

# Murphy Lee, Wat Da Hook Gon Be Ft. Jermaine D

[Intro: Murphy Lee]

Hahaha, yo, yo, yo, yo  
You never met a nigga like me  
Yo yo, have you ever seen a little dude  
Who be doing what I do?  
Uh huh, yo whoo!  
Let's get at it dog, whoo!

[Verse: Murphy Lee]

Now what goes up, must come down (shiiett)  
But we ain't comin' down, it be them same ole' clowns  
Aimin' ya pound pretendin' they proud  
But when you leave town they go around they runnin' they mouth (maaann)  
They somethin' like a hata man  
Talkin' bad about a playa as if I'm not gon' see ya lata man  
You constantly frontin' until you confronted on  
If you don't like what's goin' on gwoin to another song  
Cause I keep a haa guilty  
My cars and my money all alike man, both them filthy (get it?)  
From skimpy and empty to fuel on full  
See I be high when my car go Bulls  
Obey no rules to school you fools  
Schoolboy's err'y where, we're Young Dude news (maann)  
St. Louis like Louis D. Miles and Larry Hughes  
And the Young Dude done paid young dudes' dues dude

[Chorus - repeat 2x]

[JD:] But yo, what da hook gon' be (Uh oh!)  
[ML:] See I don't need no fuckin' hook on this beat (Shiiett)  
All I need, is the track in the background  
My headphones loud, keep the blunt goin' 'round and I'ma rip

[Verse: Murphy Lee]

The sun'll come out.. tomorrow  
And I will never have to borrow  
Got my first car when I turned sixteen  
Only drove it home outta town limousines  
Plus we was broke wit a deal but nobody could tell  
So we did what we had to do for "Country Grammar" to sell  
Haha, I stay on my own melodies  
Plus I like my Booties and my Boobs like a capital letta 'B'  
That's how it be, how it betta be  
I preferably ratha have two or three girls in the bed wit me  
Close your errs [ears] ma you ain't heard nothin' (whaa?)  
I always pay ma let a brotha hold somethin'  
I'm basically comin' from nothin' to somethin'  
When I say nothin' meanin' pocket full of lint and buttons  
(We all we got!) Used to be creative on Halloween (how you gon'?)  
Stop a hotta teen went from nada to a lot of things

[Chorus]

[Verse: Murphy Lee]

People always sayin' man it must be nice  
No hi no nothin' not a simple house life  
Understand the money's good but I'm still from the hood  
So don't be askin' for no "inch" be expectin' the "foot"  
Unless you want a foot (whoo!)  
I know a few crooks that can place you where you need to be put  
And it might not cost me playa  
Got a Benz peppa interia, paint salty playa  
And we all push it, but me I push it real good  
Brains blown out, chromed out, wheel real wood  
Catch me on ya local derryty

Or in the studio doin' vocals derry  
I'm the same dude that came through wit my crew  
Let the girls do me while you do you  
And um, all I need is JD beat to be bangin'  
And I'll come up wit these verses that I'm usually slangin'  
I be ripping man

[Chorus - to end]