

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 uncompered
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 fromHut 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 goneYeah, 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 unibombers
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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