

# What You Lying For ?

YN Jay

(It's a Wayne beat)

Like, what you cappin' for? Like, why you always fuckin' lyin'? Like, why you be lyin'? Like, what?

(Fuck the fire, we got grease)

Why you be lyin' for no reason? Goddamn  
Why you be lyin', I'm j- Shit  
Why you be lyin' for no reason, what you lyin' for?  
Them niggas got a lil' money, but they be dyin' though  
I put my bitch on PJ, she the flyest hoe  
Ay, for real, like what the fuck these niggas lyin' for?  
He was broke when he was livin' and he died broke  
I ain't have shit when I was born, I ain't dyin' broke  
Like, how is you lookin' for beef and you hidin' though?  
I got into it while I'm drinkin' lean, got me fightin' slow  
I got into it with the drank, I had to fight a four  
Huh... huh... huh... This nigga dyin' slow  
I seen him take his last breath, his soul left his body  
I'm in the strip club with a pole in my pocket  
Told bro, "This shit on the ground, I think somebody dropped it"  
You better not drop the ball  
My opp called the police, he got the cops involved  
Shit  
I seen niggas die, wit' my own eyes  
One, two- his ass got shot with a .45  
My opp got shot so many times, it's like he won't die  
This nigga actin' like he know [?], how you know [?]?  
That's my blood bousin  
I can tell this a money call by the phone buzzin'  
Shit  
And you can tell this gun big by the pole jumpin'  
I tried to teach yo' ass the game 'cause you don't know nothin'  
Somebody died last night around 4-somethin'  
But I don't know nothin'  
Somebody creepin' up the stairs, that's my hoe comin'?  
Fifty-thousand ain't shit, that's my hoe money  
That's what my bitch got  
And Mike got a Cuban on with a big lock  
And he got three eggs in one, but it was six shots  
Bitch, I step on so much shit, I need big socks  
This nigga pulled up with a fugazi ass big watch  
I seen this nigga whole kit on FakeWatchBusters  
He got fake J on  
And I was finna let bro rap, but this Jay's song  
Coochie man a superhero, put your cape on  
I wanna fuck this bitch right now, I can't wait long  
Trap got some autotune like a Drake song  
The way I'm never at the crib, you'd think I hate home  
You'd think I hate the crib  
Tonight I'm havin' raw sex, I'm tryna make a kid  
I'm tryna make a baby  
The Glock need a seatbelt, it ain't got no safety  
Bitch, you gon' make me- Bitch, you gon' make me hit your muhfuckin' friend  
And if your friend coochie good, I'mma fuck again  
I'm tryna fuck some twins

I'm tryna punch a Benz  
Nigga tried to up a gun, I done punched his hand  
Let me say it again  
Ay, I love the game so much I'mma play it again  
Then play it again  
My lil' brother nine years old, but he be playin' wit' ten  
My lil' nigga keep a drum, he play in a band  
He died when he said somethin', he can't say it again  
Ay bro, I can't really hear you, can you say it again?  
We got caught in a jam  
That nigga told like jam  
This nigga ain't even a hamburger, he a piece of ham  
I move the bag, deliver boxes like the pizza man  
Ay, it's gettin' cold outside I brought the heater in  
My bitch pulled up with a baddie, can I meet yo' friend?  
Let me see your hands, put your hands up  
This a standoff, you better stand up  
It was a handoff, I let Stan bust  
I cut your hand off, you try steal somethin'  
This nigga beggin' for a beat, I let him kill somethin'  
I hit yo' bitch yesterday and she still cummin'  
I got my paper on the car, but it's steal money  
Fifty-thousand in my pocket, this real money  
This other sixty-ball ain't mine, it's Rio money  
But he let me hold it  
This bitch opened up her legs, she finna let me fold her  
I'm finna beat her down  
I thought this bitch had a baby, why I don't see the child?  
She never wit' him  
My bitch found a new man, she think he better than me  
"Why you think I had no kids?" 'Cause you never wit' 'em  
I'm a shark, I see some bad bitches, I'm going fishin'  
I'm funna pick some hoes  
I don't let bitches come to me, I go get the hoes  
And I hit the hoes  
I don't just get to know  
My nigga got locked up in June, he finna miss the summer  
I got missin' money, where the money go?  
We started off fast, end up fuckin' slow  
I know you ain't dumb, but is you fuckin' slow?  
And I don't wanna hit yo' bitch, but I fucked before  
You could never know  
You would never know  
I live in the warzone, you would never go  
This bitch finna cut her hair, 'cause it don't ever grow  
I like Atlanta in the winter, it don't ever snow