

# Out Here

Twista

Yea!  
Yea!  
Mob city

If you wanna come see me for a bag  
I'm out chere  
If you wanna see that mean green Jag  
I'm out chere  
If you wanna see me rollin' that Philly  
I'm out chere  
If you talkin' like you comin' ta get me  
I'm out chere

If you wanna see real niggas who grind  
I'm out here  
Every day I put my life on the line  
I'm out here  
If a nigga need a lick on some 'dro  
I'm out here  
I got weight and I ?  
I'm out here  
On something old school hustlin', I came up from nothin' and uh,  
The game so cold, my pistols protectin' me brah,  
The streets is my tool, they buildin' my legacy, uh,  
I made off so what the fuck is you sweatin' me fuh?  
I'm out chere, F'in hoes and doin' shows!  
I'm out chere, poppin' mo's and smokin' dro!  
I'm out chere, doin' me ballin' the F out!  
Chris T of Easy G's, throwin' some dust out!

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If you tell me that it ain't really hot  
I'm out chere  
If you wanna see me out on the block  
I'm out chere  
If you wanna see that old school Chevy  
I'm out chere  
If you talkin' like you comin' ta get me  
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Boy hit my windows up  
Hit up my doors then  
Shoot up my pahtnaz and kidnap all of my hoes then  
Make my money funny if I got it comin' ta me.  
Talk stupid to a N\*\* when you run it ta me  
If you don't want your grill,  
you don't want to live,  
you don't want your kids,  
you don't want your crib.

But that's exactly what you're losin',  
if you don't want it, better let the 'lac hear ya movin'!

If you want to hear a real N shine  
I'm out chere  
Need a pimp to control your body and mind?  
I'm out chere.  
When you ready to go cook up this cake  
I'm out chere  
Got a few hundred grams you want to shake?  
I'm out chere.

Mobsta Niggas spend that time on the grind  
Sippin' Yak, slingin' packs of the city's biggest dimes,  
Yeah, you got a decent bag, but yo shit aint big as mine  
If you get your game tight, umma have to rob you blind.  
I'm from K-town, bitch, with different gangs on every block  
And the way you wear your hat just might get your ass shot  
The mobsters got the game on lock and the haters full of fear  
Scared to ride through the hood, 'cause they know we out here.

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When you see me pull that hood up  
Better get low! We 'bout to tear the fuckin 'hood up  
Ballas and killas and gangstas  
(What you runnin' from?)  
Ballas and killas and gangstas  
(Whatchu runnin' from?)

Shoulda seen they face when I first bought that work and got it to rock  
I'm from K-town bitch and I don't know shit but the block.  
Gotta get that money so I don't care,  
I'm posted up right here and I aint goin' nowhere, you gon' have to move me!  
Twenty-thousand a week and I ain't hearin' nothin'  
But since y'all is stackin' chips, ? see 'dem police come cuffin'.  
That's when I might have to hide out,  
Or dip through the hood with the chrome and the wool when I pull that ride o  
ut  
Got a screen that slide out

When the jump-out boys gone,  
I'm out here  
If you wanna get them rocks and them blow  
I'm out here  
If you plottin' on a mission to get me  
I'm out here  
If you wanna see the Twista in your city  
I'm out here

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