

# Whuteva

## Remy Ma

(Intro: Swizz Beatz)

Are you ready!

I need everybody to report to the dance floor

Now (Remy Martin just stepped in the building)

To all my ladies that don't need child support

I need you to report to the dance floor right now

All my niggaz thats on the grind (echo: report to the dance floor right now)

You on the grind right now

We about to get it poppin in this motherfucker (Remy)

Already told y'all what it is

1-swizzy

2-y'all gon'make me

1, 2 hands in the air!

(Chorus: Remy and Swizz)

Put your right hand up, put your left hand up

Put your right hand up, put your left hand up

Put your right hand up, put your left hand up

Put your right hand up (Man, man)

It's whuteva (get it poppin)

Whuteva (get it poppin)

Whuteva (get it poppin)

It's whuteva (get it poppin)

Whuteva (get it poppin)

Whuteva (get it poppin)

Whuteva (get it poppin)

It's whuteva (get it poppin)

(Verse 1: Remy Ma)

See if the God say get her I'ma get her

I'll hit her wit a pillow where the casket won't fit her

The only reason I hit her she kept talkin' greasy

Lil' jump skeezy betta ask somebody who I be (bitch)

I'm R to the E-Z

It's mid-summer got on long sleeves cause my arms is freezin'

I gets fly for no reason

See I got money but its always robbin' season, yeah

See hip hop needs me, the beats is Swizz

The girl is sick and please believe, that I'ma start

Till every damn day I ball

My jeans is blue and grey like Seton Hall (Chorus: Remy & Swizz)

Put your right hand up, put your left hand up

Put your right hand up, put your left hand up

Put your right hand up, put your left hand up

Put your right hand up (Man, man)  
It's whuteva (get it poppin)  
Whuteva (get it poppin)  
Whuteva (get it poppin)  
It's whuteva (get it poppin)  
Whuteva (get it poppin)  
Whuteva (get it poppin)  
Whuteva (get it poppin)  
It's whuteva (get it poppin)(Verse 2: Remy)  
Yeah  
See Rem is a monster  
I'm raps MVP the star on the roster  
Officially a boogie-down Bronxer  
Terror Squad ain't the Brady Bunch and I ain't Marcia  
My shits so butter they should call me Marge  
And I ain't gotta be boss just as long as I'm in charge  
And whuteva I say goes, so if I say NO  
Don't ask why I assume its because I say SO  
I've been doin it too long, ain't nothin' new to me  
I'll run through ur lil' gated community  
You know how the girl be, I'm a show stopper  
I'll give it to you early before the toast pops up(Chorus: Remy & Swizz)  
Put your right hand up, put your left hand up  
Put your right hand up, put your left hand up  
Put your right hand up, put your left hand up  
Put your right hand up (Man, man)  
It's whuteva (get it poppin)  
Whuteva (get it poppin)  
Whuteva (get it poppin)  
It's whuteva (get it poppin)  
Whuteva (get it poppin)  
Whuteva (get it poppin)  
Whuteva (get it poppin)  
It's whuteva (get it poppin)(Verse 3: Remy)  
See this goes out to my B-X crew  
Put your hands up in the air if you feel me  
Fuck 'em all day, fuck 'em all night  
Treat niggaz like hoes  
It's 'Whuteva' like a four alarm blaze  
And I'm hotter then hoes that work at the Days Inn  
People tryin' to make shit to make niggaz bop  
I make shit they play then niggaz get shot  
Put your right hand up, put your left hand up  
Right hand got a blunt, left hand got a cup  
And you already know the rules don't apply to us  
We gon' do what we do, it's 'Whuteva' 2 fuck  
We got that fly shit here we go  
Drivin' backwards down a one way like Big in the "Hypnotize" video  
Bang this in your stereo, turn it higher, higher

Now everybody light your lighters!(Repeat Chorus: Remy & Swizz)

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