

# We On

## BANGTAN BOYS (ë°©íƒ,,ì†Œë ,,ë<’)

Akon:

Ya, Ya

My top damn my money low  
My bitch bad Im packed up  
Niggas like many bitches fuck  
Hey hood yo mou hey hes strapped on  
Ya mixed up take it on me called  
My gorillaz I got killaz ichin chilas  
Far it costrict from a deala  
Im worldwide they love me when I  
P Jey if it soil they coka money low  
They fuckin with a soil  
See all my bitches love me  
They all become in me hobby  
I've been thinking by movin in Maiami  
And get in choby they get in on his money  
And fuck all his bitches  
Supplyin all his hood.  
Startin be pop in his strechit  
We on, We on, We on,  
We on, we on, we on  
See his duby and a scuby  
His spinnin and hes tryna  
Thats swag above duby  
When his all tryna holla  
We on, we on, we on,  
We on, we on, we on.

Yo Gotti:

I pulled up and like go home  
Straight line like noone and  
Rid bitch and red rolling some tome, telephone  
She makes skin how bottle in my poeple noone  
Stand me kip club they're wanna watch every  
..... came stand me  
Hey on her club and we poppin bitches and they  
Poppin and the .... we will rockin  
We on, we on to the rain and we shoppin  
Nigga know and they wont stoped me  
We wont deala top a bitch

I turn club like a light switch  
Oh like a nigga like a dog beat

Go around the black trap and still  
Dont white she money is the rule of  
Our evil on this tryna fear my people  
Couple answer for this snickel

We on, we on

Akon:

They get in on his money  
And fuck all his bitches  
Supplyin all his hood  
Startin be pop in his strechit  
We on, We on, We on,  
We on, we on, we on  
See his duby and a scuby  
His spinnin and hes tryna  
Thats wierd above duby  
When his all tryna get a swag holla

We on, we on, we on,

We on, we on, we on.

We work hard no sleep

You stuff we eat no shorts need deep

The Louise bag eight chip

And thats all she want it got a bag

All upon it remind me on my bad Op

She have think that I am cloned

Cute face nigga all ass look at she is jalou

Tap is already smash tryna fucked the whole laino

Tam ido n my neck gun is on my waist

My splearge little bit what doum all is bitch

They get in on his money

And fuck all his bitches see fine on his horse

Startin be pop in his strechit

We on, We on, We on,

We on, we on, we on

See his duby and a scuby

His spinnin and hes tryna

Thats wierd above duby

When his all tryna holla

We on, we on, we on,

We on, we on, we on.

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