

What It Is

Young Dro

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is a Jazze Phizzle production Young Drooo

Are you a killa? What it is
Hell Yeah, What it is
Drug dealer, what it is
Young player, ride tall
I just wanna sit up in the air
Get high, I just wanna be up in the air

I'm in the air (come down)
Ain't comin down (why?)
Up here dammit (where?)
Ain't comin down (please)
Bubbelishous coat, 26's in the town
I'm a killa too,
Killin bitches in town
Chevy with the beat down
Make you spin around
Like a fishtail
I'm Fish scale
Ask the niggas on da ave
He the shit yeah
I don't tolerate
My Impala great
Bring the choppa out
Bet I discombobulate
I'm a tough nigga
You a fuck nigga
See me in the club all Prada'd up nigga
I got a semi too
My whole penny do
I got diamonds, urnge(orange) like Winnie Pooh
Gittin tolapia
And caviar for dinner too
Mafia as a mother fucka
Don't make me have to get at you
I throw a hundered shots
Nigga plus fifty-two

My car actually
Willy Wonka factory
Ice look like rasberry
It'd be hard to try and tackle me
Nigga I'm a killa i suggest you don't come after me
Bitch I'll be in Collipark
Plus I'll on McAfee
Bankhead faculty
Boy you need to rap with me
Come and talk to me
Before I open up your cavity
Shots come rapidly
I told you not to mess with me
I don't play with little boys
You tryin to Michael Jackson me?
Know a nigga ridin the air fantastically
Til the day they kill us
Never put my rims up

Actually, car flop purple when the sun come
When it get dark
Boy that thang be lookin drum plum

Mink coat
Shit polar bear
Hoes over here
Hoes over there
I'm bout to take flight
I'm goin in the air
Candy with the gloss
I'm about to lift it out
See somethin on me on me you don't like
Then lick it off
We don't need to look at the time
We rip em off
My wrist forty
Forgot how much Tip costs
Buy a hundered k i don't wanna play
Young Dro ride tall on a summer day
Sellin dope, it'd be jumpin where my mama stay
Bad hoes get treated like runaways
Bitch you need to go home cool out and smoke a blunt a day
Gon say it folk my Cutlass look like egg yolk
You know I keep a tool with me all in the bed though
My money fed though
It's Grand Hustle bread folk
We sit 28 inches in the air
What you scared for?