

Waddup (feat. Polo G)

PGF Nuk

Bitch, waddup? (yeah)
Ayy, bitch, waddup? (yeah)
Ayy, bitch, waddup? (yeah)
(They got Wooski on the mix) (yeah yeah)
Ayy, bitch, waddup? (waddup?)
They say they on they block, it's time to slide, fuck 'em up (ayy)
Ayy, lil' bro walking up, masked up, suited up (suited up)
Ayy, catch 'em by the store, up the pole, shoot it up (shoot it up)
Ayy, switch up on a Glock, make him hop, Double Dutch (ayy)
Ayy, lil' bro over cold, he got two poles, doubled up (ayy)
Ayy, glizzy that's my dog, he'll catch you, bite you up (yeah)
Ayy, treat the opps like blunts, hit a cut, light 'em up, ayy (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Don't hype him up 'cause he'll die
Have your whole block cry, his balloons in the sky
Now the opps want me dead, so I tell 'em, "Come try"
But I slide first, all they hear is (yeah)
"Fah, fah, fah, " that's that nick, nigga (nick)
Ayy, that's how I'm coming, bitch
Like a track star, I'm on my block really runnin' shit
I do this shit in real life, boy this shit is not a skit
'Member putting tape up on the mag just to make it fit
I remember slidin' every day, I wasn't at the park (uh huh)
I ain't have no lighter, but I really had to make a spark (uh huh)
Keep that iron on me like my real name was Tony Stark (yeah, yeah)
All you see is spark spark spark, I'm tryna leave a mark, nigga
Ayy, bitch, waddup? (waddup?)
They say they on they block, it's time to slide, fuck 'em up (ayy)
Ayy, lil' bro walking up, masked up, suited up (uh huh)
Ayy, catch 'em by the store, up the pole, shoot it up (yeah)
Ayy, switch up on a Glock, make him hop, double dutch (yeah)
Ayy, lil' bro over cold, he got two poles, doubled up (uh huh)
Ayy, glizzy that's my dog, he'll catch you, bite you up (yeah)
Ayy, treat the opps like blunts, hit a cut, light 'em up, ayy (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Glock 40 with a switch on the back
My shorty'll wipe your nose like, "Slatt"
You know that backdoor close
Kill one of these set-up hoes for thinkin' it's that
We got a chop with a scope, I'ma look in that bitch
'Fore I blink, throw three in his head
Ridin' in bulletproof, whole lotta switches and dracs
Whenever I be in the 'Raq (bitch, ayy)
Waddup, is you really livin' them lyrics or what?
Hoes play our shit when they get in the truck

And the opps get mad 'cause they listen to us
Told foe'nem slide and they still in the cut
Hop out, spazz, they pickin' him up
Hot shit made his back start sizzlin' up
He lost his head for forgettin' to duck
We don't play that, new Glock, let it spray like Ajax
Blew him down, and it's back to the hood,
And we just might have to high speed on the way back
For B Money, we throwin' up B's,
Catch one of the G's, I'm makin' his face crack
We been tryna score for the lead, my shorties been T'd
They shootin' like Trey Stacks, bitch
Ayy, bitch, waddup? (waddup?)
They say they on they block, it's time to slide, fuck 'em up (ayy)
Ayy, lil' bro walking up, masked up, suited up (uh huh)
Ayy, catch 'em by the store, up the pole, shoot it up (yeah)
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Ayy, lil' bro over cold, he got two poles, doubled up (uh huh)
Ayy, glizzy that's my dog, he'll catch you, bite you up (yeah)
Ayy, treat the opps like blunts, hit a cut, light 'em up, ayy (yeah, yeah, yeah)
(Fatman, you did this?)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>