

# Get XXX'd (Featuring Ebony Eyez & Petey Pablo)

## J-Kwon

[J-Kwon]  
Track boys  
Whoa whoa  
You heard the name J-Kwon  
Whoa whoa  
Yea you'll see me in a minute  
Whoa whoa  
Petey pablo  
Whoa whoa  
We gettin' xxx'd man  
Whoa whoa  
Ebony eyes  
Whoa whoa  
Y'all ready  
Whoa whoa  
I'ma run while gettin' front  
Just cause you gettin' none  
Hit a cop then hit a nun  
Its all wit a gun  
What is done is what is done  
Its all for the fun  
Somebody said I cut off their head its already done  
Yo I'm black wit many straps  
I'm put in many masks  
With a bat my clipped on I'm bangin' with that  
Where its at is where its at  
Don't worry bout that  
You a solider where a soldier relate to that  
Now I'm marchin' down the alley eatin' rallyes  
How many motherfuckers that try we need a tally  
Now we bluntin' there mind and then we outy  
Rowdy they step on the bomb the pump outy  
Doubt me ill start the shootin' up in the alley  
Track one here ill give a bomb to your family  
Met your family then they start to get calm see  
But yo I'ma doin' any way wat[Chorus]  
You can take it there  
We can handle that  
You can take it there

We can handle that  
You can take it there  
We can handle that  
You can take it there  
We can handle that  
West coast get xxx'd  
East coast get xxx'd  
Mid west get xxx'd  
Down south get xxx'd  
West coast get xxx'd  
East coast get xxx'd  
Mid west get xxx'd  
Down south get xxx'd[Petey Pablo]  
Now take a ride as we roll through the ghetto  
But keep your foot on the pedal 'cause it can get pretty extreme in the ghetto  
Triple xxx level no hold bar we got hood capped and lieutenants and project sergeants  
Capable of pullin' your carden bombin' your car grenades through your windows  
This is all out war take the main road anywhere we go every time we role  
Have me transportin' guns stashed in the truck flow  
Real talk dog I hit real hard one swing knock a motherfucker block slam off  
Hit him in the part where he talk from  
Now he got a momma cause the y's in the jaw make it hard for him to tell you somethin'  
The sun ain't down but the storm comin'  
The best thing for you to do is try to get prepared for it  
They find him bread water milk a couple cans of soup  
And a place to go just in case you had to move[Chorus][J-Kwon]  
Runnin' when it comes to the twos  
I'm not forgiving the blues  
Ill knock another man clean out his shoes  
We get to breakin' the rules  
Lets get to takin' them jewels  
He still trippin' lets turn his ass into dog food  
Who got the static huh  
Who bring the blasting huh  
The automatic huh  
And let them have it  
Chump I'm a savage what  
Let me show you magic bro  
One shot of this ill turn your ass into sawdust  
I know we lawless  
I'm talkin' all us  
When it come handlin' business  
Dirty we flawless  
See these revolvers  
That's why they call us

The same reason the police ain't never caught us  
I'm on another level words from a true rebel  
I rock your ass and I ain't talkin' heavy metal  
You just a crumb  
And me I'm a dirt devil  
Lets see what's left as soon as the smoke settle[Chorus]

Songwriters

JONES, JERRELL C./KENT, JOE A. (TRACK BOYZ)Published by

Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S.  
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>