

Whoa

Chip tha Ripper

Yeaah, SLAB ENT BOYY, SOV letsgo
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 those
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 stay
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