Can You Believe It

Martha Wainwright

[Styles P & Akon talking]What up John (testing one, two, three)
What up Kon (hey convict music)
Let's go (can you believe it)
(1st Verse) Styles P
Fresh white tee, fresh car walls, summertime hood niggas look like stars
Jewelry drip, fresh white airs, mommy shake it up keep your ass right there (ohh, can you believe it?)
My man got liquor and my cup's right here, I can smell smoke pass the dutch right here
Nigga pass that, Capri pants with the waist cut off, I wanna smash that (ohh, can you believe it?)
Party ran pack, mingling baby, and I can LL shit, you jingling baby?
Back your ass up, I'm a start tingling baby, we can have more fun than fingerling baby (yea, can you believe it?)
We can hit the club with a dutch and a dub with it, nigga don't cuff it if you ain't in love with it
Matter fact let your bruh(bro) get it, please don't hate cause at least you can say you was with it
(Chorus) Akon
Can you believe it? Take a lil break and get off the streets, clear my mind from the shit I see
In a world full of smoke, contact from the weed, that's when it really dawned on me
I'm a be here for life, i aint never gonna leave, the ghetto is all that I know
It's just another day in the hood my nigga laying back trying get this dough
yellin out ohhhhh, all up in the club and you know how we roll, squad deep like ohhhh
Bad little bitch*s with their booty on swoll trying to beat like whoaaaa
Know your ass feel it cause its outta control
Let me hear you say ohhhhh, let me hear you say ohhhhh ohhh
Can you believe It?
(2nd Verse) Styles P
Big ass truck, brand new rims, tank top Yankee, tanned out Tims
Bracelet, chain, fronts bob thin, new tattoos, new black shoes (hey, can you believe it?)
Gucci, Ermays, do that too, wanna feel the breeze get a new black coupe
Nigga drop the top, come thru the hood, put a hundred on your three or your foul line shot (ooh. oohh, ohh can you believe it?)
Linen outfits all in the bus cause none of us could see a summer without trips (none of us can see it)
Mad hops so the little boys might bother you but they all act good at the hood barbeque

(Chorus) Akon
Can you believe it? Get a break and get off the streets, clear my mind from the sh*t I see
In a world full of smoke, attack from the weed, that's when it really bond on me
I'm a be here for life, never gonna leave, the ghetto is all that I know
It's just another day in the hood my nigga laying back trying get this dough
yellin out ohhhhh, all up in the club and you know how we roll, squad deep like ohhhh
Bad little bitch*s with their booty on score trying to beat like whoaaaa
Know your ass feel it cause its outta control

Let me hear you say ohhhhh, let me hear you say ohhhhh ohhhh
Can you believe It?
(3rd Verse) Styles P
Basketball tournament, pitbull pups
Ladies in the club poring Chris in cups
Niggas in the jail calling home on the phone (cause they locked up)
But you still trying to act like ain't sh*t enough
Mad sieves in the park, mad fights in the park niggas talk how they run every night from the narcs
Aside from the light to the dark then the dark to the light, I wanna smoke but I could search for my life
(Last Verse) Akon
Can you believe it? I've done spent ten again, watching her bend again, dancing for many men
Tell me have ever though about getting in, a room full of convicts and D Block militants
We'll show you the time of your life, you can occupy my passenger side
Introduce you to the street life, watch you fall in love after just one night
Ohhhh, all up in the club and you know how we roll, squad deep like ohhhh
Bad little bitch*s with their booty on score trying to beat like whoaaaa
Know your ass feel it cause its outta control
Let me hear you say ohhhhh, let me hear you say ohhhhh ohhhh
Can you believe It?
[Styles P & Akon talking]Can you believe It? (Can you believe It?)
Lil' John, Akon, S.P. the ghost
Feel what we trying to do (Can you believe It?)
Can you believe It (Can you believe It?)

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