

We On

BANGTAN BOYS (ë°©íí,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 deal a 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.