

# We Out Chea

## Lil Boosie Feat. Donkey, Money Bags & Lil' Quick

[Chorus]Bitch, we out chea! (What, nigga!?)

All the way the dummy way

All the way, 100

We the five-one savage

Bitch, we out chea! (We out chea!)

All the way the dummy way

All the way, 100

We the five-one slash

Bitch, we out chea! (We out chea!)

All the way the dummy way

All the way, 100

We the five-one savage

Fifty, fifty-one fifty, fifty-one fifty, we out chea

Fifty-one fifty, fifty-one fifty, we out chea

[Verse 1]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'm headed out the do', strapped up, ready to roll

Dickies cuffed up, fucked up, off that Henny and X-O

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 game

[Chorus][Verse 2]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  
[Verse 3]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 when it's beef  
No time for playin' games  
Run with a bunch of killas who certified and well trained  
[Chorus][Verse 4]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

[Verse 5]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 Piece

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  
[Chorus]

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