

They Be On It

Jay Rock

[Chorus] Kendrick Lamar

I keep them big ol 26's on deck,
stock 'lac gotta fresh paint pussy juice wet

And the bitches they be on it

Oh, man they be so on it

Whoa whoa

I got a fast car, Nascar

Yes 2 seater, stick shift,

Like some turbo jets

And the bitches they be on it

Oh man, they be so on it, oh

[Verse 1] Jay Rock

I pull up on them hoes,

Roll my windows down

Let my music out,

4 15's shake the ground

Smoking on that medical

Sipping on some medicine

Top dawg letterman

She wanna ride I let her in

She sexy than a motherfucker

Plus she brought her best friend

I guess thats a 2 for 1 party at the West end

5 star suites, bottles everywhere

Wanna fuck a star on the moon, I could take you there, biatch

I got a swagger of Mick Jagger,

If you want her, you can have her

I done had her, we done had her

They be shootin at my ladder

Cause I'm standing on a pedestal

She gon give me good head

Just kuz I'm ahead of you

Jay Rock flyer than Hancock no shit

I'm a king, fuck a prince

I don't know no Will Smith

I don't owe you niggaz shit

I'm a self-made nigga

Ain't that's why your bitch let me fuk on her for days nigga!

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Verse 2 Jay Rock

Catch me in that fast lane, burners like im Max Payne

married to that money bitch, women want my last name
they be on my bumper mayne, screamin out OMG! O I B PIMP

2 P-A-C thats M.O.B, him or me? you choose

i aint gotta do too much, i just lay back smoke my weed and turn my bottle up

candy paint, leather guts, slide thru like an avalanche

We dont ride no Avalanche, so high i might never land

trips to never-never land, smokin on Afghanistan

a.k.a that kush nigga, im on Heaven's roof nigga

Big dawg I go WOOF nigga, dont make me let my goonz loose

Choppaz make you shit ya pants, thought you drunk some prune juice

swear that i'm immune to, stuntin hard, gettin paypa, ownin land, buyin acres

thats the reason why they hate us, i dont give a fuk

middle finger out the windooo, Beamer Benz or Bentley Ferrari sorry we Enzo

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Verse 3

187 im killin em when i'm whippin it,
touch a corner its a murder whipe my fingerprints

I thot i tol yall, used to have them packs

in a black To-Yota, Macs by my scro-tum

Now its matchbox hot wheels when i roll up

always online stay connected like a modem

he tryna snap a pickcha, she bout to snap her neck

a real Blood pull up in a cherry cherry X
400 Horses, hollywood park it
chevy kinda awkward interior green and coffee
I shake them haterz off me, as if i had fleas
Im'a Top Dawg, rare breed, shoutout to Rare Breed
they keep them hogs runnin, and my garage is like the show i keep them cars comin
you hear my name hummin in the streets, buzz big
Got ya bitch eye's rollin like my rims is!
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