

Wassup Ha

Vado

Go on, GP
Boss, what we doin'?
Yeah

You know I hate when the DA win
When puttin' a good nigga in the C-A-N
I been the man, moving weight on the P-A-N
I had Dapper Dan liftin' the gate at 3 AM (Harlem)
The flow worthy, drippin', these hoes thirsty
Silk shorts, Vlone jersey, yo Fergie ([?])
Flow sicker than mumps, who gon' nurse me?
Take my casket from the church, who gon' hearse me (Who?)
Not every rapper what New York sound like
To me, they what the New York pound like, trash (Ha)
I ain't top five, that don't sound right
I kill your top five for the crown rights, fast ('Sup?)
All my niggas is ballin', let's have a shoot around (Uh)
Nowadays it's too high if you payin' two a pound (Huh)
Ball shorts, Gucci socks, but ain't Gucci'd down (Huh)
Polo tee and wide caps say Gucci and that (Uh)

From [?] to Riverside
Where the bitches get money on real nigga time
Where the streets is hungry, want every bit of fries
Where we far from bummy and every nigga fly
Ah, what up, ha?
What up, ha?
What up, ha? (Yeah)
What up?
Yo, what's up, ha? (Vado, what up?)
What up, ha? (Yeah)
What's up, ha?
What's up?

I'm most hated cookouts except for most hated cookouts (Yeah)
'Cause when the grill's on, grill's on and the crooks out (Come on)
Made it through a lot, I could put a book out (Yeah)
From being fly and shot of groupie bitches with they puss' out (Alright)
Now it's Met Gala's models trippin' on gowns
Paparazzi designers, I'm Dior'd down (Yeah)
Man, I'm grateful, but counting money a chore now
Girls used to front but they booty round of applause now (Right)
It was a conscious decision not to be pimpin' (Right)
I always felt like Jordan, but we all winning
My generation on opiates, it'll fog your vision
I meditate and I levitate then pursue the vision (That's right)
No room for Bobby Brown's, this the new edition
Straight precision, no collisions
Tunnel vision, I pray my millions go through the ceiling
Creating new positions is my crew tradition (My crew tradition)

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Uh, soon as I step inside of the building
They all inside of they feelings, y'all don't feel 'em (Who? Say less)
I just come here to make me a killing
Y'all tryna block me from dealings making millions (Move)
Picture me a island and spillin' the wine, wildin' with women while they ch
llin' (New, ass)
This is the maker, never forget it
Get cheddar, fuck with the bitches, yeah, I been this (Dude)
This is that Champagne [?] flow (Harlem)
Ayy, Jay Lester's, never Bali a [?]
The gang knows I play the block in the same clothes
For weeks straight, with white chasin' the bankrolls
Huh, like y'all don't need no 'caine?
I get you a great number, you can see those things
I'm tryna hit everybody like when Cleo aim
I'm quick to break down like a pre-owned range (Ha)

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