

# Lil Jon, Chynalude Outro Feat Chyna Whyte

(Lil Bo - Talking)

Aww yeah ya know it was real hanging out wit y'all motherfuckers  
On this here album right  
But this motherfucker bout over and uh  
Time for me to get the hell on  
Been in the studio, the motherfucking sun coming up  
In this bitch, motherfucker, been in this motherfucking studio  
Working hard on this motherfucking album  
(Background vocals from Lil Jon & Big Sam come in)  
What up B-leech, goddamn Sleet as usual in the motherfucking studio  
Kit, all the boys higher den a motherfucker  
We got Tim over there fucking up shit  
Ha, ha, but like I said time to get up out this album knowhaimsayin  
Hope y'all enjoyed this motherfucker  
It was a lot of hard work putting this bitch together  
Go look out for them, LG's, my girl Chyna Whyte  
And who knows what else to motherfucking expect  
From the motherfucking BME ya little Biatch

(Chorus x2)

(Chyna Whyte)

It's one time for my soldiers on the front line  
Strapped with AKs, and car bombs  
With K-nine blood lines  
It's one time for my killers on the front line  
Strapped P-nines and semi-autos  
Actin like it's no tomorrow

(Chyna Whyte)

To survive in this world makes me a soldier  
Cause I wear Reeboks, nigga why, cause they colder  
Every 3 years I battle my fans thug years  
Now I shed tears, nigga, I ain't happy here  
Like pot, so I blow herb thinking it'll stop the pain  
When I come down I'll still be left with the strain  
So I stay high so my eyes can stay dry  
And I don't give a fuck why  
Nigga I was born to die  
In the club head tight off of gin and kiwi  
Camouflage and dimes so the niggas can't see me  
Tellin em my name Le-Le or Lisa  
Breaking them walls the Visa 9-millimeter  
Sha-sha click, cock it, rock it  
Nothing but the Reeboks and poppin  
Nuttin but motherfucking nines and  
Bump, bump, you be running like Forrest Gump  
Knock you on yo ass like Humpty Dump  
Chyna Whyte leaves niggas in a slump, serial  
Deadly like disease venereal  
Game as be RD imperial  
Pumpin through your stereo, nigga what you know  
Ain't no log when that fo'-fo'  
Ejaculate up in your fo' door  
Bitch die slow, lyrical calico  
Purple tablets I flow  
None want war, Gambino  
Emptyin clips, I rips  
Motevl I flips  
Words comin off the lips like Teflon's hips  
IT'S ONE TIME!