

# It's On (Featuring M.T.F.)

## Layzie Bone

"It's on nigga" {\*gunfire\*}

"It's on nigga" {\*gunfire\*}

"You ain't a killa..." {\*boom\*}

"You ain't a killa..." {\*gunfire\*}

"Uhh, you ain't a killa" You know thuggin is my specialty  
So you haters and bustas'll better calm down and listen up carefully

Beef doesn't trouble me

We can handle it like men or take it to the streets

I hear a lot of rap cats and they think they good

Talkin all that gangsta shit just to get a buzz

Okay, I hear you got a deal, but yo' image is fake

All that shit you talkin boy don't hold no weight

I told you niggaz is pussy, and I tell it to ya face

I don't need a bunch of niggaz but for you it's a different case

Skant Bone's the name, y'all don't wait thug nigga

I tell this to a nigga's face he ain't no killa

From down the way to St. Clair, we niggaz be uncomparad

Tell the motherfuckers we come from round here - right here

Pull the wig on a bitch, and I gave that bitch a gig

Cleveland is the city that I come from Hut one! Hut two! Hut three! Hut four!

Steady talkin shit and they ain't ready for the war

Hut one! Hut two! Hut three! Hut four!

Retaliation, is what we came here for

Hut one! Hut two! Hut three! Hut four!

Steady talkin shit now they don't want it no mo'

Hut one! Hut two! Hut three! Hut four!

Steady talkin shit and they ain't ready for the war

When I pull out the shottie, y'all better stop hatin (please stop hatin)

If not I leave more spots on your bodies than dalmations (dalmations?)

I don't think y'all niggaz really know who y'all facin (who they facin?)

In the booth, they say them dudes hotter than Satan

But when it's beef, we known to slaughter niggaz like Jason (who?)

I put the steel in your mouth and I ain't talkin 'bout braces

I hear y'all thugged out niggaz turn Christian like Ma\$e did (amen)

Nigga face it y'all ain't gettin with Bone; bitch nigga be gone Yeah, stackin raps, ball bats and concealed  
government gats

Puttin a high level iron into your bloodstream and this is a fact

Nigga we fill blocks deep with it, murder she wrote

Think this is a joke? Got killers that'll go for your throat

Better yet, leave you crumpled in the corner like a, pile of dog feces  
You gon' need the likes of Osama bin Laden and Bush to fuckin see me  
I'm a folk with enough folk, to focus on a focal point  
and leave you and your fuckin lungs collapse  
Cause of my killers man, I'm guaranteed to pick up the first slap I'm back hoes, stack dough, slam 'Llac do's  
While yo' eyes stay shut, mine wide tryin to see mo'  
Let's see if you could see Mo (Mo) Thug  
There's no names on slugs, I light flames to bud  
Any problem, wanna see a nigga  
I'm +Flipmode+ but this ain't Rah Digga  
But it's war, can you dig it?  
It's written but to feel it, I'm spittin, you trippin  
Quit shittin with that bull my nigga this is the shit When the beef is on, these niggaz is gone  
The only way they get a tan for standin in line too long  
They call on the zone in them small helicopters  
Cause when I spit I drop shit like unbombers  
We don't play, we collide head on with the drama  
Equipped with nine llama, D.O.A. at the trauma  
Your momma, sheddin tears blamin it on younger peers  
Keep a hammer close near, and approach all fears; yeah! It's - America's most wanted, I step in the club zonin  
I see a couple of hooters that I might go home with  
But - then in the meantime, mug to these three guys  
These enemies don't want beef so they best respect mine  
This tec-9, wrap around waistline, don't play live  
Cause they ain't, knowin we pay them bosses to stay calm  
Napalm bombs in the vest, that's what you askin fo'  
Cause you don't wanna be six feet stickin yo' ass to asphalt Note for my Queen bitches with telekinesis my thesis  
Cause it's this power of people in the streets give me freedom  
No need for competition, in a league of my own  
I'ma die with my boots on, laced up strong  
Everybody wanna be a thug, I'm a primadonna of this side  
I'm a straight rider, don't get too close I might harm ya  
Never roll with chickens, eleven roll with killas, ridin 'til I die  
Military mind - hut one, hut two, hut three, hut four, hut five!  
Shit!{\*BOOM\*}

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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