

## Outpack

## Sauce Walka

Damn  
(If you want sauce from Frauce, it's gon' cost)  
Ha-ha  
Drip  
Big 14, know what the fuck goin' on (Yeah)  
Gang (Yeah)  
Ha-ha (Yeah)  
(Amazon X)  
Okay (1400)  
Huh

We want all the smoke, bitch, we love that  
Right above my belt where the drum at (Drum)  
This is not the place to act dumb at  
Hollow tips sprayin' where your son at  
Baby mama reachin', where the crumbs at? (Yeah)  
We want all the smoke, bitch, we love that (Love that)  
Posted in the trenches where you done at (Done that)  
Where you better keep a damn gun at (Gun at)  
We want all the smoke, where your lungs at? (Huh, TLC, woo)

Tables, ladders, chairs, tables, ladders, chairs (Chairs)  
She want tender love and care, but I don't even care (Care)  
Told that lil' bitch, "Woo!", like I'm Ric Flair (Yeah)  
We keep choppers by the pairs, shoot out anywhere (Baow)  
Hermè-Hermè-Hermè, like I'm Triple H  
Known to do the damn dash on the interstate  
New bitch super bad, she don't need a K  
With the murder team, chopper bullets to your face (Murder, murder)  
With the murder team, chopper bullets to your face (Yeah, murder, murder)  
With the murder team (Yeah), chopper bullets to your face (Bang, murder, murder)  
With the murder team, chopper bullets to your face (Yeah, murder, murder)  
With the murder team, chopper bullets to your face (Bah, bah, bah, bah, bah)

We want all the smoke (Smoke), bitch, we love that  
Right above my belt where the drum at (Yeah, yeah)  
This is not the place to act dumb at (Dumb at)  
Hollow tips sprayin' where your son at (Son at)  
Baby mama reachin', where the crumbs at? (Crumbs at)  
We want all the smoke, bitch, we love that  
Posted in the trenches where you done at  
Where you better keep a damn gun at  
We want all the smoke, where your lungs at? (Yeah, TLC)  
(Ooh-wee, Ooh-wee)

Me and all my bloods, just test my DNA, blood'll match (Mmm-hmm)  
Send my sharks, they blood you back, they see you, flood attack (Mmm-hmm)  
Told that bitch you was in a Wraith, but he was in a 'Lac  
He just threw stars in the roof, and he died in that same whip, now he a star, in fact  
We the type of niggas pull to take your life, boy, we ain't smashing up to your car to jack  
We want all the grease, splash soap in the streets, put the soul in the cup, my bros leaning on that  
Texting my bitch, but she schemed on your head  
Won't be no head when your soul getting snatched

Won't be no groceries, won't be no snacks  
Just a go switch that go, "Frrat" (Shit)

We want all the smoke (Ooh-wee), bitch, we love that (Yeah)  
Right above my belt where the drum at (Drum)  
This is not the place to act dumb at  
Hollow tips sprayin' where your son at (Ooh-wee)  
Baby mama reachin', where the crumbs at? (Yeah)  
We want all the smoke, bitch, we love that (Love that)  
Posted in the trenches where you done at (Done at)  
Where you better keep a damn gun at (Gun at)  
We want all the smoke, where your lungs at? (Huh, TLC, woo)