

Locked Down (Ft. Ya Boy And Akon)

DJ Drama

[Intro - Akon]

Testing one, two, three

Akon and YB

[Verse 1 - Ya Boy]

Lock down, time to make my block proud

California on twenty four hour watch now

It's finna take over baby, hot style

Yeah the young county Konvict got the rock now

I hear the rumors saying that I just popped now

Like they never heard a hood nigga with a hot style

I got the heels to birds, and the block now

Old bitches want to holler at me because I'm hot now

I got a new bitch sitting in my drop now

Song on the radio, album about to drop now

Music lives in California, living proof

Ya Boy, the Roc, Konvict, what it do?

I been had what these other niggas getting to

Take your girl home, and make her earn all them Jimmy Choos

I hope you like heat, it's hot in the kitchen boo

Do you have service? Am I getting through?

[Chorus - Akon]

Hey, I know you heard we got the drop now

Konvict supplying niggas around the clock now

Getting money and we forced to put the Glock down

Glock down, Glock down

And we expanded all the pipes now

And I can get accustomed to this lifestyle

No more spending all my cash trying to fight trial

It's on lock down

Because victory is all mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine

Because victory is all mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine

[Verse 2 - Ya Boy]

Another watch, another chain, another charm copped

Time to wake these niggas up like alarm clocks

I see them hating so we got to keep the arms cocked

I'm the reason CA on storm watch

It's about to get ugly, no Whoopi Gold

Superstar, still in the kitchen whipping O's

Toss it to my youngins, call me when you get it gone

Fuck a rap nigga, we about to get it on
I'm speaking for California from the top down
Holler at Ya Boy, I got it locked down
I tried to tell them this forever like a diamond
I'm so hot, shorty I can change the climate

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Akon]

And as the days pass by like a G7
And all my hustlers on the corner of 7-Eleven
Pour another on the ground and we'll start repping
For all the homies laying down, resting up in heaven
And I hope you watching down
And proud of how we just locked it down
No letting nothing stop the cash or get caught up
In the streets, that's how we brought up

[Verse 4 - Ya Boy]

I'm from the city where the fiends shoot up and spark
Load the ammo, it's time to shoot up the charts
Game cold baby, you might need a scarf
Rockstar, but I'm riding like Noah's ark
Louis shades, Dolce and Gabbana cloth
Your girl know I stay fly like Santa Claus
On the road with a trunk full of Asher Roth
We gone pop Rosay when the package off
I swear to God I went and got the Bay cracking y'all
But I couldn't do it without L.A. backing dog
Niggas say they gone get me, I laugh it off
Because they know I keep shooters like basketball
Lock it down, make Kon throw away the key
Real nigga, record deal ain't changing me
It took a while, but we still got from A to Z
I put in work, nigga what you got to say to me?

[Chorus]

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

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