

# Lights Out (Feat. Knoc-Turn'al)

## Westside Connection

[Intro: Knoc-Turn'al]

Now that's cool

You know

I chill wit ch'all though a little bit

Fuck the music

I ain't give a fuck about that nigga

And he came hittin my weed

He came drinkin my Hen'

Matter fact if I see him in traffic, even know y'all fuck with him

It's on[Chorus: Knoc-Turn'al]

All lights are on

This is for the G in me, let's go (let's go)

Would ya party on with me? (get it crackin in this motherfucker)

Lights out

I'll give you everything you need, and more[Verse 1: Ice Cube]

On the mic I been a deamon since seamen

How you screamin': Oh mama, here come that young O'Sama

With that Al-Quaida drama

Fuck no

It's the Dalai Lama, wit that West World Order

Now MC's Bow Down and treat me like Yoda

When they catch me in the corner after club

Like "nigga whuut", they t'ow up the dub

So you can tell Samuel L. I'ma keep ac'in

You can even tell that motherfucker Jassie Jackson

Pay your child suport, keep your payments up

Put a rubber on and don't fuck wit us[Chorus: Knoc-Turn'al]

All lights are on

This is for the G in me, let's go

Would ya party all with me?

Lights out

I'll give you everything you need, and more[Verse 2: Mack 10]

Mack pull up in the rag, Cevy laid the ass

And crumble green on a Zig-Zag and lacein' with hash

I keep a 9mm cocked and ready to blast

So when the phone jump off a nigga ready to smash

I drink my 'gnac out the bottle

I don't fuck wit a glass

And I ain't sip trippin dog, that's a thing of the past

And I stay in good shape so my stamina last  
And put hands on a motherfucker bout my cash  
I was a stick up kid, I snatch your chain and dash  
And if the pawn shop wanted it I bound it fast  
Or I'm creepin through your window breakin out your glass  
Then I rob the whole party lookin through a ski-mask, c'mon[Chorus: Knoc-Turn'al]

All lights are on  
This is for the G in me, let's go  
Would ya party all with me?

Lights out

I'll give you everything you need, and more[Verse 3: W.C.]

From the land of the Lakers, bird brakers, Impala Peddles

While we chop dollars wit those in Supremo's

It's the check a hoe, when the cutlass checkin doe

So so ghetto Dub let's rep the boatBall griddy but a crew a hog's wit me

And V.I.P. yo from mad dog 20/20

Dub C. chunkin up at 23th

And better go still swiss hangin' like a testicle Lick 1, 2 to the nose, my butt was swaz, huh

Take my picture, trick my foe's posein' like the heisman

I'm burnin' money, tryna slice some in you tummy (what)

Leave your panties gummy, have you walkin funny, trick[Chorus: Knoc-Turn'al X2]

All lights are on  
This is for the G in me, let's go  
Would ya party all with me?

Lights out

I'll give you everything you need, and more[Female Sings]

Oooooo...Lights Out

Oooooo...Lights Out

Oooooo...Lights Out

Songwriters

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