

Cyhi Da Prynce

"Whoa"

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Soon as I pull up out the drive way
With a bad bitch standin bout 5'8
Around my way
Where I stay
Nigga I rate
Cause I skate
Like Stevie Williams
Tryna reach a million
Niggas showin love when I leave the building
Sold out shows at east pavillion
Probably with your bitch if shes appealin
My car in the house, why I need the ceilin?
If she at the crib, then he is drillin
Run up on me then the heat is spillin
Why you mad nigga you can barley feed your children
If that's your girl why is she revealin
Her deeper feelins
By be and stealin?
This dick in her
Then fix dinner
Id put my log in
But I don't hit inner?
What's wrong, use the brotha that be the big spender
Pussy nigga, you should go and switch genders
You a female, I get weed mail, got so much work I need
3 scales
Tell ya what I go and get detail?
Then hit Houston's I eat well
But I gotta ride with the 45,
They don't like me and I don't know why...

Them haters lookin at me, sideways, sideways,
sideways
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They lookin,
Police think they cookin
I sell it but I shouldn't
If I was rich, trust me I wouldn't
I'm not a women beater, but Keisha is who I'm pushin
Sold a hundred pounds, only one of them was tookin
If I see em then I'm bookin, like I got a show in Brooklyn
Found some powder and some Kush'n
And a pistol in the glove department with a loaded
fuckin cartiridge
For cowards that's woofin?
If they paid me a million to be you for a hour I wouldn't
I'm just a boy in the hood, who got that Cuban Goodin'
I sold it for the five even though they said I couldn't
They call me Mr. Tax-the-block, first not cause I rap a
lot
I see that I can rap a burn way faster than I rap a block?
Plus this thing on my hip force a nigga to have to hop
My partners like mechanics, you should see how fast
they jack a car
They try to tap my phone, so I threw my celly out
And when I leave the crib mad, can somebody tell me
why?
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Suckers hate so they screw face
I'm high to def, no blue ray
I'm shy as hell no lupe
I'm bobby cox, I'm two brave
Ride around in my new shades
Clock two tres, for my crusade
All my bullets fly with tips, just like T, I do clay
I'm on the way to the UK
Niggas do say I'm the new Jay
I'm so polished, low mileage
I'm a Freshman, but I don't go to college
And I don't own a stylus
I was on the violet
When I'm on the pilot
Like a DVD, when I feed the streets
My songs is burnin like Eazy-E,
Now you mad cause your girl wanna be with me
And you know I'm a bang her like a Jeezy beat

I can see you hatin, you don't need to speak
You can have her back, I don't the freak
Before a little nigga even get a chance to reach his
peak

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