

# We Outside

Uncle Murda

Nico

Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah  
The whole gang outside with it  
Haha, woah

The whole gang outside with it (The whole gang outside with it)  
The whole gang outside with it (We outside, we outside)  
The whole gang outside with it (Woah, woah, yeah, yeah)  
The whole gang outside with it (You know the vibe, you know the vibe)  
The whole gang outside with it (The whole gang outside with it)  
The whole gang outside with it (We outside, we outside)  
The whole gang outside with it (Woah, woah, yeah, yeah)  
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Free the guys on the inside  
We them niggas that the feds dickride  
Valet, we're in, let shit slide  
See a opp, let a whole clip fly  
Run down on 'em, no drive-by (Spin the block)  
Run down on 'em, no drive-by (There he go, drrah)  
Cold-hearted niggas trap where they eat  
I want all the smoke, look at my demeanor  
I was young when I came outside  
I remember niggas trappin' off the beeper  
That's when Slick Rick was comin' out the speaker  
(Eric B. and Rakim, too)  
Before the Mexicans you went uptown  
Girl, the Spanish boys ain't no cheaper  
Straight to the kitchen with it, get the bakin' soda  
Gotta whip it with it, nigga  
Is you Blood or you Crippin' with it, nigga?  
(Is you Blood or you Crippin' with it, nigga?)  
Thirty two shot TEC, one in the head  
Scottie Pippen with it, nigga  
"That was my bitch first", Bow Wow voice  
I had my dick up in her, nigga

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I know that they destined to try me  
So I keep my weapon beside me  
Keep it discreet, heard shots on the street  
They tryna 'fess up and line me  
They know that we ball like a tournament  
Red lights to his top like a ornament  
I get to the bag, D's on my ass  
I backed up the chop and I tossed the grip  
Water diamonds sittin' all on my neck  
Look closely, you could drown in it  
Trap house, I'ma run up them rack

Stash spot got some pounds in it  
Back to the race  
Did the Masi, coulda backed out the Wraith  
Catch 'em lackin' and put rounds in his face  
Peel off and put the strap in a safe  
They know how we move and follow the code of the streets  
I did it 'cause I gotta eat  
Shit is confusin, how could you love on a treeesh  
When I had her all on her knees?  
Spin blocks, start shootin' keep a thirty in the V  
Clutch the 'matic, clear the scene  
Pull up and boom, put bullet holes through his tee  
Lead rippin' through his spleen

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