

Remy Martin, Whateva

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)

Its whateva, whateva, whateva, its whateva, whateva, whateva, whateva, its whateva
See if the God say get her imma get her

Ill have her wit a pillow where the casket wont fit her

The only reason I hit her was she kept talkin greasy

Lil jump skeezy betta ask somebody who I be

See Im R to tha Ez, its mid-summer got on long sleeves cuz my arms is freezin

I gets fly for no reason, see I got money but its always robbin season

See hip hop needs me, the beats is Swizz, the girl is sick and please believe, that imma start, see e

Chorus-Refren

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Yea see Rem is a monster, Im raps MVP the star on the roster

Officially a boogie-down Bronxer, Terror Squad aint the Brady Bunch and I aint Marcia

My shits so butter they should call me Marge

And I aint gotta be boss just as long as Im in charge

And whateva I say goes, so if I say NO, dont ask why just assume its because I say SO

Ive been doin it too long, aint nothin ? me, Ill run through ur lil gated community

You know how the girl be, Im a show stopper, Ill give it to you early before the toast pops up

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See this goes out to my Bx crew, put your hands up in the air if you feel me

Fuck em all day, fuck em all night, treat niggas like hoes

Its whateva like a four long blaze, and Im hotter then hoes that work at the Days Inn

People tryin to make shit to make niggas bop, I make shit they play that get niggas 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 dont apply to us

We gon do what we do, its whateva 2 fuck

We got the fly shit here we go, drivin backwards down the one like Big in the hypnotized video

Bang this in your stereo, turn it higher, now everybody light your lighters

Chorus-Refren

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