

## Out Here

Chip tha Ripper

Making these moves, tryna get this bread  
Before I lose, bitch I'm at your head  
Taking that bitch right up off your neck  
Young niggas don't play 'round where I'm at  
Nigga, I'm from Cleveland, heartless killers  
E'rybody strapped, nigga mind yo business  
Niggas come through, and ain't even no witness  
Don't get set up by these grimy ass bitches  
Don't nobody really know where Chip is  
'Til he pull up in something ridiculous  
Ridin' on 4s, we ain't hittin' no switches  
These ain't out yet, you can't get this  
Bout' to put the new school on them 6s  
Sitting up high like a Mack truck  
Got that hammer on me  
Ho ass nigga better back up  
I'm out here, fresh as fuck  
With the 40 cal. tucked, nigga fuck yo luck  
Now I'm gon' drive and she gon' shoot  
Her aim is tight so you niggas better duck  
And we laughing all the way to bank, cause shit is funny  
Cop a crib and decorate that bitch, with real money  
She intrigued by them whips  
That Lexus, that Benz, gave her reason to get  
Crazy in my hotel, blowing weed, blowing dick  
That's my type of chick, I ain't gotta plead with this bitch  
She ain't on that none of that corny ass shit  
Nigga we're living this shit for real  
Got stacks on deck, trynna see 100 mill  
I ain't showing no love, I ain't cutting no deals  
Stay up out my face, when you see a nigga, chill  
When you come to the show, put your hands up high  
We up in this ho, we extra fire  
Yea they call me the truth, cause a nigga no lie  
Throw two up when a nigga ride by

Nigga I'm out here, we getting it  
Shining, you sick of it  
I'm out here, fuck with me  
On the freeway, buck 50  
I'm out here, I'm dolo  
Got bread now, ain't no ho  
I'm out here (nigga I'm out here)  
My nigga I'm out here (nigga I'm out here)

Hey boo  
Don't do what I do, bitch do what I say do  
OK boo?  
Don't try to play me and I won't play you  
We rolling, buck 50 on the freeway  
650i, no roof, me and my bitch smoking  
DVD watching Coming to America, floating  
Nigga we winning  
Got leather with the wood, and the screens on glow  
24s my nigga, we getting it  
Cell phone been dead, ain't nobody seen me in a minute  
Nigga, my crib is mostly glass

So you can see us in here living  
4 or 5 guns and blunts getting passed  
Young niggas doing good, just chilling  
I valet in the front  
Walk in the club, hitting the blunt  
Nigga this how we live for real  
No punchlines, I ain't even tryna stunt  
Roll up 4 cause we up in this ho  
In VIP, just for me and these hoes  
Not giving a fuck who in this bitch  
Me, I got killers up in here though  
St. Claire niggas up in here though  
You already know, we got bread to blow  
Yea bitch, I'm hotter than Mexico  
So tell a bad bitch, give me head fa sho  
Nigga this Chip, better learn my name  
Tryna stack my bread, tryna stay up in the game  
Tryna fuck these hoes, make them tat my name  
Send a bitch home, don't give her no change  
Should've been a pleasure, fucking with a boss  
If you don't choose me, bitch that's your loss  
Eating good, nigga Benihana with shrimp sauce  
Know y'all mad, hope you stay pissed off  
Me and my bitch getting tatted up outside  
Smoking that shit that make you lose yo mind  
Swear to God this young nigga here gon' shine  
Fuck you all up, nigga I'm a get mine