We On

J. Cole

Akon:
Ya, Ya
My top damn my money low
My bitch bad Im packed up
Niggas like many bitches fuck
Hey hood yo mou hey hes strapped on
Ya mixed up take it on me called
My gorillaz I got killaz ichin chilas
Far it costrict from a deala
Im worldwide they love me when I
P Jey if it soil they coka money low
They fuckin with a soil
See all my bitches love me
They all become in me hobby
I've been thinking by movin in Maiami
And get in choby they get in on his money
And fuck all his bitches
Supplyin all his hood.
Startin be pop in his strechit
We on, We on, We on,
We on, we on, we on
See his duby and a scuby
His spinnin and hes tryna
Thats swag above duby
When his all tryna holla
We on, we on, we on,
We on, we on, we on.
Yo Gotti:
I pulled up and like go home
Straight line like noone and
Rid bitch and red rolling some tome, telephone
She makes skin how bottle in my poeple noone
Stand me kip club they're wanna watch every
..... came stand me
Hey on her club and we poppin bitches and they
Poppin and the .... we will rockin
We on, we on to the rain and we shoppin
Nigga know and they wont stoped me
We wont deala top a bitch

I turn club like a light switch
Oh like a nigga like a dog beat

Go around the black trap and still
Dont white she money is the rule of
Our evil on this tryna fear my people
Couple answer for this snickel
We on, we on
Akon:
They get in on his money
And fuck all his bitches
Supplyin all his hood
Startin be pop in his strechit
We on, We on, We on,
We on, we on, we on
See his duby and a scuby
His spinnin and hes tryna
Thats wierd above duby
When his all tryna get a swag holla
We on, we on, we on,
We on, we on, we on.
We work hard no sleep
You stuff we eat no shorts need deep
The Louise bag eight chip
And thats all she want it got a bag
All upon it remind me on my bad Op
She have think that I am cloned
Cute face nigga all ass look at she is jalou
Tap is already smash tryna fucked the whole laino
Tam ido n my neck gun is on my waist
My splearge little bit what doum all is bitch
They get in on his money
And fuck all his bitches see fine on his horse
Startin be pop in his strechit
We on, We on, We on,
We on, we on, we on
See his duby and a scuby
His spinnin and hes tryna
Thats wierd above duby
When his all tryna holla
We on, we on, we on,
We on, we on, we on.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/