

Outlet

Designer

Ooooo all the way it go
Ooooo all the way it go
Ooooo all the way it go
Oooooaahhhhhhhh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ooooo all the way it go
Ooooo all the way it go
Ooooo all the way it go
Ooooo all the way it go
Ooooo all the way it go
Oooooaahhhhhhhh

Got that Ruger on me, jeweler on me
Mula on me, who the homie
You be talking shit, got that boss bitch
Boss bitch, hold on, I crashed the whip
Choppa gon' lay down a nigga
That's that O shit, boss shit
Ready to switch up
Got that new money
Blue money, ready to pick up
Like oooooooo, choppa gon' bury a nigga
I go get it how I live it
Talk shit, yeah nigga, talk is all a memory
The choppa hit, chalk shit, walk quick
Yeah niggas beefin' is all a memory
I let 'em hate, talk shit, talk shit
Yeah, nigga, this is all it did to me
More bottles, more bitches, more gold
More hoes, this is all a victory

Ballin' hard in my i8
Watch it swerve, keep my mind straight
Dip and dash, hit ya guy gate
Dip and dash, hit ya guy face
I be talking like I got a Rays Charles choppa
Yeah that's my blind date
You be talking like you B.I.G
You'll get crossed out, you ain't got faith
That's that guy snake
Watch out for that guy snake
Big bullets with the U-Haul truck
So we move his ass 'round my place
Move his ass over there and over there
Take his ass around (THLLLLLAH)
That's what happens when it's my state
Whip the glass 'til the pot break
Whip the glass, gotta watch snakes
Whip the glass, gotta watch jakes
Niggas coming fast, choppa whip his ass
Everybody gotta tryna buy plate
Everybody tryna whip the coke up
Get it back to the Tri-State
Get it back to the Tri-State
Get it back to the Tri-State
That's the rocket launcher or that golden Smithen
Smith and Wesson, it'll eject ya, golden hit ya

That them black and white, the pandas go and get ya
Got that gold watch
....with me, getting more liquor
She be paparazzin' with her tits out, getting more liquor
I be countin' money, gettin' cash
Yeah gettin' more jigga
Let me find out that you riding 'round with them broke niggas
Everybody riding town, yeah niggas gon' get ya
And they gon' hit ya
Fill you with holes, nigga

I done get it how I get it
Talk shit, yeah nigga, talk is all a memory
Smith and Wesson, it'll eject ya
Golden hit ya
That's the black and white, pandas gon' get ya

Got gold bottle with that stripper with me
Getting more liquor, more pigeons, more cash
More chicken
Dead niggas come through, gon' flip 'em
Old niggas own niggas, I'm my own nigga
I'm a king, welcome to the throne, nigga
Barreled up, hit you with the stones, nigga
Knock you out, Mr. Larry Holmes, nigga
Switch it up, clap you with the chrome, nigga
On the camera, hit you with the drones, nigga
Hot97 turn to Mac 11
Everybody worried 'bout me, get ya own, nigga

Ball out champion, fall out champion
Ball out champion, fall out champion
Ball out champion, fall out champion
The war not never done
Ayy, ayy, ayy, true

Ball out champion, fall out champion
Ball out champion, fall out champion
Ball out champion
Word
Ball out champion, fall out champion
Ball out champion, fall out champion
Ball out champion
Word
Ball out champion, fall out champion
Ball out champion, fall out champion
Ball out champion
Word
Ball out champion, fall out champion
Ball out champion, fall out champion
Ball out champion
Word