

Out Here

Chip tha Ripper

Making these moves, tryna get this bread
Before I lose, bitch I'm at your head
Taking that bitch right up off your neck
Young niggas don't play 'round where I'm at
Nigga, I'm from Cleveland, heartless killers
E'rybody strapped, nigga mind yo business
Niggas come through, and ain't even no witness
Don't get set up by these grimy ass bitches
Don't nobody really know where Chip is
'Til he pull up in something ridiculous
Ridin' on 4s, we ain't hittin' no switches
These ain't out yet, you can't get this
Bout' to put the new school on them 6s
Sitting up high like a Mack truck
Got that hammer on me
Ho ass nigga better back up
I'm out here, fresh as fuck
With the 40 cal. tucked, nigga fuck yo luck
Now I'm gon' drive and she gon' shoot
Her aim is tight so you niggas better duck
And we laughing all the way to bank, cause shit is funny
Cop a crib and decorate that bitch, with real money
She intrigued by them whips
That Lexus, that Benz, gave her reason to get
Crazy in my hotel, blowing weed, blowing dick
That's my type of chick, I ain't gotta plead with this bitch
She ain't on that none of that corny ass shit
Nigga we're living this shit for real
Got stacks on deck, trynna see 100 mill
I ain't showing no love, I ain't cutting no deals
Stay up out my face, when you see a nigga, chill
When you come to the show, put your hands up high
We up in this ho, we extra fire
Yea they call me the truth, cause a nigga no lie
Throw two up when a nigga ride by

Nigga I'm out here, we getting it
Shining, you sick of it
I'm out here, fuck with me
On the freeway, buck 50
I'm out here, I'm dolo
Got bread now, ain't no ho
I'm out here (nigga I'm out here)
My nigga I'm out here (nigga I'm out here)

Hey boo
Don't do what I do, bitch do what I say do
OK boo?
Don't try to play me and I won't play you
We rolling, buck 50 on the freeway
650i, no roof, me and my bitch smoking
DVD watching Coming to America, floating
Nigga we winning
Got leather with the wood, and the screens on glow
24s my nigga, we getting it
Cell phone been dead, ain't nobody seen me in a minute
Nigga, my crib is mostly glass

So you can see us in here living
4 or 5 guns and blunts getting passed
Young niggas doing good, just chilling
I valet in the front
Walk in the club, hitting the blunt
Nigga this how we live for real
No punchlines, I ain't even tryna stunt
Roll up 4 cause we up in this ho
In VIP, just for me and these hoes
Not giving a fuck who in this bitch
Me, I got killers up in here though
St. Claire niggas up in here though
You already know, we got bread to blow
Yea bitch, I'm hotter than Mexico
So tell a bad bitch, give me head fa sho
Nigga this Chip, better learn my name
Tryna stack my bread, tryna stay up in the game
Tryna fuck these hoes, make them tat my name
Send a bitch home, don't give her no change
Should've been a pleasure, fucking with a boss
If you don't choose me, bitch that's your loss
Eating good, nigga Benihana with shrimp sauce
Know y'all mad, hope you stay pissed off
Me and my bitch getting tatted up outside
Smoking that shit that make you lose yo mind
Swear to God this young nigga here gon' shine
Fuck you all up, nigga I'm a get mine