Woo Hoo

kill bill, vol. 1

When I cook up that coke I'm like
(Woo hoo)
And when the feens taste it
(Woo hoo)
You know the lace it and base it
Tell em to paste it, man they gettin' wasted
(Woo hoo)
Look at mami in them heals
(Woo hoo)
She know exactly how it feel like
(Woo hoo)
Baby, I love and discuss it, lets go public
Yeah, fuck up my budget, my accountant like
(Woo hoo)
Hey, you know how much you spent
(Woo hoo)
And then I hand her a check, she like
(Woo hoo)
Don't get offended but I get it
Much quicker than I spend it
Yeah, yeah, yeah
(Woo hoo)
Like when I get a new gun, I'm like
(Woo hoo)
And when I load it to the top I'm like
(Woo hoo)
I don't abuse it, with this I make music
Hope I don't have to use it, listen
(Woo hoo)
Now his mothers sittin' there like
(Woo hoo)
Look what they did to his face, I mean
(Woo hoo)
Just understand this, yo doggie
I'm being candid
Don't take this money for granted
I can't explain this, baby
It's like me tryin' to explain why is water wet
Or why is the sun hot

Or why birds fly and people don't, well I do
First I step up like
(Woo hoo)
They like good god almighty, she be killin' em'
(Woo hoo)
Ass so fat make a nigga say
(Woo hoo)
How you get all that, with the same from the back
Let 'em hit it from the back
Now he tastin' my
(Woo hoo)
Lick it all up, don't be wastin' my
(Woo hoo)
Get up in that gut, put your face in my
(Woo hoo)
You a big boy right, nah you puttin' up a fight
Nigga, why you so up tight?
I'm on the block like
(Woo hoo)
But you see the stones and the chains you like
(Woo hoo)
Dust them bitches off up out my way like
(Woo hoo)
Yeah, like have a nice day, let me grab you through the way
Stay the fuck up out my face
Watch me tell 'em like
(Woo hoo)
Hoping I don't crash, pray to god like
(Woo hoo)
Slow it down a little, take the key off that
(Woo hoo)
That be the coupe, check the bitch who did me
Dupe, see this leg is too cute
This that wilding shits
Y'all ain't know nothin' about this
This nigga I rock with overseas
International Byrd Lady
His and her cedes
Call me the fur, baby
I'm straight stuntin' on y'all bitches, man
You see me shinin' though
They yell
(Woo hoo)
Become to every bigga bubble got 'em like
(Woo hoo)

Every other flip I double, come through like
(Woo hoo)
When she see the kid with muscle
But she singin' like the whole clique in trouble
But I'm like
(Woo hoo)
Every day a different hustle, feens like
(Woo hoo)
Every time the sniff a bundle, so I'm yellin'
(Woo hoo)
Tell your friends to get a couple
I'm the one from trip 'em, love 'em
Show you how to get a hustle
So I yell
(Woo hoo)
Get your whole clique in huddle, you'll be singin'
(Woo hoo)
You put it in a bigger duffel, quick to say
(Woo hoo)
We ain't with the cigre bottle
Get it in the hump, put it in the shuttles
Run it through Jones, don't stutter or stumble
Come through like a one, two rumble
They be loving how I be stunting' like a thug do
I don't cuff you, I slut you, my thought boo
What the fuck with the brothers who don't fuck boo
If you want to, gotta

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