

Hi-C f/ Suga Free

"Say Woop"

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Hahhhhhhh, yeah, ha ha
It's the {?} free
I told y'all
Hundred spoke music, yeah, uhh

[Hi-C]
I put humps in they back like a Halloween pumpkin cat
Just shut up, and bounce to the track
What'chu thank? I won't peel paint for my bank?
Better look out, hand me my strap
Now just like I thought you don't want no funk
Better listen to your homeboy tellin you don't
Just put your hands on your hip, let your backbone slip
All my dogs in the riffs y'all skip
Ain't no set trippin but we givin it up
California love straight livin it up
Palm trees bendin, chrome wheels spinnin
Corona and lemon, got us all sinnin
Big booty women, sinnin and grinnin
I can't change the game I'm in the 9th inning
Just hit the dancefloor but get yours on
Like uh, heyyy, that's my song

[Chorus - repeat 2X]
Say woop - WOOP
Say woop woop - WOOP WOOP
Wo-woop wo-woo-woop, wo-woop wo-woo-woop
Wo-woop wo-woo-woop! Wo-woop wo-woo-woop!

[Hi-C]
They say Hi-C what's up?
Man shit, dick in dynamite and all I can't fuck
I'ma blow up, y'all niggaz better slow up
Jumpin out of line with us, 'll get your asshole up
I gives a fuck what you throw up
All I'm tryin to do is watch Hi-Life blow up
But you trippin off that lil' pimpin
I'll bust you in your mouth and have your suit sippin
Quik did it, yep and I'ma spit it
You bootlegger motherfuckers y'all need to quit it
Don't nothin turn me on like a women, that spit it

So go buy you some clothes and hair to go with it
All I need is a drink or two
And bout 8 or 9 million in my juicy boo
Just hit the dancefloor but get yours on
Like uh, heyyy, that's my song

[Chorus]

[Suga Free]

Talkin bout y'all crackin a whip
What happened to the chair man?
Y'all ain't fucked the chair?
Sometimes!

I got the chair and the whip cause she out of pocket,
she wrong
Plus I'm off the she {?} forget them nazis, now it's on
Whatchu think I'm Superpimp ain't got no feelings hurt
don't beef
What I'm a robot with no problems pimp on Sesame
Street?
Sometimes I need me a lil' somethin, it ain't no smoke
either
And when them white boys cook it man I mean
ephedrine ain't ether
Made me feel like Dirk Diggler, super fucker
Post a bitch on this dick do it to her coochie rougher
Eyes ride, hard beat, and hand around her throat pullin
her hair
Slapped her up like a rapist do the stankin everywhere
Don't push me homey, I've been up for 3 days, short
tempered
Can't eat nothin and my wave stages have got a lil'
pussy on 'em
Cranium, connected to my, membrane
My membrane, connected to my, esophic hairs
Drip, drip, dry, dry
Fleet fleet tweak tweak lane lane trick try

[Chorus]

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