

# I'm On It

## Jeff Jacobs Band

[Tyga]

I'm on it, I'm on it

I'm on it, I'm on it

If we talkin' bout money bitch

[Tyga - Verse 1]

Snap back chiller

gold chain nigga

snaps no tigger, tyga bitches

hundred proof liquor

live no liver

theres hoes on this muthafucking strip, stripping

a nigga no different

so we hold the heat though

smash on the bitch brains looking like meatloaf

the hoe know me close she lying, Leo's

pedigree and swag is so cold, zero

hop in Medino, oops I meant Medina,

life is a bitch better know how to treat her

I don't get in between, my goal be to win

young money heisman rookies of the year

[Chorus]

[Tyga - Verse 2]

Raise hell boy hell yeah I'm hot hello

boy yellow, but my bitch back from the ghetto

with the flow watch it pop, sizzle

you feeling me, better break fast mc griddles

I ain't finna slow down, keep running your mouth

I'm running the real estate, party in the fucking house

my niggas is loud in the lobby they can't turn us down

Have have a drink drink drink, some Coke and a smile

I run town all day 24 miles

150 on the dash can't even count

keep fucking bitch, ain't shit to talk about

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

Be-best Rapper C.E.O.  
Fine as wine flow  
Pinot Grigio  
Niggas cant fuck with me  
Leave the bitches, need the hoes  
Life is a motherfucker gamble, Peter Rose  
Momma taught me well, Kush and the L  
Paper everywhere like books just fell  
More money to make, More pussy to smell  
Like yea imma Libra like put that on a scale  
New Orleans nigga with my dick up in my right hand  
Young Money nigga money longer then a lifespan  
Still go to sleep with my Bible on my nightstand  
Flyer then a bitch and you ain't even got cha flight plan

Iâ€™m on it..Iâ€™m on it..Tuneche!..yea..SooWoo...Soo Woo Trill  
hahahaha,  
yeaaa

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