

# 4 What (feat. Young Jeezy, Yo Gotti & Juicy J)

## DJ Drama

DJ Drama what it do my G?  
It's the world nigga  
We running the summer  
I swear the night is starting to feel just like the night before  
You know I'm on 80 all acting a fool-io  
We putting sparkles on them bottles make them move the ho  
Step up in this bitch, you know I  
got my weapon  
This ain't a gym class, why is everybody sweating  
Yeah I send them hoes some bottles,  
Them bitches looking thirsty  
My checks are for the rim  
I'm in this bitch I'm looking birdy  
You know the coupe is bloody murder  
The coupe is bloody murder  
Yeah that motherfucker black  
Let's all pour color purple  
34 squares so that 1200 a circle  
Do them numbers in his head  
Swear that nigga smart as Urkel  
Mirror, mirror, should I kill them  
Gourmet to the Tims  
400 for this four door, and it ain't got no rims  
Tell my waitress keep them bottles coming  
I'm drinking like a fish  
When those sparklers pass your table  
All you bitches make a wish  
How much liquor it gonna take to get it cracking in this bitch  
Look I came to get it in now why you acting this bitch  
Turn down for what? Turn down for what?  
Just let me know give me the word I get it cracking in this ho  
And I'm about to show out  
You know it's packed up in this ho  
Turn down for what? Turn down for what? Motion picture shit, nigga I pull up in slo-mo  
450 thou, I blew that on a two door  
Shit I git a new, I'll send you to Pluto  
Got a street nigga, but you knew that from the get-go  
I'm turnt up to the max, and I'm just stunting on these niggas  
I'm real as they say, so I'm holding court on these niggas  
Wife beaters and jeans, and a pair of Jordans on these niggas  
Head cocked to the back, and I smash the sport on these niggas  
You get money then show it, if you ain't then stop lying  
If you looking for a nigga, bitch I ain't hard to find

Only nigga in the city, million dollars a car  
How you kick it with the goon, you meant to be with the star  
How much liquor it gonna take to get it cracking in this bitch  
Look I came to get it in now why you acting this bitch  
Turn down for what? Turn down for what?  
Just let me know give me the word I get it cracking in this ho  
And I'm about to show out  
You know it's packed up in this ho  
Turn down for what? Turn down for what? Turn down for what  
Made a few mill off two flows  
Big dog, Cujo  
Your man here, you mad now  
In the booty club, I'm the cash cow  
We turning up, we broke the knob up  
I'm on Xanax, trying not to nod off  
Finna bust your bitch like a sawed off  
Making NBA money, I'm a ball hog  
Big blunts and nigga still facing  
Bank account look like The Matrix  
Niggas be acting still hating  
I'm rich and I stay super faded  
Pouring up that Bombay, let that reefer burn  
Getting... by your bitch, my nigga wait your turn  
Groupie bitches on my balls  
got them dancing with the stars  
Once a million dollar nigga  
Half a million dollar cars  
Have to love them ratchet bitches  
They get 2 Live with the Crew  
Make them pop that pussy open  
Man I feel like Uncle Luke  
How much liquor it gonna take to get it cracking in this bitch  
Look I came to get it in now why you acting this bitch  
Turn down for what? Turn down for what?  
Just let me know give me the word I get it cracking in this ho  
And I'm about to show out  
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Turn down for what? Turn down for what?

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