

Wooh Da Kid "Laid Down"

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chorus:

Riding with my AR with me. (What)
Thuggin in the jungle with slimmy. (ughh)
Posted on the block with my Tre pound. (Trey pound)
Playin with my chips you'll get layed down. (Bow Bow)
Riding with my AR with me. (AR)
Thuggin in the jungle with slimmy, (wooh)
Posted on the block with my Tre Pound. (Trey pound)
Playin with my chips you'll get layed down. (R.I.P.)

Wooh da Kid:

Posted on the block with my FN, (What)
Fully loaded 20 shots thats my best friend. (Bow Bow)
Its Mr. Strap-o-holics now Im reloaded. (ughh)
Im a man of my word, mother fucker quote it. (Kidd)
Ridin with my AR front seat. (bow)
Bring havoc to your block Wooh da mob deep.(Mob)
Fetti Gang ridin packed thats the line up. (Mob)
Disrespect my squad that will get you lined up. (ughh)

Chorus:

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Ar Quest:

Five dot five six millimeter,
Five niggas in the whip, killa speakers,
This trey pound chips, wife beater,
Slimmy with me know he got them chilli heaters,
For one i bust the tool if a nigga creep up,
Duck tape body parts thats a sleeper,
Thuggin like its nothin tell that sucka speak up,
They say the way bent, sim tell em keep up,

Chorus:

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Slimmy:

Bang bang rat-a-tata watch the crowd scatta,
Niggas pissin me off, i got a bad bladder,
bitch ima monster, make people run and scream,
I gotta AR-15, I tote it in my jeans,
We got grew up off of guns and danger,
That chopper got me feelin like a power ranger, its
danger.

Dont argue with these niggas im pullin out takin aim,
You standin close enough bitch im burnin you with the
flames.

Chorus:

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Tre pound:

Its Tre pound and ima, sun of a gun,
Got goons to earth a nigga like third rock from the sun,
now we keep yo bitch on cock like a gun jammed,,
They say i got a flow like im possessed, son of sam,
we playin fastball, you pitichin underhand,
And if you aint talkin bout money then we dont
understand,
They say pound snitchin not.. cant be, the only D.A. i
talk to is dead anthony.

Chorus:

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Chipz Ru:

You faggots aint ready i can bring you to the jungle,
You niggas is soft you aint ready for this rumble,
I can make it crumble you aint ready for this pressure,
BSM n Fetti Gang i leave em on a strecher,
My AR and everything,
Tre Pound he gone let it ring,
You can let it gunsound, hit em with that flocka flame,
These bitches is dumb found, but they give alot-a

brain,
So tht make it feel good, they just grip alot-a grain. RIP.

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