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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