but this shit don't ever stop
They words blast in that water like we threw it off the dock
I just finger fucked a whole bag of that loud
Breaking all these laws, tryna make my mama proud
Me and Kwe pulled up, sure crib be town
Make yo girl say wussup
I'm a beat that pussy down
Ain't even worried bout ya'll
Ya'll clowns ain't in my sight
Me and my partners threw it out on the corner
We done worked all goddamn night
Glock 40, I ain't even finna fight
That tool make a fool think twice
Bad check make a bitch get right
Travi go the boys take flight

I say now
Wutchu know about standing on the block?
Young ass nigga with his hand on the glock
Nervous ass nigga, keep on watching for the cops
Keep a blue file in my socks,
I pull up and I drop my top

Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?
Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?