

# Whoa

Chip tha Ripper

Yeaah, SLAB ENT BOYY, SOV lets go  
Bring it back to the middle of the map  
Where the St. Claire niggaz stay strapped my hood sooo cold  
My area colder, scarier colder but yall niggaz don't fold  
Every nigga on the grind who stackin, always come back frontin  
like he pose  
Slidin on them 4's riding smoking lookin for the hoes  
Everywhere I go niggaz always like damn I ain't never seen thos  
e  
You call it style  
But I took a vow to keepin the freshest kicks off my toes  
And I don't know how  
But they just got wow  
And tear that bitch down at all of my shows  
Its like God control the show  
Hands up high here we go...

WOAH

That shit ain't in stores  
Where did he go to get all of his clothes  
Bitch I don't even leave home this DC be showin up right to my  
door  
Then I put it on, kush for cologne and head for the door  
O and louis vuitton throw some of that on and go get yo hoe  
Lets hop in that Cadillac bustin my nigga we hittin the road  
And I got a cold lil female rollin the diesel, dog you kno I st  
ay blowed  
Thuggin and theivin, Bitch I'm from Cleveland  
Damn that's prolly why I'm so cold  
Yea that's prolly why I'm so cold  
Hands up high here we go