

## Chip Tha Ripper "Out Here"

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Chip, Lex Luger, My nigga i'm out here, F\*ck with me

[Verse 1]

Makin' these moves trynna get this bread  
Before i lose, Bi\*ch im at your head  
Take a nap bi\*tch, right up off your neck  
Y'all niggas don't play round were im at  
Nigga i'm from Cleveland, heartless killers  
everyone strapped nigga mind yo business  
Niggas come through and ain't leavin no witness  
don't get set up by these grimy ass bitches  
don't nobody really know where chip is  
until i pull up in something ridiculous  
Ridin' on 4s, we ain't hittin' no switches  
these ain't out yet, you can't get this  
Bout' to put them new school in them 6s  
Sitting up high like a Mack truck  
Got that hammer on me  
Hoe ass nigga better back up  
I'm out here, fresh as f\*ck  
with the 40 cal. tucked, nigga f\*ck yo luck  
Now i'm gon' drive and she gon' shoot  
Her aim is tight so you niggas better duck  
And we laughing all the way to bank, cause shit is  
funny  
Cop a crib and decorate that bitch, with real money  
She intrigued by them whips  
That lexus, that benz, gave her reason to get  
Crazy in my hotel, blowing weed, blowing d\*ck  
That's my type of chick, I ain't gotta plead with this  
bitch  
She ain't on that none of that corny ass shit  
Nigga we're living this shit for real  
Got stacks on deck, trynna see 100 mill  
I ain't showin' no love, I ain't cuttin' no deals  
Get out my face, when you see a nigga, chill  
When you come to the show, put your hands up high  
We up in this, so we extra fire  
They call me the truth, cause a nigga no lie  
Hold up two up when a nigga ride by

{Hook} x2

Nigga i'm out here  
We gettin it shining  
You sick of it  
I'm out here f\*ck with me on the freeway, buck 50  
I'm out here i'm dolo, got bread now  
Aint no hoe, i'm out here.  
Nigga i'm out here, nigga i'm out here

[Verse 2]

Hey boo don't do what i do  
Bitch do what i say do, OK boo?  
Dont' try to play me and i wont' play you  
You rollin' buck-50 on the freeway  
6-50 ??? no roof, me n' my bitch smokin'  
DVD watchin' "Coming to America", floatin  
Nigga we winnin'  
Got leather with the wood, and the screens on glow  
24s my nigga, we gettin' it  
Cell phone been there ain't nobody seen me in a  
minute  
Nigga my crib is mostly glass  
So you can see a city here livin'  
4 or 5 guns and blunts gettin' passed  
Yall niggas doin' good just chillin  
I valet in the front, walk in the club  
Hittin the blunt  
Nigga this how we live for real  
No punch lines i ain't need to stunt  
Roll up ?????  
In VIP, just me and these hoes  
Not givin' a f\*ck who in this bitch  
Me, i got killers up in here though  
St. Claire niggas up in here though  
You already know, we got bread to blow  
Your ??? bitch, I'm hotter than Mexico  
So tell a bad bitch, give me head fo sho  
Nigga this Chip, better learn my name  
Trynna stack my bread, trynna stay up in the game  
Trynna fuck these, make them tat my name  
Send a bitch, don't give her no change  
Should be a pleasure, fu\*kin' with a boss  
If you dont choose me, bitch thats your loss  
Eattin good, nigga Benihana with strip sauce  
Know y'all mad, hoe stays pissed off  
Me and my bitch gettin tatted outside  
Smokin' that shit that make you loose yo mind  
Swear to god this young nigga, is gon' shine  
F\*ck you all up, nigga i'm gettin' mine

[Hook] x2

[Outro]  
Chip, Lex Luger.

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