

What Do You See

8Ball & MJG

I gots no muthafuckin' ends, sit and wish for a riot
Knowing it's too damn hot outside, plus I'm tired
My income is hurtin' and then some, why can't lend some
G's to a brother making his come up undercover
These hoes, they want new clothes, to ride on Vogues
And most of the time they be getting chose when they pose
Ain't no victory in doing shit for the next bitch of the century
Can't do shit for me but an injury
I be the pimp master, outlaster
Outblaster, 30 bustas with the outcaster
Hit the masker, don't ask a
The identities of the fallen enemies, nigga, please

Heart of a hustler, real, done by no bloodstains
Take it how you wanna take it while I break it down, mayne
Crews come in twos and threes but they all fold
Enemies of me and MJG's tight flow
Hoes jockin', tryna slip into a nigga pocket
Get in the hotel room naked then scream "Stop it!"
Listen, I'm gonna take it to another level
All you need to do is suck me clean like a Dirt Devil
Shovel-packin' bitches wasting my precious time
Pussy creamin', simultaneously schemin'
What do you see when you see me? I'll tell you what
A true player from the South in the house

("Do you wanna see...")

When it comes to getting rugged, this bitch is wicked
Style like none other, this bitch can kick it
Southernplayalistic bitch with the meal ticket
Slamming like Hakeem when it comes to this rap thang
Tomboy-ish ass flow, so now you know
Lez Moné been kickin' shit since '84
'Cause it's a big deal like Poppa, my shit is proper
And tucked inside the boots, I got my shit-stopper
Bitches recognize, haters realize
Suave House shit is thick, sit back and catch some of this pimp shit
As we dips through your muthafuckin' hood
The shit is understood, give up your goods
Eight, tell 'em what you see when they go fuckin' with the crew

We on top of the world, bitch, I thought you knew
What they know about them Nuckleheadz?
Madam, break it down for me one time

Ha, all I wanna do is be fly, toss niggas and stack mail
But in the meantime, I gotta post bail
My so-called homies began to realize
The quality up in this G bitch nationwide
When I see you, prepare for this player to put the stare on ya
Telephone ya? I thinks not
So what you know about that Suave House?
Oh, we cold like teddy, about to turn the fuckin' lights out
So let's turn some corners up on that Northside
Southside, it sound good up in that D ride
And if I was a nigga, I'd be on my own dick
Just like a trick or a gold-diggin' bitch

Swing low sweet chariot, off in the Marriott Hotel
But oh well, madam macks
Well, hittin' harder than Vernon
Ask that L-E-Z what this bitch be earnin'

It's me, original player, OP
Stout woman undresser, professor, hoe tester, inc
Smoking, from the cess to the chronic
Throw away your papers, real niggas get blunted
Silk tailor-made, black as a spade with braids
Gator shoes, making money hungry hoes choose
Gold smile, tongue flowing like the Mississippi
Lyric constructor, smoked out like Chris Tucker
What the-busta musta didn't pay attention
Hit rewind and let me take your mind back in time
Remember me, little, fat, cute, and chubby?
Now I'm mean muggin' niggas, walking 'round shoving niggas
When I open up my mouth, you can hear the South
Packin' guns, stackin' funds, fuck selling out
When you see me, what do you really see?
Screaming like Mike and Janet, but you don't hear me

Never no more than the P-I-M-P-I-N-G since the day
That I stood in the hood, I would be strictly down for my dollar
Break a bitch scholar
Hoe, give me my cheese 'fore I snatch you by your collar
Better not holler
It's the nigga with his dick in your throat
Better not tell a lie 'cause your ass might choke
I'm smoking plenty bud, drinking 'gnac and riding candy
Shit to make a bullshit day feel dandy
What do you do when you see straight through a nigga's game?
Do you hang point blank range to his brain?
Will he have a life after death? I don't know
He push me like a hoe, he gotta go, he gotta go
Note the flow when the gun smoke clears, it be history
Call Captain Kirk for the unsolved mystery, quickly
Tell a muh'fucka what you see
Fading out this world peeping up at MJG

("That Suave clique is so thick") [*scratching*]