Outchea (feat. Problem)

Bad Lucc

B-B-Bad Lucc on the corner with my homies doin' all bad
We talkin' licks, and not to give my brother ball back
Press the line and I'ma whippin' like a grand daddy[?]
Spillin' vodka, got the choppa in the grand Natty
107 were them hustlers on that gunplay
Outchea nothing, turn your block into a runway
I'm suited up, I sprinkled of molly over 7 grams
They turned a nigga to a ghost over 7 bands
My 5-0-1's hangin, chain swingin
From the prevlass to the Raymonds - gang bangin
Southern Cali with the drop, man the greats revealed
We ain't gonna steal your collar nigga, buck a bill
No bueno, the Sanos, a bunch of Canos
Rip out your heart and they been A-Holes since last patranos
Watch bread I'mma poppin like a K move
Diamond Lane official, O T L Gang too
Yea I'm outchea (hustlin')
I'm outchea (grindin')
I'm outchea (stuffin')
I'm outchea (rollin')
I'm outchea (geekin')
I'm outchea (roosted)
I'm outchea (beastin')
Nigga, I'm outchea (mean)
Nigga, I'm outchea (mean)
Nigga, I'm outcheaAye aye aye aye fuck all that shit nigga
You already know what my shit do
Line that shit up my nigga, yea that
T-T-Topic of discussion - where the gang moves
Whippin' through the city like I can't loose
I be outchea with a bad one in the zip and kill her
I tell that bitch you seen my bitch? You better keep it realer
They keep mob close, breaking down a couple grams
You hit the city with the blam like the Son of Sam
Knock a nigga out his shoes for the scheming
Then he is cripping in his blood, bring a demon
Beamin', leanin', hangin', maintainin'
I pull your bitch up in this lane and she name changing
Fatty boostin', man I'm pilin' up the molly damn

My brother Blackie pulled a Mexi and she probly down
To let us get it, call me if she with it
B A D, I'm bout that business, they only fit it
I born fully, never fail, I'm about the nail
Out the gate fresh as hell like I'm outcheaAyo Prob, ayo Prob
Check this shit out my nigga, I got sum for youI'm going big on these busters, I do my thing fully
Runnin up on these hoes, go tag my name cutie
I'm getting money persona, yea I'm bent like a comma
And I stay with that Bud like my name Rudy
Straight serve, rollin rollin big
Suburban, urban, diamond my lane, nigga swerving
2013, this a turn up, a wrap
I still don't give a fuck like the burglars (brah!)
M-M-My candle, be ridin like a 4 door
Copton California boy, I came about the photo
A nigga play me homo, I used him as a promo
Bomb first, bomb worse, now go and let your bro low
The problem ain't havin' it, grind so passionate
Hide in the kitchen, special K's in the cabinet
Pull and get to grabbing it, like fuckin' let me at em
Cyber thugs tweetin' bout me but they never ever had em
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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