

B Rich, Whoa Now (B More Version)

[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: x2]

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]

crbt2('B Rich', 'Whoa Now')

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Artist Info