Whoa

DJ Whoo Kid

My niggaz, pull triggers, stack figures, whoa whoa whoa
Snitch niggaz, broke niggaz, not my niggaz, no no no
In the club we sippin' dom p, sittin' lovely, oh, whoa whoa
Sexy ladies goin' crazy 'cause the beat's like, whoa whoa whoa
Fresh out The Federal building
To Bentley Coupes with the convertible ceilings
It's the black widow, call me Miss White
I done been through it all, shootouts and fistfights
Crooklyn bitch, you go wrong I get right
Back with a classic, now gimme six mics
Can't reach me on the phone, then send a bitch a kite
Man, I do's it in heels or a pair of crisp Nikes
Stand behind Martin Luther King, but I'm more like Malcolm X
Guerillas beatin' on they chest, get it right on Malcolm X
Just keep the peace 'cause if cowards show me disrespect
My niggaz put his soul to rest and I don't wanna see you stressed
Champagne at my campaign, Kim for mayor
Told you I'm the same bitch from the escalator
And I ain't trippin' off you rats and investigators
Get your envelopes, time to address the haters
My niggaz, pull triggers, stack figures, whoa whoa whoa
Snitch niggaz, broke niggaz, not my niggaz, no no no
In the club we sippin' dom p, sittin' lovely, oh, whoa whoa
Sexy ladies goin' crazy 'cause the beat's like, whoa whoa whoa
Me and my team, we tryin' to own casinos
So we can all cop dreams like Pacino's
Come through in the oh-six Benz-itos
The feds tryin' to shut us down like Nino
We keep it goin', man, we keep it goin', man
Won't stop, can't gotta keep it goin', man
See I do it for the fans, they'll never understand
While they goin' off course, me I'm stickin' to the plan
Feel the movement, it's a whole new crew
Fuck Junior M.A.F.I.A., that chapter is through
Them faggots done did somethin' that they can't undo
Whoever ridin' with 'em they can get one too
Coulda copped out to a one to three do
Still took it to trial, even though I blew
Crooklyn style, that's how we do it

I'll gangsters and ain't got to prove it
My niggaz, pull triggers, stack figures, whoa whoa whoa
Snitch niggaz, broke niggaz, not my niggaz, no no no
In the club we sippin' dom p, sittin' lovely, oh, whoa whoa
Sexy ladies goin' crazy 'cause the beat's like, whoa whoa whoa
Now a party ain't a party 'til the Queen come through
You know where I go, man, the team come too
Pull up in the Phantom or the V-1-2
Lil' Kim's that girl, even got her own shoe
In the club with my clique though, glass full of Cristal
In the jail jumpsuit, still a bad bitch though
Rose from the ghetto it was hard from the get go
Then I showed the hood the world ain't just made for rich folk
Get'cha little dance up, BK stand up
Straight to the dance floor, everybody hands up
Throw it up, get down, fellas hold your pants up
Ladies throw it right back, tell that nigga man up
My niggaz, pull triggers, stack figures, whoa whoa whoa
Snitch niggaz, broke niggaz, not my niggaz, no no no
In the club we sippin' dom p, sittin' lovely, oh, whoa whoa
Sexy ladies goin' crazy 'cause the beat's like, whoa whoa whoa

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/