

What It Is (feat. Kayne West)

Sophia Fresh

Huh
Huh
Huh
Huh-uh-uh
What it is
I-I-What it is
I-I-What it is
And-and-I-I-what it is
What it, what it
What it does
What it is folk, folk
I've been watchin you from over here on the other
Side of the club lookin atchu all through that
Smoke What do you drank, -drank
Little Patron, a little Grey Goose, a little Hennessey
But when I see you, all my girls like What do you"
Thank How do you feel, -feel
Butterflies runnin' all up & down my chest but he's so hot to death
And I'm Sophia Fresh and that's Real
What am I suppose to do
Get up and walk to a th-is-ug and act like I'm innocent and cute?
Nah, I'm a step like
Yeah (What it is, with ya)
Have you ever been down with a
Female from the hood (What it is, with ya)
She can really make you feel good
And make you sang (What it is, with ya)
Hop in a Maserati, baby boy, We can roll (What it is, with ya)
All I really wanna know is
What it is (Uh huh)
What it is (Uh huh)
What it is (Uh huh)
What it is (Hey-ey)
What it is
What it is (Hey-ey)
What it is
What it is (Huh-uh-uh-uh)
Tch, whatever
Huh, check this out
What it is
What it is du-dude
I see you in your C-A-D-IDouble L while the A-C blows so

Cool

How does it ride ride24s on the back with a fifth 24 on the back
Twenty hits on a lac truck back up to a
Glide Super high from the ground
I feel like I'm an alien in a UFO Somebody better beam me up I go down
What else am I suppose to do
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What it is (Hey-ey)
What it is
What it is (Hey-ey)
What it is
What it is (Huh-uh-uh-uh)
Uh, I don't need no little ass
I need a ghetto ass
Girl with a little car that can make it
Cross town with just a little gas
I know when we first met
You was a little gassed
But you wanna keep your swag
So you was holdin back
Yo little brotha luv me
He say Keeze got some fresh clothes?
Yo grandmother luv me cause
I always dress in dress clothes
I can switch yo dress code
Change your life like Presto?
I am like that aston martin engine, you just press Go?
Why-why you acin like you ain't impressed for
Oh, see, why you listen to the press, though
I-I-ain't fitta splain my life up on no Larry King
Cause when I show her that thing, she say
That explains everything?
Everything?
That just changed everything?
Keezy on her name ring
Keezy with her chain bling
Yea I throw Barack-a, but
Baby, you get my vote

Love a ghetto girl
With more ass than the models(See-see-see I did the-the screwed up shit myself)(I didn't put no
effect, no you know)
Yeah (What it is, with ya)
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