

# Waddup Bum

Chip tha Ripper

Slab niggas make the hoes go dumb  
Gettin' hella change so we call each other bum

Fuck them other niggas yo I'm good I don't need 'em  
I'm on the grind see the sparks fly when you lead 'em

Louis V's, gold coins, DC's, and your chick with me  
Get busy nigga, board slide or the 50-50  
And we ain't get no tricks, just licks  
And we ain't gettin' no top score for this

Probably me and two chicks  
That end up at ruth chris  
Niggas 'bout to jump on they steak like "who's this"  
Keep them hoes trickin' talk about I wanna be with you  
Check a young nigga swag, you could learn a thing or two

I shine at night like the bathroom light  
When you with me we can hit any club you like

But really I'm just a low key  
Nigga who smoke weed  
And be so clean  
Just like all of my homies

Waddup Bum (yes), waddup bum  
Waddup bum (yes), waddup bum  
You look cold bum  
Oh fo' sho', too fresh  
Now where the hoes bum  
There they go, there they go, there they go

(Hold up) Slap niggas make the hoes go dumb  
Gettin' hella change so we call each other bum

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And crew can't make the hoes go dumb  
My hood trend set where you think you get it from?  
Let me pull down Scottwood? choppin' with the posse  
Had to grab a OZ and a pint of Rossi

My hood could fly if you rockin' that shit that you would not see  
Damn it so obvious when niggas try to copy  
And my nigga pulled a bang right before the show  
Everybody know [?] got the polos on the low

Let me hear my nigga luggage  
And see where the tree be  
Mary's got them free leaves  
Boppin' on repeat  
Grindin' my DC  
Up under that BBC  
Ain't no second guessin' when we step out ho  
You see we be

Killin' and walkin' around  
This shit you never seen  
Even though I stay fly  
Yo I'm never on the scene

Cause really I'm just a low key  
Nigga who smoke weed  
And be so clean  
Just like all of my homies

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