

## Mississippi Cartel "We In Deep"

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Chorus:

Bottles popping (bottles poppin')  
We pouring up (pourin' up)  
Whole clubs crunk (huh) doing fist pumps (yea)  
We In This Bitch (we in this bitch)  
We In This Bitch (we in this bitch)  
We Deep off in the club mayn we in the bitch

Cartel (cartel), Starr Gang (starr gang), Mile High (bang  
bang bang)  
We In This Bitch (we in this bitch)  
We In This Bitch (we in this bitch)  
We Deep off in the club mayn we in the bitch

Verse 1 (Smoke Dawg):

(Smoke) We here now so nigga what's up  
Get krunk nigga just don't knock over my cup  
We ain't ducked off we in this bitch pourin' up  
In the middle of the club throwing fist pumps (woof)  
Whole club jumping like we in here hitting switches  
I keep that betty white so I gotta watch out for them  
snitches  
You know it gotta be a banger Juize on the track  
A couple niggas in here hating but I got folks that'll  
handle that  
Mississippi Cartel you ain't fucking with us I bet you that  
Running through this game like a motherfucking  
running back  
Fuck niggas be talking shit but I ain't worried 'bout that  
No habla ingles unless you talking where the money at  
(yea)

Chorus

Verse 2 (Dolla Black):

We in this bitch but that much you can see  
M-H-M-G (ah) B-D-E  
Club packed but I know dat they gon' see me  
Surpassing them hating niggas that know they wanna

be me  
But my levels whoodini here now gon' later (ah)  
Chill with my people then get back to the paper  
When the dj play my shit I watch the whole club get  
krunk  
One hand one move partner fist pump (yeah)  
Hit up the bar and wrap the moet out the plastic  
Pass the cup to La Roc then the bottle to Lil Majjik  
See the Cartel going dummy when the smoke clears  
It's a party in this bitch yeah we in here (yea)

Chorus

Verse 3 (Infinite Starr):

Bad bitches my click  
Fuck your fashion statement man my swisher match my  
BIC  
These hoes think they on hollering little stuff they done  
did  
Hold up Prep stop the track, I want these hoes to hear  
this  
Bitch you ain't did shit  
I'm 'bout shut your lid  
Kidnap your kids  
I'm a dog I'm a dog I'm a dog that's real  
Poppin' four or five of them pills  
If I overdose see my niggas ain't gotta worry Cartel in  
my will  
Ciroc make me ill  
Kush make me live  
Loratabs in my system rock da boat like Aaliyah  
I'm a ball I'm a ball like my momma name Mrs Cita  
I think my neighbors hate me cuz they always call the  
people  
WAHHHH  
WAAAAAAAAHHHHH

Chorus

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