

# We Out Chea

Lil Boosie

Bitch, we out chea! (What, nigga!?)  
All the way the dummy way  
All the way, 100  
Fifty-five-one slash  
Bitch, we out chea! (We out chea!)  
All the way the dummy way  
All the way, 100  
Fifty-five-one slash  
Bitch, we out chea! (We out chea!)  
All the way the dummy way  
All the way, 100  
Fifty-five-one slash  
Fifty, fifty-one fifty, fifty-one fifty, we out chea  
Fifty-one fifty, fifty-one fifty, we out chea

OK, now ain't I, ain't I out chea?  
Five-one, five-oh  
All the way the dummy way  
Fuck with me, die slow  
Sold my first rock at 96, straight off the porch  
Daddy gone, never comin' home  
That's all I know  
So I headed out the do', strapped up, ready to roll  
Dick is cuffed up, fucked up, off that Henny and X-0  
With that liquor in me, I'll go do the shit myself  
Fuck the consequences  
Have all you niggas jumpin' fences  
So, you see, I've been dumb  
Reppin' where I'm from  
When I drop it niggas come  
Boss man, job done  
After dark it's Jurassic Park  
Velociraptors tryna eat ya fo' the green leaves  
We all G's  
Main mane in the grave behind some fuckin' bullshit  
So when it's time to bust them K's, I don't bullshit  
Outta here, dead meat  
Fuck you and your whole street  
I roll with you, you roll with me, that's it's supposed to be  
We gangstas

Look, it's gutter with me  
Yeah  
Ain't rasslin' or no tusslin' me  
It's straight bustin' with me  
Look, as a peon, I've been known to get it on  
Ran with straight cut-throaters  
Niggas with no hope-a  
The street life is all I know, it's all I live  
So yo' best bet? Respect the kid  
Fifty-one fifty, I mean that  
If you happy, nigga I seen that  
Supply my own smoke, never askin' where that green at

Now uh-oh, there go that boy Quik  
This nigga here a savage  
He totin' two glocks under just in case it get drastic

Head first, fifty-one fifty, ain't got no mind  
Hopped off the porch and hit a 9, that's the slangin' iron  
Fifty-one fifty, fifty-one fifty, we out chea like the lines in the street  
100, we do no stuntin'  
What we do? We let 'em stomp with the beat  
No time for playin' games  
Run with a bunch of killas who certified and well trained

Bitch, I'm out chea  
All the way the dummy way  
They hustlin', dumpin' in broad day, nigga, play you late  
All the way 100, it's 99, I cut my time  
It's E-N-T, it's 6th Street, at the same time we wise guys  
Fifty-one fifty, shit get wicked in my city  
Pistol grippin's addictive  
Nigga play, nigga get it  
I'll talk, I'll walk it out, so you gon' see me fo' you hear me  
Extra Hen' in my system, 'bout to fuck over a nigga

Bitch, we out chea, in the streets  
Everywhere like Percy D  
Barbershop  
Barbeque  
Who gon' ride for you?  
Choppin fools  
1-by-1  
2-by-2  
3-by-3  
R.I.P  
Rest in Piss  
We dat boss gangsta shit  
Play now, cry later, mane  
Feed you to the gators mane  
Try to send a message, that's why I got that "Fuck you Haters" chain  
Since 10, I've been a beast  
Ain't hard to find, I'm in the streets  
Pocket monster in the club, murk yo' ass instantly