

Lights Out

Westside Connection

Now that's cool, you know
I chill wit ch'all though a little bit
Fuck the music
I ain't give a fuck about that nigga And he came hittin my weed
He came drinkin my Hen'
Matter fact if I see him in traffic
Even know y'all fuck with him
It's on All lights are on
This is for the G in me, let's go
Would ya party on with me? Lights out
I'll give you everythin' you need and more On the mike, I been a demon since seamen
How you screamin'
Oh mama, here come that young O'Sama
With that Al-Qaeda drama, fuck no It's the Dalai Lama with that West World Order
Now MC's bow down and treat me like Yoda
When they catch me in the corner after club
Like "nigga what?", They t'ow up the dub So you can tell Samuel L. I'ma keep ac'in
You can even tell that motherfucker Jessie Jackson
Pay your child support, keep your payments up
Put a rubber on and don't fuck with us All lights are on
This is for the G in me, let's go
Would ya party all with me? Lights out
I'll give you everything you need and more And dont fuck with us, come on Trick
Mack shows up in the rag,
Chevy laid her ass
And crumble green on a zigzag and lacin with hash
I keep a 9 millimeter cocked and ready to blast
So when the phone jump off a nigga ready to smash I drink my 'gnac out the bottle, I don't fuck wit a glass
And I ain't sip trippin dog, that's a thing of the past
And I stay in good shape so my stamina last
And put hands on a motherfucker bout my cash I was a stick up kid, I snatch your chain and dash
And if the pawn shop wanted it I bound it fast
Or I'm creepin' through your window breakin out your glass
Then I rob the whole party lookin through a ski-mask, c'mon All lights are on
This is for the G in me, let's go
Would ya party all with me? Lights out
I'll give you everythin' you need and more From the land of the Lakers, bird breakers, Impala Peddles
While we chop dollars wit those the Supremo's
It's the check a hoe when the cutlass checkin doe
So, so ghetto dub lets rep the boat Ball Grady but a Cuba Hog's wit me

And VIP yo for Mad Dog 20/20
Dub C chunkin' up at 23th
And better go still Swiss hangin' like a testicle Lick 1, 2 to the nose, my butt was swaz, huh
Take my picture, trick my foe's posin' like the heinsman
I'm burnin' money, tryna slice some in you tummy, what?
Leave your panties gummy, have you walkin' funny, trick All lights are on
This is for the G in me, let's go, motherfuckers
Would ya party all with me? Lights out
I'll give you everythin' you need and more, yeah
Ooh, lights out

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