

# Fiend, Mr. Whomp Whomp

Guy:

Bitch! Who dat' nigga, who dat' nigga, who dat' nigga  
Turn him up on the mic

Verse one:

Who was born to rowdy, be bout my dottie, thinking I'm Lil' Gotti  
Tats on my body, catch 'em, shottie, with that red beam dottie  
When they call me pop, nigga's call me mister hit 'em get 'em  
Or just, bad motherfucker, because I'm quick to spit 'em, dismiss 'em  
I beat the total livin', somebody get 'em  
Before I put this in 'em and even the doctors won't admit 'em  
Look, I won't bullshit 'em, the school, put you wupee you in the jammie  
(Soldier put it on something)  
Put it on my mama and her mammie  
Lay it, thrown out the nanny  
Got these niggas hate me ballie  
Sending they pussy at me just to see a nigga stab me  
Don't have my marbles at all, I'm horrible dog  
Don't believe me, watch me, action when I give this call

Chorus:

It's mister whomp, whomp, whomp, whomp (there he is, there he is)  
Whomp, whomp, whomp, whomp (there gotta be a)  
Whomp, whomp, whomp, whomp (there he is, there he is)  
Whomp, whomp, whomp

Verse two:

I'm the dopiest thing since the Rock  
Cause the stock about a single jaws block  
The only rapper slash nigga with a endorsement from a glock  
I'm gain nigga go head and put that in yo' vain nigga  
When you bought the Cd, you got it because of my name nigga  
The one with the double R, till every track he busted on  
Won't give a fuck who else on, look I'm pure competition  
Just an example with the expedition  
And I'm still making songs for the prisons  
Nigga's besta tip, and went when C.B. Jones came about  
Can't see a nigga taking me out  
From Tennessee to Atlanta, shy town, and back home  
What they wanna here when I touch that microphone

Chorus

Verse three:

I use to use to be a drug pusher  
Now I'm that dope in your sub-woofer  
Only for the coke cookers that ook us  
But ain't no affording me  
Can't go no where don't act accordingly  
The only person that notice me is God and that nigga recording me  
You wanted a hero well here I be, capital F-I-e-n-d you peeping me  
See frequently fucking over your frequency  
Talking 'bout our producers like quantity  
Follow me, every since I said the quarter ki  
Checking for me in Blockbuster every quarterly  
Pardon me, I don't know if I'm the shit, or just another nigga bump  
But right now I'm the nigga that's damaging your trunk

Chorus