

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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