

**B Rich****"Rich - Whoa Now"**

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[Singing]

We're movin' on up  
To the east side (We're movin' on up)  
To a deluxe apartment in the sky  
We're movin' on up (We're movin' on up)  
To the east side (We're movin' on up)  
We finally got a piece of the pie

[Verse 1]

Watch these come and gettin' em  
Know fo sho  
Yo, get your back up off the wall  
And get your feet on the floor  
You see the boy at the bar wit the glass so tall  
When I'm done baby dogg  
I'ma show you Baltimore  
Right now we gon' party  
Bacardi give me some more  
It's off the rack the club packed  
I'm two-cut like two doors  
Of course I do my two-step  
Give em too much  
I mustered up bad  
I drop ashes in my cup  
I had enough they throwin' boes  
See I'm swingin' this chick  
I had my arm around this smut game  
Puttin' in work  
Before we work I got to book somethin'  
So baby stop frontin'  
I got the drink and the smoke  
Ain't got to buy nothin'  
Not bluffin'  
It's goin' down understand me  
I like my birds nasty  
I burst in them cashmeres  
Everything, and you know what I came for  
Right now it's goin' down  
Let me on the dance floor

[Hook x2]

Whoa now, that's what the old men say  
I party like it's my birthday  
Drinkin' and still thirsty  
Whoa now, shorty gimme what you got  
It's my car lot us, gettin' hotter

[Verse 2]

I came to shake a load off  
So take you coat off  
Mix drinks what you think  
OJ and Smirnoff  
I sip it all  
Hey, what can I say  
See I just got paid so I'm feelin' the swig  
And I'm tryin' get laid  
I'm buyin' drinks and they love it  
Divas growin' cheaper  
Hoochie bag and hoochie bucket  
Takin' shots from my cousin  
He don' know how to act  
Came straight out the woods  
And the club wit a sack  
Like what you know no good  
But I know I pimp nasty  
Sneakers is off the meter  
You can't help wit the clap  
Can't help but the boogie  
Get loose but don't push me  
We came so deep  
And we're all wearin' hoodies  
All my eighty-dime soldiers  
What you doin' tonight  
Now, put yo eight-dimes up  
You made enough for the night  
Let's take a break  
Let's spend some cake  
You ain't enjoyin' your life  
Yo, we been workin' all week  
So we gon' do it tonight  
Come on

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

All my east-side boys put ya guns up  
Pull out the knife cuz we gon' party till the law comes  
Them boys yellin' where they from  
I represent too  
They throwin' game signs  
See, I'm throwin' W's (Westside)  
I'm screamin' eighty-dubs

I swear to God it's goin down  
I don't remember where I parked  
And I'm stuck in town  
One night in Baltimore  
I bet ya never leave  
My boy I know I can't help it but to love these streets  
C'mon (We finally got a-)  
C'mon, c'mon (We finally-)  
C'mon, whoa now (We finally got a piece of the-)  
C'mon, c'mon, whoa now (We finally-)  
Whoa now (We finally-)  
C'mon, c'mon, whoa now (We-we finally got a piece of  
the pie)  
That's what the old men say  
I party like it's my birthday  
Drinkin' and still thirsty

[Hook x2]

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