

# What's Happenin'

## Juvenile

We the only ones with work in the middle of the drought  
Then them niggaz 'round the corner, come and see what we about  
But we don't know they face so we don't want them by the house  
But Skipper started bustin' when he saw them pullin' out  
We did them niggaz dirty for fuckin' up  
our vibe

We packed up all our shit and moved it to the other side  
He visited our spot, this girl was on my dick  
She said, "I love you, Juvenile but you know you the shit"  
I grabbed on my glock, it's where the  
fools hang out

I'm only tryin' to hustle another change route  
But they ain't gettin' nothin' if I ain't on beam  
I'ma leave them niggaz sufferin' to find they own things  
Workin' with plenty for talkin' 'bout  
hoes

I don't give them a penny, they comin' out they clothes  
Grabbin' on my jimmy to see if nigga swole  
Have to get it right with this big 'ol totem pole  
Yes, I'm thuggin', yes, I'm clubbin'  
I ain't trippin' on you look, bitch, I'm buzzin'  
Hoes and niggaz, I'm not lovin'  
Fuck what you gettin' if I ain't got nothin'  
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin'  
with that?

What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?  
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin'?'  
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?  
We pull up in front the club and  
my rims was lookin' nice  
The sub woofers bumpin', I need it in my life  
We had a couple of fellas, was stuntin' with they eyes  
We jump out of the Lexus and got they mind right  
See, I ain't gotta rep 'cause they know I got  
chains

You can catch me in that dro, boy that money green thang  
Get a fish and shrimp po', boy, and go sit on St. James  
I'm a playa like my ole boy that's where I get game  
Hoes start passin' 'cause they want me to see 'em  
Ain't givin' no action if they want some per diem  
And I keep a soldier rag from the am to the pm  
My heater in my lap lookin' great up in the B-MI know them niggaz watchin' 'cause they know  
that I'm buck

But they can catch a hot one for fuckin' with a thug  
Nothin' was poppin' so we went in the club  
All the hoes started jockin' 'cause they knew who we was  
Yes, I'm thuggin', yes, I'm clubbin'  
I ain't trippin' on you look, bitch, I'm buzzin'  
Hoes and niggaz, I'm not lovin'

Fuck what you gettin' if I ain't got nothin'What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin'  
with that?

What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?

What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin'?

What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?The owner wasn't trippin', he let  
a nigga in and

The place was jumpin' and the hoes was grinnin'

Not at us though, it was at the other women

Some was butterscotch, some yellow like lemonHad a couple of foul ones, chicken and pigeons

Some was kinda fine but them bitches didn't listen

Told them meet us outside and hoes got missin'

Put it in reverse and went back for more womenEverybody's rollin' and you can really see it

Look at how they scopin' for somebody to be with

I ain't on shit and I've been G'in since the 80's

Ain't about goin' somewhere, probably then "Beat It" You already knowin' the way that I'm  
rockin'

If you ain't goin' then ain't nothin' poppin'

Now I'm about to leave 'cause these niggaz eavesdroppin'

I got my heater on me now an I don't have to cock itYes, I'm thuggin', yes, I'm clubbin'

I ain't trippin' on you look, bitch, I'm buzzin'

Hoes and niggaz, I'm not lovin'

Fuck what you gettin' if I ain't got nothin'What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin'  
with that?

What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?

What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin'?

What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin' with that?

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>