

# Hi-C, Say Woop

(feat. Suga Free)

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 x2]

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]