

Get XXX'd (Feat. Petey Pablo & Ebony Eyez)

J-Kwon

[J-Kwon]
Track boys
Whoa whoa
You heard the name J-Kwon
Whoa whoa
Yea you'll see me in a minute
Whoa whoa
Petey pablo
Whoa whoa
We gettin' xxx'd man
Whoa whoa
Ebony eyes
Whoa whoa
Y'all ready
Whoa whoa
I'ma run while gettin' front
Just cause you gettin' none
Hit a cop then hit a nun
Its all wit a gun
What is done is what is done
Its all for the fun
Somebody said I cut off their head its already done
Yo I'm black wit many straps
I'm put in many masks
With a bat my clipped on I'm bangin' with that
Where its at is where its at
Don't worry bout that
You a solider where a soldier relate to that
Now I'm marchin' down the alley eatin' rallyes
How many motherfuckers that try we need a tally
Now we bluntin' there mind and then we outy
Rowdy they step on the bomb the pump outy
Doubt me ill start the shootin' up in the alley
Track one here ill give a bomb to your family
Met your family then they start to get calm see
But yo I'ma doin' any way wat[Chorus]
You can take it there
We can handle that
You can take it there

We can handle that
You can take it there
We can handle that
You can take it there
We can handle that
West coast get xxx'd
East coast get xxx'd
Mid west get xxx'd
Down south get xxx'd
West coast get xxx'd
East coast get xxx'd
Mid west get xxx'd
Down south get xxx'd[Petey Pablo]
Now take a ride as we roll through the ghetto
But keep your foot on the pedal 'cause it can get pretty extreme in the ghetto
Triple xxx level no hold bar we got hood capped and lieutenants and project sergeants
Capable of pullin' your carden bombin' your car grenades through your windows
This is all out war take the main road anywhere we go every time we role
Have me transportin' guns stashed in the truck flow
Real talk dog I hit real hard one swing knock a motherfucker block slam off
Hit him in the part where he talk from
Now he got a momma cause the y's in the jaw make it hard for him to tell you somethin'
The sun ain't down but the storm comin'
The best thing for you to do is try to get prepared for it
They find him bread water milk a couple cans of soup
And a place to go just in case you had to move[Chorus][J-Kwon]
Runnin' when it comes to the twos
I'm not forgiving the blues
Ill knock another man clean out his shoes
We get to breakin' the rules
Lets get to takin' them jewels
He still trippin' lets turn his ass into dog food
Who got the static huh
Who bring the blasting huh
The automatic huh
And let them have it
Chump I'm a savage what
Let me show you magic bro
One shot of this ill turn your ass into sawdust
I know we lawless
I'm talkin' all us
When it come handlin' business
Dirty we flawless
See these revolvers
That's why they call us

The same reason the police ain't never caught us
I'm on another level words from a true rebel
I rock your ass and I ain't talkin' heavy metal
You just a crumb
And me I'm a dirt devil
Lets see what's left as soon as the smoke settle[Chorus]

Songwriters

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