

# It's On, On Sight (feat. C-Bo)

## E-40

(\*Screeching tires, gunshots, broken glass, sirens and screaming\*)

Yeah (3x)[E-40]

They want problems; soon them want me waxed, contracts on my ass

It's comin from the pen, they say I owe 'em cash

Dwellin off the past and they need it fast

But what they fai'lize is I'll be quick to blast

Die hard cold blooded killer all about my work

Dressed up like a female in a mini-skirt

Specialize in doin dirt - shootin niggaz in the shirt

Put the pistol in his mouth and make it hurt, ooh

Cutlass, guzzlin down a 40-ounce bottle of Swiss malt liquor brewsky

talkin to a cutie standin outside the movie theater

sittin on top of the hood of my Cutlass

Smokin on a non-filter pink pack colored edition cigarette

Clove-family affiliated cancer stick lookin +GANESH+ beadie

What the fuck? W here's the peace treaty?

Full of my Wheaties, yes indeedy, M-16's don't shoot no beebies

Programmed to amputate anything that gets off in my way

Then I put them same size left over bullets up in my A.K.

I can't wait 'til we bump headsChorus:

It on, on sight day and night no matter what I'm dumpin'

I'm tryin to see you niggas 'bout somethin' (2x)"I'm heated, them niggas cheated" - 3X (in background)

We had a meetin', shit 'posed to been squashed (3x)Shit was 'posed to been squashed[E-40]

I've got a hunch; meet me at the Olive Garden spot let's do lunch

Fool and dem tried to pass the buck and set us up for lumps

Sons of bitches must think we some chumps

Time to break out the pipe bombs and the pumps[C-Bo]

Nigga fuck stress and pull lick, we kick in the door with full clips

Out of Magnums packin when we blast 'em we all out for the chips

FOol, 40-Water never slip, saw the niggaz quick and then dipped

Before we spark the pipe bombs, and blow them niggaz shit to

side-ways up off they block, poppin gears in a big block

All out non stop riders until our casket drop

We smashin, blastin on any, while I remember many

Dash and blastin double two-three's, fuck the enemiesChorus[E-40]

One of my big dudes up out HPA shot me a kite today

He up in Pelican Bay three striker

Doin 25 with a L cause he won't tell on one of his

high-ranked dudes in position who wears a diaper

With the shit stacked on the side of his waist  
blood splattered all on the windshield wiper  
Somebody tried to take his face - caught him up in his Viper  
Loose as a goose ass out tried to down him like a sniper  
hyperventilated started havin' seizures  
No feelings in his legs, arms, or his sneakers[C-Bo]  
We stand tall, like Manute Bol with bigger balls than RuPaul  
Strapped with 4-4's down to execute all y'all  
Don't want to see us niggas on a mission  
150 round drum 45 slugs bitten  
No remorse hit by the hardcore fo' sho'  
Leave him stuck in his front seat  
70 rounds through his front window  
Ain't no fuckin' with G's  
Fill 'em up to they neck from they knees  
Leave 'em dyin' in the street as we escape on they goldeezeChorus

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