

Lil Boosie

"We Out Chea"

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[Chorus]

Bitch, we out chea! (What, nigga!?)
All the way the dummy way
All the way, 100
We the five-one savage
Bitch, we out chea! (We out chea!)
All the way the dummy way
All the way, 100
We the five-one slash
Bitch, we out chea! (We out chea!)
All the way the dummy way
All the way, 100
We the five-one savage
Fifty, fifty-one fifty, fifty-one fifty, we out chea
Fifty-one fifty, fifty-one fifty, we out chea

[Verse 1]

OK, now ain't I, ain't I out chea?
Five-one, five-oh
All the way the dummy way
Fuck with me, die slow
Sold my first rock at 96, straight off the porch
Daddy gone, never comin' home
That's all I know
So I'm headed out the do', strapped up, ready to roll
Dickies cuffed up, fucked up, off that Henny and X-O
With that liquor in me, I'll go do the shit myself
Fuck the consequences
Have all you niggas jumpin' fences
So, you see, I've been dumb
Reppin' where I'm from
When I drop it niggas come
Boss man, job done
After dark it's Jurassic Park
Velociraptors tryna eat ya fo' the green leaves
We all G's
Main mane in the grave behind some fuckin' bullshit
So when it's time to bust them K's, I don't bullshit
Outta here, dead meat
Fuck you and your whole street
I roll with you, you roll with me, that's it's supposed to
be, we game

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Look, it's gutter with me
Yeah
Ain't rasslin' or no tusslin' me
It's straight bustin' with me
Look, as a peon, I've been known to get it on
Ran with straight cut-throaters
Niggas with no hope-a
The street life is all I know, it's all I live
So yo' best bet? Respect the kid
Fifty-one fifty, I mean that
If you happy, nigga I seen that
Supply my own smoke, never askin' where that green at

[Verse 3]

Now uh-oh, there go that boy Quik
This nigga here a savage
He totin' two glocks under just in case it get drastic
Head first, fifty-one fifty, ain't got no mind
Hopped off the porch and hit a 9, that's the slangin'
iron
Fifty-one fifty, fifty-one fifty, we out chea like the lines
in the street
100, we do no stuntin'
What we do? We let 'em stomp when it's beef
No time for playin' games
Run with a bunch of killas who certified and well trained

[Chorus]

[Verse 4]

Bitch, I'm out chea
All the way the dummy way
They hustlin', dumpin' in broad day, nigga, play you
late
All the way 100, it's 99, I cut my time
It's E-N-T, it's 6th Street, at the same time we wise guys
Fifty-one fifty, shit get wicked in my city
Pistol grippin's addictive
Nigga play, nigga get it
I'll talk, I'll walk it out, so you gon' see me fo' you hear
me
Extra Hen' in my system, 'bout to fuck over a nigga

[Verse 5]

Bitch, we out chea, in the streets
Everywhere like Percy D
Barbershop

Barbeque
Who gon' ride for you?
Choppin' fools
1-by-1
2-by-2
3-by-3
R.I.P
Rest in Piece
We dat boss gangsta shit
Play now, cry later, mane
Feed you to the gators mane
Try to send a message, that's why I got that "Fuck you
Haters" chain
Since 10, I've been a beast
Ain't hard to find, I'm in the streets
Pocket monster in the club, murk yo' ass instantly

[Chorus]

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