

**112 F/ Ludacris, P. Diddy****"Whoa Now"**

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[The Jeffersons - TV theme]

We're movin' on up  
To the east side (We're movin' on up)  
To a deluxe apartment in the sky  
We're movin' on up (We're movin' on up)  
To the east side (We're movin' on up)  
We finally got a piece of the pie

[Verse 1]

Watch these grown men get it, know fo' sho'  
Yo, get your back up off the wall and get your feet on  
the floor  
You see the boy at the bar wit the glass so tall  
When I'm done baby dogg I'ma show you Baltimore  
Right now we gon' party, Bacardi give me some more  
It's off the rack the club packed, I'm two-cut like two  
doors  
Of course I do my two-step, I give 'em too much  
I mustered up bad, I drop ashes in my cup  
I had enough they throwin' bows, see they swingin and  
shit  
I got my arm around this smut dame, puttin' in work  
Before we merk I got to book somethin'  
So baby stop frontin'  
I got the drink and the smoke  
Ain't got to buy nothin'  
Not bluffin, it's goin' down understand me  
I like my birds nasty, I burst in them cashmeres  
Everything, and you know what I came for  
Right now it's goin' down, let me on the dance floor

[Hook - repeat 2X]

Whoa now, that's what the old heads say  
I party like it's my birthday, drinkin and still thirsty  
Whoa now, shorty give me what you got  
The spot kinda live and I see you gettin hot

[Verse 2]

I came to shake a load off, so take your coat off  
Mixed drinks what you think, OJ and Smirnoff  
I sip it all - hey, what can I say

See I just got paid so I'm feelin' the swig and I'm tryin'  
get laid  
I'm buyin' drinks and they love it  
Divas growin' cheaper  
Gucci bag Gucci bucket  
Takin' shots from my cousin  
He don' know how to act  
Came straight out the woods  
And the club wit a sack  
Like what you know no good  
But I know I pimp nasty  
Sneakers is off the meter  
You can't help wit the clap  
Can't help but the boogie  
Get loose but don't push me  
We came so deep  
And we're all wearin' hoodies  
All my eighty-dime soldiers  
What you doin' tonight  
Now, put yo eight-dimes up  
You made enough for the night  
Let's take a break  
Let's spend some cake  
You ain't enjoyin' your life  
Yo, we been workin' all week  
So we gon' do it tonight  
Come on

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

All my east-side boys put ya guns up  
Pull out the knife cuz we gon' party till the law comes  
Them boys yellin' where they from, I represent too  
They throwin gang signs; see, I'm throwin' W's  
(Westside)  
I'm screamin 80 dimes, I swear to God it's goin down  
I don't remember where I parked, and I'm stuck in town  
One night in Baltimore  
I bet ya never leave  
My boy I know I can't help it but to love these streets  
C'mon (We finally got a-)  
C'mon, c'mon (We finally-)  
C'mon, whoa now (We finally got a piece of the-)  
C'mon, c'mon, whoa now (We finally-)  
Whoa now (We finally-)  
C'mon, c'mon, whoa now (We-we finally got a piece of  
the pie)  
That's what the old heads say  
I party like it's my birthday  
Drinkin' and still thirsty

[Hook]

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