

Taking Ova

WC & The Maad Circle

[VERSE 1: WC]

It's that MAAD Circle, lil'-ass loc'ed out
Tick-tick-boom, here to clear the room
Get em like this when I drop number three
Cause ain't nobody bad like me
It's the, it's the rizzapper
You wanna c-c-c-clack, what? Yeah fool, run up
Non-believers who didn't believe us
That we was comin back out, y'all can eat this
Diggidy-diggedy-dick in ya mouth
Cause papa's got a brand new bag here to tag
With the .44 mag that'll Color you Badd
And to you rap critics who said I wouldn't last
I need to jump out the speakers and strangle your ass
Cause never would I let the politics in rap
Or the shady contracts play me out like that
I know you can't stand to see a real loc'ster ride
So let it rain, let it drip fool, dump on (?)

[CHORUS]

So all you locsters and you hoes
Grab yo khakis and yo locs
It's that nigga from Westside MAAD Circle
Takin over your radio
Nod your head to this here song
You like me, get your straight mob on

[VERSE 2: WC]

You shoulda known it don't stop, this is just a taste
So party people play like Xscape
And just 'kick off your shoes and relax your feet'
Bump that brand new Double-U-C
I been spendin the most of my time in the cut
Finessin my skills so one day I could bust
Off a fresh, fresh.. fresh, fresh
The beats that are fresh, fresh
Comin from the wild wild west
But it's got to be different
Than the nor-nor-normal styles that I be dishin
Kickin, stickin, but still grippin
Pop, pop, fizz, fizz

It's 1995 and I'm sick of this shit
And when rappers as they dangle from my jock
Pickin mo' niggas up than jack in a box

It don't stop

[CHORUS]

So all you locsters and you hoes

Grab yo khakis and yo locs

It's that nigga from Westside MAAD Circle

Takin over your radio

Nod your head to this here song

You like me, get your straight mob on

This year I'm takin my props

And like my nigga P said it don't stop till the casket drop

Here comes the Doub, here comes the Doub

Everybody, everybody, here comes the Doub

Here comes the Doub, here comes the Doub

Everybody, everybody, here comes the Doub

[VERSE 3: WC]

Quick, somebody help me out, get the taser gun

Doub's under the sun and it's f-f-fun

Here to represent, no better yet, here to claim

That loc'ed out MA-MA-MA-MAAD Circle gang, fool

Marks keep on slippin, slippin -

No wait a minute, dudes, wrong song

You know what, I'ma just give em a touch

Of what? That funk-funk-funky stuff

Niggas imitate, but they can't flip it like this

Nah sit, Boo Boo sit, let go my dick

Cause I've been watchin, watchin, watchin you watchin me

WC and no, my name ain't Winnie

I ain't got a perm muthafucka, but lyrics I got plenty

And when it comes to this I'm rankin at the top

(?) on my beach cruiser, puttin in work, it don't stop

[CHORUS]

So all you locsters and you hoes

Grab yo khakis and yo locs

It's that nigga from Westside MAAD Circle

Takin over your radio

Nod your head to this here song

You like me, get your straight mob on

You shoulda known it don't stop

The Circle never fakes the funk, so muthafuckas give it up

Here comes the Doub, here comes the Doub

Everybody, everybody, here comes the Doub

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