

# Whoa

## DJ Sir-Vere

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  
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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  
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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  
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