

On Them Thangs

Mack 10

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On them thangs When in the streets I keep my heat on my seat, no doubt about it

It's my Afrikan express, I don't leave home without it

Summertime just ain't known for the weather

It's hot 'cause niggas bring out shit they put together 13 to 14 7's can't miss

But on some shit you got to let 15-8's twist

Chevy trucks and 'em, El Caminos anybody want Danas

I got them for eight [Incomprehensible] All day long, gold or all chrome it's on

You out to get 'em 'cause the tires come with 'em

But they ain't for busters only hogs roll D's

So keep yo' stocks on if you can't fade these Thousand in my pocket, yayo I rock it

Keep my lond clean so the car hops can jock it

Hit the switch up and down, make the bumper drag the ground

On the 'Shaw, every Sunday night just to clown on them thangs On them thangs

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On them thangs Get the hammer, be sure that yo' strap ain't a jammer and as long

As ain't nuthin' wrong then beat I'm on

As I watch for the lick, I got the switch to make me hit

Front back side to side and that three wheel shit Won't hesitate to let loose niggas broke the gang truce

But I still roll my deuce that hang like a noose

It don't stop for Mack, it's the same ol' same ol'

Danas gold as I lay low, twisting like a tornado In that surplus gear like the G of the year

Fuck the hour, it's all about the money and the power

Ain't about set trippin', no bloodin', no crippin'

Just dippin' hittin' switches knockin' hood rat bitches As I'm rollin' out of control and smoking humps

Crank up the bumptie bumps 4 gates and square dumps

So I bang it, make the 20's slide when I swang it

Lick it once, lick it twice as nice when I hang it on them thangs D's, I'm on 'em, killas they want 'em

D's, I'm on 'em, killas they want 'em

On them thangs D's, I'm on 'em, killas they want 'em

D's, I'm on 'em, killas they want 'em

On them thangs D's, I'm on 'em, killas they want 'em

D's, I'm on 'em, killas they want 'em

D's, I'm on 'em, killas they want 'em

D's, I'm on 'em, killas they want 'em Old Chevy's to Cadillacs on twisters and Doves

Everybody got a plaque given pub to they car club

Mafia for life individuals and Damus Ride
Majestics and them niggas from the southside New school to old school, get their ride on
Bendin' corners caravanning like 50 strong
In a Rag Top that and a hard top this
Bustin' ho's 'cause you can't miss if you let 'em twist So get you a set of them what we call Dana's
And see for yo'self all the bitches they brang us
Cut the wheel right to left and make the ass end slide
Now all the riders ride and skate from side to side on them thangs On them thangs
On them thangs
On them thangs
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