

What's Happenin

Ying Yang Twins

Miiiiiaammiiii...

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

BOOM!! it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock your dome!
BOOM!! bitch what's happenin'? (WHAT?!)
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Half step pussy ass nigga
Why you lookin' at a nigga like you wanna run one wit' me?
I got my big gun wit' me don't feel like doofin' I feel like shootin' FOOL!
And I don't like your attitude
You do shit that dem hoes on a rag'll do
Ol' faggot, you better watch your mouth
Fo' I be in front yo' house, when yo' ass come out
Ol' bitch ass, hold another nigga dick ass, BITCH ASS, NIGGA!
Keep lookin' at a nigga like you gonna tell somethin'
I'll fuck around and, kill ya!
So now that you set you ready, YO!
If this shit get silly I'm lettin' it go
First scritto in the front seat
You ever come my way, it's gon' be gunplay
HEEEYYY.. I ride wit' a AK, get high and spit five out the AK
Ok, let a nigga play and watch T-Double-D knock ya ass of the free seat
All my Dade County Chevy boys, who drive candy toys and tolt guns galore
And treat the Hummer like a Tonka toy
Got shit you niggaz ain't seen before

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Ying Yang and the T-Double-D
We, in this motherfucker crunk in this motherfucker
And our niggaz wit' a Miami boy
And I still like to play wit' my Tonka toy
I'm a Toys R Us kid, yes I is
You can't be serious, yes I is
You think I'm playin' than ask my brother
You still don't believe me than ask my mother
Because I love my gun, I play wit' my gun
Have fun wit' my gun, have sex wit' my gun
And I don't put a motherfucker out for fun
'Cause I ain't funna' get ya ass tryin' to run
I'ma bust one time, bust two times
And the third time yo' ass is mine
Go down for the count, "He can't get up!"
DAMN! he fell and he can't get up!

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You a soft mo'fucka, kind of gay mo'fucka
If you mad 'cause you like you never had mo'fucka
Fuck yo' ass mo'fucka, that's the past mo'fucka
And I know the fact make ya mad mo'fucka
It iiiss.. what I thought nigga think it ain't
For reeeeaall... you lame and we off the chain
And the T-Double-D, we bolo
FUCK hoes niggaz ride by my Dolo
Get the keys to my car, and I jump in
Hit the Liquor store, buy my Cigars and 'gen
Get drunk and I'm off in the wind
Lookin' for a itty bitty pretty that could hold a sin

We smokin', and ridin'
Don't tell nobody be quiet
Might cut it lil' butt it
Can't let this shit get done

BOOM!! it's on, bitch nigga we'll rock till dawn
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Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Oh my god, from the south to the bottom
Trick Daddy Dollaz, Ying Yang Twins, beatin' ass
Collipark Music Incorporated
This that next level right here, it's that crunk party
All these niggaz doin' crunk music, we crunk party nigga
Be original wit' it, Hey man who really run the south?