

Out Here

Chip Tha Ripper

Chip, Lex Luger, My nigga i'm out here, F*ck with me
[Verse 1]Makin' these moves trynna get this bread
Before i lose, Bi*ch im at your head
Take a nap bi*tch, right up off your neck
Y'all niggas don't play round were im at
Nigga i'm from Cleveland, heartless killers
everyone strapped nigga mind yo business
Niggas come through and ain't leavin no witness
don't get set up by these grimy ass bitches
don't nobody really know where chip is
until i pull up in something ridiculous
Ridin' on 4s, we ain't hittin' no switches
these ain't out yet, you can't get this
Bout' to put them new school in them 6s
Sitting up high like a Mack truck
Got that hammer on me
Hoe ass nigga better back up
I'm out here, fresh as f*ck
with the 40 cal. tucked, nigga f*ck yo luck
Now i'm gon' drive and she gon' shoot
Her aim is tight so you niggas better duck
And we laughing all the way to bank, cause shit is funny
Cop a crib and decorate that bitch, with real money
She intrigued by them whips
That lexus, that benz, gave her reason to get
Crazy in my hotel, blowing weed, blowing d*ck
That's my type of chick, I ain't gotta plead with this bitch
She ain't on that none of that corny ass shit
Nigga we're living this shit for real
Got stacks on deck, trynna see 100 mill
I ain't showin' no love, I ain't cuttin' no deals
Get out my face, when you see a nigga, chill
When you come to the show, put your hands up high
We up in this, so we extra fire
They call me the truth, cause a nigga no lie
Hold up two up when a nigga ride by
{Hook} x2
Nigga i'm out here
We gettin it shining

You sick of it
I'm out here f*ck with me on the freeway, buck 50
I'm out here i'm dolo, got bread now
Aint no hoe, i'm out here.

Nigga i'm out here, nigga i'm out here
[Verse 2]Hey boo don't do what i do
Bitch do what i say do, OK boo?
Dont' try to play me and i wont' play you
You rollin' buck-50 on the freeway
6-50 ??? no roof, me n' my bitch smokin'
DVD watchin' "Coming to America", floatin
Nigga we winnin'
Got leather with the wood, and the screens on glow
24s my nigga, we gettin' it
Cell phone been there ain't nobody seen me in a minute
Nigga my crib is mostly glass
So you can see a city here livin'
4 or 5 guns and blunts gettin' passed
Yall niggas doin' good just chillin
I valet in the front, walk in the club
Hittin the blunt
Nigga this how we live for real
No punch lines i ain't need to stunt
Roll up ?????
In VIP, just me and these hoes
Not givin' a f*ck who in this bitch
Me, i got killers up in here though
St. Claire niggas up in here though
You already know, we got bread to blow
Your ??? bitch, I'm hotter than Mexico
So tell a bad bitch, give me head fo sho
Nigga this Chip, better learn my name
Trynna stack my bread, trynna stay up in the game
Trynna fuck these, make them tat my name
Send a bitch, don't give her no change
Should be a pleasure, fu*kin' with a boss
If you dont choose me, bitch thats your loss
Eatin good, nigga Benihana with strip sauce
Know y'all mad, hoe stays pissed off
Me and my bitch gettin tatted outside
Smokin' that shit that make you loose yo mind
Swear to god this young nigga, is gon' shine
F*ck you all up, nigga i'm gettin' mine
[Hook] x2

[Outro]Chip, Lex Luger.

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