

# Outchea (feat. Problem)

## Bad Lucc

B-B-Bad Lucc on the corner with my homies doin' all bad  
We talkin' licks, and not to give my brother ball back  
Press the line and I'ma whippin' like a grand daddy[?]  
Spillin' vodka, got the choppa in the grand Natty  
107 were them hustlers on that gunplay  
Outchea nothing, turn your block into a runway  
I'm suited up, I sprinkled of molly over 7 grams  
They turned a nigga to a ghost over 7 bands  
My 5-0-1's hangin, chain swingin  
From the prevlass to the Raymonds - gang bangin  
Southern Cali with the drop, man the greats revealed  
We ain't gonna steal your collar nigga, buck a bill  
No bueno, the Sanos, a bunch of Canos  
Rip out your heart and they been A-Holes since last patranos  
Watch bread I'mma poppin like a K move  
Diamond Lane official, O T L Gang too  
Yea I'm outchea (hustlin')  
I'm outchea (grindin')  
I'm outchea (stuffin')  
I'm outchea (rollin')  
I'm outchea (geekin')  
I'm outchea (roosted)  
I'm outchea (beastin')  
Nigga, I'm outchea (mean)  
Nigga, I'm outchea (mean)  
Nigga, I'm outcheaAye aye aye aye fuck all that shit nigga  
You already know what my shit do  
Line that shit up my nigga, yea that  
T-T-Topic of discussion - where the gang moves  
Whippin' through the city like I can't loose  
I be outchea with a bad one in the zip and kill her  
I tell that bitch you seen my bitch? You better keep it realer  
They keep mob close, breaking down a couple grams  
You hit the city with the blam like the Son of Sam  
Knock a nigga out his shoes for the scheming  
Then he is crippling in his blood, bring a demon  
Beamin', leanin', hangin', maintainin'  
I pull your bitch up in this lane and she name changing  
Fatty boostin', man I'm pilin' up the molly damn  
My brother Blackie pulled a Mexi and she probly down  
To let us get it, call me if she with it  
B A D, I'm bout that business, they only fit it

I born fully, never fail, I'm about the nail  
Out the gate fresh as hell like I'm outcheaAyo Prob, ayo Prob  
Check this shit out my nigga, I got sum for youI'm going big on these busters, I do my thing  
fully

Runnin up on these hoes, go tag my name cutie  
I'm getting money persona, yea I'm bent like a comma

And I stay with that Bud like my name Rudy

Straight serve, rollin rollin big

Suburban, urban, diamond my lane, nigga swerving

2013, this a turn up, a wrap

I still don't give a fuck like the burglars (brah!)

M-M-My candle, be ridin like a 4 door

Copton California boy, I came about the photo

A nigga play me homo, I used him as a promo

Bomb first, bomb worse, now go and let your bro low

The problem ain't havin' it, grind so passionate

Hide in the kitchen, special K's in the cabinet

Pull and get to grabbing it, like fuckin' let me at em

Cyber thugs tweetin' bout me but they never ever had em

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>